



Apud Fulvium Urfinum in numismate aere.

G. P. Gache Sculp.

Printed
in



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THE
WORKS
OF

ANACREON,
TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH VERSE;

WITH
NOTES Explanatory and Poetical.
To which are added the
Odes, Fragments, and Epigrams of
SAPPHO.

With the ORIGINAL GREEK plac'd
opposite to the TRANSLATION.

By Mr. ADDISON.

*Nec si quid olim lufit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas. Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiffi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ. Hor. L. 4. Od. 9.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN WATTS at the Printing-Office
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M DCC XXXV.



P



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wi
wh



TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCE of WALES.

S I R,



W O of the most
Courtly Authors
of Antiquity wait
upon Your ROYAL
HIGHNESS for
Your Protection;
and flatter themselves that You
will not refuse them an Honour,
which they have receiv'd from so

A 3

many

DEDICATION.

many of the politest Princes both ancient and modern.

What I here presume to introduce to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, has been look'd upon, in all Ages, as a little Assembly of the *Loves*, the *Smiles*, and the *Graces*; and had I been happy in a Capacity of doing them Justice in an *English* Dress, I should not in the least despair of seeing them in as much Favour at the Court of *Great Britain*, as ever they were at *Samos*, *Mitylene*, or *Athens*,

And now, SIR, another in my Place would have a thousand fine Things to say of Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, upon such an Occasion as this: And, indeed, the Subject is so very tempting, that 'tis almost

DEDICATION.

most impossible to be silent upon it; for regard it on what Side we will, we meet with Perfections and Accomplishments of the noblest Kinds, not only on the Side of Rank and Titles, which make You rever'd, but on the Side of the *Graces* and *Manners* likewise, which make you admir'd and belov'd by all who have the Honour to come near You: That Sweetness and Affability, with which You temper the Dignity of the high Station You are plac'd in; that condescending Goodness, that distinguish'd Humanity and Generosity, which You continually manifest, are so eminent and singular, that I must confess myself absolutely incapable of doing them Justice.

A 4

I shall

DEDICATION.

I shall, therefore, conclude with
begging Leave to assure Your
ROYAL HIGHNESS, that however
unsuccessful I may have been in
the following Attempt, I shall al-
ways think my self fortunate in the
Opportunity it has given me of
subscribing myself,

S I R,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

most devoted,

most obedient, and

most humble Servant,

JOHN ADDISON.



P R E F A C E.

THE *Translations of ANACREON and SAPPHO, into French and Italian, have been so well receiv'd in those Countries, that it's hop'd an English One won't be altogether unacceptable, however short an Attempt of this Nature must necessarily fall of the inimitable Graces and Beauties of the Originals.*

Anacreon in his first Ode, which is a kind of Preface to the rest, assures us that LOVE himself inspir'd what he sung: And Sappho was honour'd by the Ancients with the Name of the Tenth Muse. Therefore what can be expected from a Version of such Authors into an inferior Language, but a faint Idea, rather than any just Image of their Perfections?

To preserve them agreeable is the only thing possible; and in this Undertaking, I have been preceded by several eminent Men. The Paraphrase which Mr. Cowley has made of some of Anacreon's Odes, will always be admir'd.

P R E F A C E.

The Reverend Mr. Pilkington has also oblig'd the World with several in a beautiful Dress: But I know of none that can so properly be call'd a Translation, as those which Mr. Stanley publish'd, whose Writings are an Honour to his Country. I have also receiv'd a great deal of Pleasure from some others, which are annex'd to Mr. Sterling's Hero and Leander; but from none more than the 28th, which was first printed in the GUARDIAN, and which I have taken the Liberty to insert amongst these, as an Ornament to this Edition.

I would have done the same by Mr. Phillips's celebrated Version of the Two Odes of Sappho, could I have justify'd such an unlicens'd Freedom; but as I could not, the Reader must excuse me if he finds something worse in the room of them.



T H E



THE L I F E O F ANACREON.

ANACREON was born at *Teos*, a City and Sea-Port of *Ionis*; but of what Parents, is not agreed amongst Authors; some * calling his Father's Name *Scythinus*, others *Eumelus*, and others † *Parthenius*, or *Aristocritus*. Madam D'Acier endeavours to prove from *Plato*, that he was a Kinsman of *Solon's*, and consequently ally'd to the *Codridæ*, the noblest Family in *Athens*; but as no such Opinion seems fairly deducible from

* Suidas.

† An ancient Distich calls his Father's Name *Parthenius*, and his Mother's *Eetia*.

Παρθενίῳ πατρὸς λιγυρὸς παῖς, Ἡετίης τέ,
Ἦν ἄρ' ἐμὲ λυπόμην Τῷ Ἀνακρείων.

the

The Life of ANACREON.

the † Text of her Author, we must rather commend the Lady's Zeal, than subscribe to her Interpretation.

The Time in which he flourish'd, is also a Matter of Dispute amongst the Learned. *Suidas* fixes on the 52d, and *Eusebius* on the 62d Olympiad; whom others, either follow, or dissent from, according to their different Fancies. The Truth is, there is no Exactness in the Chronology of the *Greeks* for the Times preceding the Rise of the *Persian Empire*; it was not till long after, that they began to reckon by Olympiads: Whence it is that we meet with so much Uncertainty and Contradiction in their Account of things before that Period.

As to our present Enquiry, *Barnes's* Calculation seems as correct as any, which makes

† The Passage is in *Plato's* Dialogue of Temperance, entitled, *Charmides*; *Socrates* speaks,

Καὶ γὰρ, ὡς δ' ἐγὼ, καὶ δίκαιον, ὦ Χαρμίδη, διαφέρειν
σὲ τῷ ἄλλων, πᾶσι τοῖς τοιέτοις. Οὐ γὰρ οἶμαι, ἄλλον
ἑδένα τῷ ἐνθάδε ῥαδίως ἂν ἔχειν ἐπιδεῖξαι, ποῖαι δὲ οὐ
οἰκίαι σμελθεῖσαι εἰς ταῦτόν τ' Ἀθιναίων, ἐν τῷ εἰκό-
των, καλλίῳ ἂν καὶ ἀμείνω γεννήσειαν, ἢ πρὶν σὺ γέ-
γονας· ἢ τε γὰρ πατρώα ὑμῖν οἰκία ἢ Κεῖτις τῆς Δρω-
πίδος καὶ ὑπὸ Ἀνακρέοντος, καὶ ὑπὸ Σόλωνος, καὶ ὑπὸ
ἄλλων πολλῶν ποιητῶν ἐγκεκωμιασμένη, ὡς ἀδεδόσθαι
ἡμῖν, ὥς διαφέρεισα κάλλει τὴν καὶ ἀρετῇ, καὶ τῇ ἄλλῃ
λεγομένην ᾧ δαίμονι. καὶ αὖ ἢ πρὸς μητρὸς ὡσαύτως.

Ana-

The Life of ANACREON.

Anacreon born on the Second Year of the 55th Olympiad, and the Twenty-ninth before the Death of *Cyrus*.

Agreeable to this Account, our Author was about Eighteen Years of Age when *Harpagus*, the General of *Cyrus*, came with an Army against the confederate Cities of the *Ionians* and *Æolians*. The *Milesians* immediately submitted themselves; but the *Phœceans*, a brave People, finding they were too weak to withstand the Enemy, rather chose to abandon their Country, than their Liberty, and getting a Fleet together, transported themselves and Families to the Coast of *France*; where being hospitably receiv'd by *Nannus*, the King of the Country, they built *Marseilles*. * For it must be observ'd, that the *Persians* had no Skill in Maritime Affairs as yet, neither had they any Alliance with the *Phœnicians*, who, except the *Greeks*, were at that time esteem'd the only powerful Nation, at Sea, in the World.

The *Teians* soon follow'd this generous Example, as *Herodotus* informs us; for *Harpagus* having made himself Master of their Walls, by the Advantage of his Earth-Works, they unanimously went on board

* Τοῖσι ἡ αὐτέων νησιώτησι λῶ δεινὸν ἐδέν· ἔτε γὰρ Φοίνικες ἥσαν καὶ Περσέων κατήκοοι, ἔτε αὐτοὶ οἱ Πέρσαι ταυθά. Herod. L. 1.

their

The Life of ANACREON.

their Ships, and sailing into *Thrace*, fix'd themselves in the City *Abdera*; where they had not been long, before the *Thracians*, jealous of their new Neighbours, endeavour'd to give them Disturbance: And in these Conflicts, it seems to be, that *Anacreon* lost those of his Friends whom he celebrates in his Epigrams. It was also in this Place that he compos'd his 59th Ode, which, by the Μηδεν εἰς Νέαν σοφόν, one may conjecture to be wrote whilst he was still very young.

From hence he took a Voyage to the Court of *Polycrates*, Tyrant of *Samos*, at that time, thro' the Politeness and Good Fortune of its Prince, one of the gayest and most flourishing in *Asia*. A Person of *Anacreon's* Character, could not chuse but meet with a welcome Reception, wherever Wit and Pleasure were esteem'd; and accordingly, we find by the Ancients, that he was so highly honour'd by *Polycrates*, as not only to be admitted a Partner of his Friendship, but even of his most secret Counsels. It was here he became enamour'd of the beautiful *Bathyllus*, whose Picture he has so finely drawn in his 29th Ode; as also of another Youth nam'd *Smerdias*, who, * *Maximus Tyrius* tells us, was the Son of a *Thracian* Prince, and presented to *Polycrates* by some *Grecian* Pirates. † *Ælian* reports, that *Polycrates*

* Cap. X. † Var. Hist. L. 9. C. 4.

The Life of ANACREON.

Polycrates was so jealous of this last Amour, as to order the Boy to be slay'd; and that *Anacreon* compos'd an elegant Poem upon the Occasion, tho' we have nothing now, but the Remembrance of it, remaining.

If we may believe † *Stobæus*, he was no less a Philosopher in his Contempt of Riches, than he was a Poet in his Love of Pleasures. That Author relates, that *Anacreon* having receiv'd Five Talents of Gold from *Polycrates*, could not sleep for two Nights successively; upon which he return'd the Treasure, telling his Patron, that however considerable the Sum might be, it was not an equal Price for the Trouble of keeping it.

How long he continu'd at *Samos*, is uncertain; but it's probable that the Friendship of *Polycrates*, and the Splendor of his Court, had Influence enough to detain him there the greatest Part of his Reign. This Opinion also seems confirm'd by * *Herodotus*, who assures us, that *Anacreon* of *Teos* was with that Prince in his Chamber, when he receiv'd a Message from *Orætes* Governor of *Sardis*, by whose Treachery *Polycrates* was soon after betray'd, and inhumanly crucify'd, satisfying by this cruel Death, the Envy of an uninterrupted Happiness.

It seems to have been a little before this fatal Accident, that our Poet left *Samos* for

The Life of ANACREON.

Athens, having been invited thither by *Hipparchus*, one of the most virtuous and learned Princes of his Time, who, as † *Plato* assures us, sent a Vessel of fifty Oars to convey him over the *Ægean*.

But *Hipparchus* being slain by the Conspiracy of *Harmodius* and *Aristogiton*, he return'd to his Native Country *Teos*; (for after the Death of *Cyrus*, the *Teians* had been suffer'd to reinhabit their City unmolested); here he remain'd till the Revolt of *Histiæus*, on which Account, as *Suidas* tells us, he was oblig'd once more to fly to *Abdera*, where he was ‡ strangled with a Grape-Stone in the 85th Year of his Age.

Besides his Favourites already mention'd, he had several others of both Sexes; as *Me- gistes*, *Eurypele*, and *Cleobulus*, the last of which he celebrates in his 63d Ode. He was also very much addicted to Wine, if we may believe *Ovid*: And *Pausanias* has left us the Description of his Statue in a drunken Posture; tho' whether this Imputation is not rather to be charg'd upon his Poetry, than his Person, may be question'd; and especially since the moral *Plato* has vouchsaf'd to call him the *Wise Anacreon*.

† *Plato* in *Hipparch*.

‡ *Valer. Max. L. 9. C. 12, & Plin. L. 7. C. 7.*

But

The Life of ANACREON.

But a small Portion of his Works has escap'd the Malice of Time; for, besides Odes, he compos'd Elegies, Hymns, and Iambics. Some Writers honour him with the Invention of the Lyre.

How much he was the Delight of the Ancients, appears from those extravagant Praises which they have bestow'd upon him; particularly *Horace*, in that Passage which I have chosen for a Motto to the Work, which I will here give the *English* Reader a Version of:

*We read Anacreon's wanton Toys,
Whilst they our Passions gently move,
No Envy blasts, no Age destroys;
And Sappho's charming Lyre
Preserves her soft Desire,
And tunes our ravish'd Souls to love.*

But I remember no one who has given a juster Character of his Writings, than that little God who inspir'd them, as taught to speak by Mr. Cowley:

*All thy Verse is softer far,
Than the downy Feathers are
Of my Wings, or of my Arrows,
Of my Mother's Doves, or Sparrows:
Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round;
All with Venus' Girdle bound.*





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Σαπφὺς τῆς Λεσβίας Μέλν.

Λαμα εἰς Ἀφροδίτῳ.
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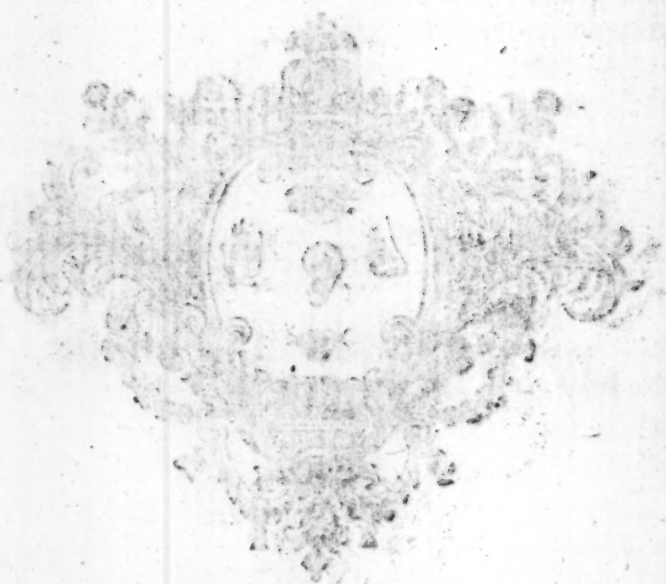


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A

LA

T

THE ODES OF
ANACREON.



ANACRE'ONTOS
THI' OY ME'ΛH.

B



ἌΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ

ΤΗΙΟΥΜΕΛΗ.

Ω Δ Η Α΄.

Εἰς Λύραν.

Ὁ Εἶλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας,
Θέλω ὃ Κάδμου ᾄδειν·
Ἥ βάρβιτος ὃ χορδαῖς
Ἐρωτα μῆνον ἤχῃ.

Ἡμεῖς

VER. 1. *I'll sing of Atreus' Godlike Race.] Agamemnon and Menelaus, the Sons of Atreus; or, according to some Writers, the Sons of Plishtenes, and Grandsons of Atreus. By the Atridae the Poet means the Trojan War, in which those Brothers had the principal Command. They flourish'd about nine Hundred Years before Christ.*

VER. 2. *And Cadmus shall my Numbers grace.] Cadmus, the Son of Agenor King of Phœnicia, when Zidon*

Zidon
vid,
when
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call'd
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Mars

Σ

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4-12

Agag-
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Year
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when
Zidon



THE ODES OF
ANACREON.

ODE I.
ON HIS LYRE.

I'LL sing of *Atreus*' Godlike Race,
And *Cadmus* shall my Numbers grace.
Hark! the great Task my Strings deny,
And in soft Airs of Love reply.

The

Zidon was taken by the *Philistims* in the Time of *Da-vid*, fled with a Company of *Zidonians* into *Greece*, where he built *Thebes*. He brought Letters out of *Phaenicia* with him, whence the Invention of them is attributed to him; as is also that of Copper Oar, which was call'd *Cadmia*, after his Name, and which he found out at *Thebes*. He marry'd *Harmonia* the Sister of *Jafus* and *Dardanus*; or, according to *Ovi*⁹, the Daughter of *Mars* and *Venus*. His Adventures in Search of his

Ἦμεῖς α νεύρα πρῶλιν,
 Καὶ τλὴν λύρην ἅπασαν
 Καὶ γὰρ μὲν ἦδον ἄδλως
 Ἡρακλῆος λύρην ὃ
 Ἐρωτας ἀντέφῶναι.

Χαίροιτε

Sister *Europa* are related by *Ovid* in the Third and Fourth Book of his *Metamorphoses*.

VER. 5. *The other Day each Rebel String I chang'd.*] Mr. D'Acier remarks, that when the ancient Poets would celebrate any extraordinary Subject, it was usual for them to say they had new-strung their Lyre. Thus *Horace*,

--- *Hunc fidibus novis,*
Hunc Lesbio sacrare pleatro,
Teque tuasque decet sorores. L. 1. Ode 26.

You Muse, and all the Nine should raise
 With new-rewarbling Strings his Praise,
 And consecrate him on the *Lesbian* Lyre.

VER. 6.] --- *Herculean Toils to sing.*] *Diodorus* mentions three *Hercules's*; the first an *Egyptian*; the second a *Cretan*, who instituted the Olympick Games; and the third a *Grecian*. The *Egyptian Hercules* was undoubtedly the oldest, and very probably no other than the great *Sesoftris* King of *Egypt*, who, after having carry'd his Conquests over great Part of *Europe* and *Africk*, erected

ANACREON.

5

The other Day each Rebel String
I chang'd, *Herculean* Toils to sing;
In vain my wanton Lyre I strung,
In vain *Herculean* Toils I sung;
The Rebel Strings responded *Love*,
Nor one heroick Note would prove.

5

10

Adieu,

erected the famous Pillars spoke of by *Dionysius* the Geographer.

Ἐνθά τε καὶ εἴηλαι περὶ τέρμασιν Ἡρακλῆος
Ἑσᾶσιν (μέγα θαῦμα) παρ' ἐξατόωντα Γάδερα,
Μακρὸν ὑπὸ πρηνῶνα πολυσπερίων Ἀτλάντων·
Ἡχί τε καὶ χάλκειον εἰς ἔρανδον ἱδραμε χίων,
Ἡλίεσσιν, πυκινοῖσι καλυπτόμενον νεφέεσσιν.

Where on the Shores confining *Gades*' land,
Stupendous Sight! *Herculean* Pillars stand!
Beneath Mount *Atlas*' long-projected Shade,
Whose tow'ring Hills thro' various Realms display'd,
Exult immensely high, and Heav'n itself invade.

Besides these, there was another *Hercules*, a *Tyrian*;
but the most celebrated amongst them was the *Grecian*,
the Son of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*; and to him most of
the Actions of the others are attributed. His Labours,
here mention'd, are enumerated by *Ovid* in the Ninth
Book of his *Metamorphoses*.

6 ἈΝΑΚΡΕΨΟΝΤΟΣ.

Χαίροιτε λοιπὸν ἡμῖν,
Ἡρώες ἢ λύρη γδ
Μόνες ἔρωτας ἄδει.



Ω Δ Η Β΄.

Εἰς γυναῖκας.

Φύοις κέρατα ταύροις,
Ὅπλας δ' ἔδωκεν ἵπποις,
Ποδωκίλῳ λαγωοῖς,
Λέεσι χάσμ' ὀδόντων,

Τοῖς

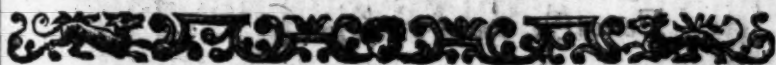
VER. II. *Adieu, ye Heroes!*] Plato derives the Word Heroe from Ἔρως, Love, because, says he, the Heroes came by the Conjunction of a God with a mortal Woman, or of a mortal Man with a Goddess. And Lucian defines a Heroe to be one who is neither God nor Man, but both; for, after Death, a Heroe was esteem'd to partake of immediate Immortality, and to be receiv'd amongst their Number by the Gods.

Ovid has imitated this Ode in several of his Elegies, and seems to have compris'd it all in the two following Lines.

Cum Thebæ, cum Troja foret, cum Cæsaris æta:
Ingenium movit sola Corinna meum.

L. III. Eleg. II.
Bian

Adieu, ye Heroes! soft Desire
Still tunes my Heart, and tunes my Lyre.



O D E H.

O N W O M E N.

NATURE with Guardian Horns o'erspread
The nervous Bull's majestic Head ;
With Hoofs she arm'd the gen'rous Steed ;
The tim'rous Hare she wing'd with Speed ;
And gave the Lyon to disclose
Wide-op'ning Teeth, tremendous Rows !

5

Fins

Bion has also been very happy in expressing the same
Sentiment, at the End of his Fourth *Idyllium*.

*Ἦν μὲν γὰρ βροτὸν ἄλλον ἢ ἀθανάσιον τινα μέλπω,
Καμβαίνει μεῦ γλῶσσαι, καὶ ὡς πάρος ἐκ ἔτ' αἰδέει.
*Ἦν δ' αὖτ' ἐς Ἐρωτα καὶ ἐς Λυκίδαυ τι μελίσσω,
Καὶ τόκα μοι χαίροισα διὰ στόματ' ῥέει ὥδ' αἰ.

When Gods and Heroes grace a loftier Strain,
My fault'ring Tongue attempts to charm in vain.
When Love and *Lycidas* the Song inspire,
My Voice is Musick, and the Swains admire.

VER. 6. *Wide-op'ning Teeth.*] The Greek Expression is χάσμι' ἐδόντων, a *Chasm of Teeth*. The
B. 4. Lion

Τοῖς ἰχθύσι τὸ νηλὶον,

5

Τοῖς ὀρνέοις πέτασαι,

Τοῖς ἀνδράσι φρόνημα.

Γυναξιν ἔκ' ἔτ' εἶχεν;

Τί ἔν' δίδωσι; Κάλλῳ,

Ἀντ' ἀσπασῶν,

10

Ἀντ' εἰσέχων ἀπάντων

Νικᾷ ἢ καὶ σίδηρον,

Καὶ πῦρ, Καλή τις ἦσα.

Ω Δ Η

Lion is an Animal remarkable for his wide Throat. See *Bochart*, *Ἱεροζώικ.* L. III. C. II.

VER. 10. *Courage to Man's Imperial Race.*] The Word *φρόνημα*, which I have render'd *Courage*, *Stephens*, and many subsequent Commentators, translate *Prudence*. The Fautors of their Opinion object, that *Courage* is not peculiar to Man, many Beasts being his Superiors in that Quality. But tho' it's allow'd that Lions often overcome Men, yet there's a great Distinction between Strength and *Courage*; Strength is a Superiority of the Bones and Muscles only, and common to the animal as well as to the rational Creation; but by *Courage*, when apply'd to Man, is properly meant that Superiority of Spirit which is Man's peculiar Characteristick and Charter of Dominion. Neither can the Opposition between Beauty and *Prudence* be just, unless we deprive Woman of the latter, which is too criminal a Partiality for any Author of good Sense or good Manners. But to combat too long with an evident Error, is to be guilty of one; the Poet explicitly determines his own Meaning.

Ἀντ'

Fins to the Scaly Kind she gave,
 To cleave the azure-crySTALL'd Wave:
 To Birds to wing th'aerial Space:
 Courage to Man's imperial Race. 10
 No Arms for Woman now remain'd:
 What fav'rite Guard has she obtain'd?
 Beauty, no Shield like Beauty's found,
 No Spear can fix so deep a Wound:
 The Pow'r of Beauty all must feel, 15
 Tho' arm'd with Fire, and cloath'd with Steel.

O D E

Ἀντ' ἀσπίδων ἀπασῶν.

Ἀντ' ἐγχείων ἀπ' ἀνίων.

--- No Shield like Beauty's found,
 No Spear can fix so deep a Wound.

Spears and Shields are the Arms of Courage, not those of Prudence.

VER. 11. *No Arms for Woman now remain'd.*] The Text is *Γυναῖξιν ἐκ ἑτ' εἶχεν*. She had nothing to bestow on Women from *thence*; meaning, from her Magazine of Arms, which was all exhausted by her former Bounty. Not as *Stephens* and others interpret it, who confine the Reference of the Particle *thence* to *φρόνημα*, which, as I have before observ'd, they maliciously translate *Prudence*, and so endeavour to face the poor Ladies out of their Discretion by Poetical Authority. *Phocylides* seems to have copy'd this Ode in his *Admonitory Poem*.



Ω Δ Η Γ'.

Εἰς Ἑρωτα.

ΜΕσονυχίοις ποθ' ὤραις,
 Στρέφε' ὅτ' Ἀρκίῳ ἦδη
 Κατὰ χεῖρα ἔ Βούτῃ,
 Μερύπων ὃ φῦλα πάντα

Κέα

Ὅπλον ἐκάσῳ νῆμε Θεὸς φύσιν· ἠερέφοιτον
 Ὅρνισί μιν πολλὴν ταχυτῆτ', ἀλκὴν τε λέεσι,
 Ταύροις δ' αὐτοχύτοις κερταῖων, κέντρα μελίωαις
 Ἐμφυτον ἄλκαρ ἔδωκε λόγῳ δ' ἔρυμ' ἀνθρώποισι.

Each various Creature's arm'd by bounteous *Γουε*,
 Wing'd are the tuneful Songsters of the Grove ;
 The Lion glories in superior Might :
 With threatning Horns the Bull provokes the Fight ;
 His little Dart the Insect Bee protends ;
 And Reason's Shield imperial Man defends.

VER. 2. Boötes urg'd the Northern Bear.] Boötes, otherwise call'd *Arctophylax*, or the Bear-Keeper, was the Son of *Jupiter*, and *Callisto* the Daughter of *Lycaon* King of *Arcadia*. His Mother was an Attendant on *Diana*, who, to punish her violated Virginity, turn'd her into a Bear, in which Shape she was deliver'd of her Son *Arcas*, or *Boötes*. But *Ovid* assures us, that her
 Trans-



O D E III.

O N C U P I D.

ONE Midnight, when around her Sphere,
Boötes urg'd the Northern Bear ;
 And balmy Sleep had charm'd to rest
 Each weary Limb, and anxious Breast ;

Cupid.

Transformation was owing to the Resentment of *Juno*, and that *Arcas* meeting his Mother as he was hunting, and being about to kill her thro' Ignorance, *Jupiter*, to prevent so fatal a Catastrophe, took them both into Heaven : But that *Tethys* the Nurse of *Juno*, at her Request, deny'd them Admission into the Sea ; which was fabled from the Ancients observing that the *Bear* never set ; for, when a Star set, it was said to descend into the Sea.

Aratus, in his *Phænomena*, has a Passage which very much resembles *Anacreon* in this Place.

Εξόπιθεν δ' Ἑλίκης φέρεται ἐλάονσι ἰοικῶς
 Ἀρκτοφύλαξ, τὸν ῥ' ἄνδρες ἐπικλείουσι Βοώτην,
 Οὐνεχ' ἀμαξαίης ἐπαρώμῳ εἶδεται Ἀρκτου.

Behind, and seeming to urge on the *Bear*,
Arctophylax, on Earth *Boötes* nam'd,
 Sheds o'er the Arctic Car his silver Light.

VER. 5.

Κέα δ' κόπῳ δαμνύτα,
 Τότ' Ἔρως ὅπως αθεῖς μεν
 Θυρέων ἔκοπ' ὀρχῆας.

Τίς, ἔφλω, Σύρας ἀράσσει,
 Κατά μεν σχίσας ὀνείρους;

Ὁ δ' Ἔρως, Ἀνοιγε, φησί,
 Βρέφ' εἰμὶ, μὴ φόβησαι·
 Βρέχομαι δ', καὶ σέλλωμον
 Κατὰ νύκτα πεπλάνημαι.

Ἐλέησα ταῦτ' ἀκῶσας·

Ἀνὰ δ' ὀλὺ λύχρον ἄψας

Ἀνέφξα, καὶ βρέφ' μὴ

Ἔσορ' φέροντα τόξον,

Πτέρυγας τε καὶ φαρέτρην·

Παρά δ' ἰσὶν καθίσας.

Παλάμαισι χεῖρας αὐτῷ

Ἀνέθαλπον, ὅκ' εἰ χαίτης

Ἀπέθλιβον ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ.

VER. 5. *Cupid.*] The Ancients were divided in their Opinions concerning the Birth of *Cupid*. *Hesiod* says he was born of *Chaos* and the *Earth*. *Arcefilas* of *Night* and the *Air*. *Lucian* of *Mars* and *Venus*. *Seneca* of *Vulcan* and *Venus*. And *Sappho*, the Cotemporary of

ANACREON.

13

Cupid stood knocking at my Gate :
 Who's there, said I? Who knocks so late,
 And robs me of my slumbring Joys?
 Pray let me in! the Voice replies;
 Let no vain Fears your Breast alarm,
 A Child, and innocent of Harm,
 This moonless Night I've lost my Way,
 All wet, nor conscious where I stray.

With Pity mov'd, his Cries I heard,
 Then running down, the Gate unbarr'd;
 And by my Lamp discover'd there
 A Child, indeed, extremely fair!
 Beauty sat blooming on his Face,
 Two Wings he wore with equal Grace,
 And held a Bow with Infant Pride,
 The Quiver glitt'ring at his Side.
 Before the Fire, with eager Haste,
 The trembling Boy I kindly plac'd,
 And warm'd in mine, with fondest Care,
 His little Hands, and dry'd his Hair.

But

of our Poet, of *Cælus* and *Venus*. But *Ovid* and *Plutarch* were of Opinion, that there were two *Cupids*, one celestial, born of *Jupiter* and *Venus*; and the other terrestrial, born of *Erebus* and the Night.

VER. 28.

Ὅ δ', ἐπεὶ κρύβ' μεθῆκε,
 Φέρε, φησὶ, πειράσωμ' ἄν
 Τόδε τόξον, ἔστι μοι νῦν, 25
 Βλάβει βραχεῖσα νδρὴ;
 Τανύει δ', καὶ με τύπτει
 Μέσον ἥπαρ, ὥσπερ οἴτρ' ἔσθ',
 Ἄνα δ' ἄλλει καχάζων,
 Ξένε, δ' εἶπε, συγχάρηθι 30
 Κέρας ἀβλαβὲς μὲν ἔστι,
 Σὺ δ' καρδίῳ πονήσεις.

Ω Δ Η

VER. 28. *This pretty azur'd Bow is mine.]* For
 ἐστὶ in the Original of this Line, Stephens, and many
 Editors after him, read εἰ τίς; but as the Sense will be
 compleat by only adding a Note of Interrogation after
νευρή



ANACREON. 15

But when he felt his Bosom beat, 25
 With new Returns of genial Heat,
 He smiling said, This Bow so fine,
 This pretty azur'd Bow is mine!
 We'll try now if the String remain
 Unhurt, and guiltless of the Rain. 30
 He spoke, then swift the Wanton drew,
 And thro' my Heart the Arrow flew.
 Nor longer would the Traitor stay,
 But loudly-laughing, leap'd away ;
 And jeering cry'd, with parting Voice, 35
 Rejoice with me, kind Host, rejoice !
 For now your bleeding Heart can tell
 My Bow is safe, and so Farewel.

O D E

veuph in the subsequent Line, I think the Change unnecessary ; the Expression as it stands is perfectly just, and becoming the Mouth of an Infant.

V E R. 1.





Ω Δ Η Δ'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ἐπὶ Μυρσίνας τερέιναις,
 Ἐπὶ Λωτίναις τε ποίαις
 Στορέσας, θέλω προπίνειν·
 Ὅ δ' ἔρως, χιτῶνα δῆσας
 Ὑπὲρ αὐχένῳ παπύρῳ, 5
 Μέθυ μοι διηκονέτω.
 Τροχὸς ἄρματ' ἔοῖα
 Βίον τρέχει κυλιθεὶς,

Ὀλίγη.

VER. 1. *On Beds of softest Fragrance laid.*] Couches made of Flowers and sweet Herbs were favourite Reposes amongst the Ancients. Euripides calls them χαμαῖνας φύλλοσράτες. leafy Beds.

*Seu te in remoto gramine, per dies
 Festos, reclinatum beâris*

Interiore notâ Falerni : Hor. L. II. Od. III.

Or whether crown'd on Beds of Flow'rs,
 Mirth softly drives thy easy Hours,
 And cheers thy Spirits with the choicest Bowl :

Creech.

VER. 2.



O D E IV.

O N H I M S E L F.

ON Beds of softest Fragrance laid,
 Soft Beds, of Lote and Myrtle made;
 To Mirth's Enchantments I'll resign,
 And drown my Cares in rosy Wine:
 Whilst Love, his Robe behind him bound,
 Shall serve the Cup with Transport crown'd.

Swift as the Car devours the Race,
 Time swallows up Life's little Space;

And

VER. 2. *Soft Beds, of Lote and Myrtle made;*] The
Lotos (says *Herodotus* in his *Euterpe*) resembles a Lilly;
 the *Egyptians* dry it in the Sun, then take the Pulp out
 of it, which grows like the Head of a Poppy, and bake
 it as Bread.

VER. 5. *Whilst Love, his Robe behind him bound.*] In the Greek it is *his Robe ty'd with Papyrus*, which was a Plant growing in the Marshes of *Egypt*. The Ancients us'd the Bark of it as we do our Ribbans.

Succinctus patria quondam, Crispine, papyro.

Juv. Sat. IV. Ver. 24.

VER. 12.

Ὀλίγη δ' κεισόμεθα

Κόμης, ὅς ἐων λυθέντων.

10

Τί σε δ᾽ εἴ λίθον μυρίζειν;

Τί δ' γῆ χέειν μάταια;

Ἐμὲ μάλλον, ὥς ἐτι ζῶ,

Μύρισον, ῥόδοις δ' κρότα

Πύκασον, κάλει δ' ἐταίρων.

15

Πρὶν, Ἐρως, ἐκεί μ' ἀπελθεῖν

ὑπὸ νερτέρων χορείας,

Σκεδάσαι δέλω μερίμνας.

Ω Δ Η

VER. 12. Or why are vain Libations shed?] Meaning those Sacrifices which the Greeks call'd *χοαῖς*, Effusions or Libations, which they pour'd on the Tombs of the Dead. *Virgil*, in his Third *Æneid*, introduces *Andromache* offering them to the Manes of *Hector*.

Solennes tum forte dapes & tristia dona, &c.

Libabat cineri Andromache, manesque vocabat

Hectoreum ad tumulum. ----

By chance, the mournful Queen before the Gate,

Then solemniz'd her former Husband's Fate,

Green Altars rais'd of Turf, with Gifts she crown'd;

And sacred Priests in Order stand around;

And thrice the Name of hapless *Hector* sound.

Dryden.

VER. 16.

And our own Dust will soon supply,
A Grave to bury Us and Joy.

Can odour'd Tombs avail the Dead?

Or, why are vain Libations shed?

Whilst yet I live, your Balms prepare,

With Roses crown me, call the Fair!

O Cupid! ere compell'd, I go

To revel with the Shades below,

I'll banish Sorrow, banish Care,

And first know ev'ry Pleasure here.

ODE

VER. 16. *To revel with the Shades below.*] The Ancients believ'd that every one who was happy after Death, enjoy'd the same Diversions in the *Elysian Fields*, as were his Favourites when living. So *Virgil*.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris,

Contendunt luda, & fulvâ luctantur arenâ:

Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.

Æn. L. 6.

Their airy Limbs in Sports they exercise,

And, on the Green, contend the Wrestlers Prize.

Some, in Heroic Verse, divinely sing;

Others in artful Measures lead the Ring.

Dryden.

VER. 3



Ω Δ Η Ε.

Εἰς ῥόδον.

Τὸ ῥόδον τὸ τῷ Ἑρώτων
Μίξωμυ Διονύσω·

Τὸ ῥόδον τὸ καλλίφυλλον
Κροτάφοισιν ἀρμόσαντες,
Πίνωμυ ἀβρὰ γελῶντες.

5

Ῥόδον, ὦ φέρινον ἄνθος,

Ῥόδον εἶαρ μέλημα·

Ῥόδα καὶ θεοῖσι τερπνά.

Ῥόδα παῖς ὁ καὶ Κυθήρης

Στέφεται καλοῖς ἵελοις,

10

Χαρίτωσι συλχορδύων.

Στέφον ἔν με, καὶ λυρίσσω.

Παρά

VER. 3 and 4. *Then round our Temples let the Rose
Its filken-bloomy Leaves disclose.*]

The Ancients us'd Perfumes and Wreaths of Flowers in their Entertainments, because they imagin'd (as *Plutarch* observes) that Odours hinder'd the Wine from overpowering them. And *Festus* adds, that sometimes they

ty'd



O D E V.

O N T H E R O S E.

THE Rose, Love's fav'rite Flow'r, let's join
To red-cheek'd *Bacchus*, God of Wine.

Then round our Temples let the Rose

Its filken-bloomy Leaves disclose ;

Whilst gaily-laughing all the while, 5

We like the Wine and Roses smile.

The Rose, of Flow'rs th' enchanting Pride ;

The Rose is Spring's enchanting Bride ;

The Rose of ev'ry God's the Joy ;

With Roses *Cytherea's* Boy, 10

When dancing, he'd some Grace ensnare,

Adorns the Love-Nets of his Hair.

Crown me then, *Bacchus* ! in thy Court,

Self-warbling to the Lyre I'll sport.

There

ty'd Birds to their Garlands, which not only diverted them with their Songs, but by often pecking them with their Bills, and scratching them with their Claws, kept them from sleeping.

VER. 13. *Crown me then, Bacchus !*] *Bacchus* was the Son of *Jupiter*, and *Semele* the Daughter of *Cad-*

mus

Παρά σοῖς, Διόνυσε, σῆκοῖς,
Μετά κέρους βαθυκόλπης,

Ῥοδῖνοισι

mus King of Thebes. *Apollodorus* tells us, that *Juno* being impatient of her Rival's Happiness, took the Form of *Beroe*, *Semele's* Nurse, and under that Disguise insinuated to her, that to be assur'd of *Jupiter's* Affection, she ought to insist upon his coming to her Embraces in all his Glory; but that *Semele* being unable to endure so much Splendor and Majesty, fell a Sacrifice to her Curiosity and Ambition. The Child, of which she had been big some Months, *Jupiter* took and sew'd in his Thigh, whence *Bacchus* was call'd *Bimater*, or one who had two Mothers. His Name *Dionysius*, which *Anacreon* uses in this Place, was given him by the Nymphs who nurs'd him (as *Lucian* informs us) from Διὸς the Genitive of Ζεύς, *Jupiter*; and *Nysa*, a Mountain in *India*, where he was educated. *Diodorus* relates, that he was a great Warrior, and that he carry'd his Conquests thro' *Asia* over all *India*, where, finding his Troops incommoded by the excessive Heats, he retir'd with his Army from the Plains, into the Hollow of the Mountains, which he call'd the Thigh, and which occasion'd the *Greeks* to feign that *Jupiter* sew'd him in his Thigh. The *Egyptians* call him *Osiris*: And *Thymætes*, who was Contemporary to *Orpheus*, and wrote a Poem call'd *Phrygia*, of the Actions of *Bacchus*, expressly says, that the Father of *Bacchus* was *Ammon*, a King reigning over Part of *Libya*; meaning that Part which submitted to *Ammon* King of *Egypt*, and which was afterward call'd *Ammonia*. *Ammon* was also the *Egyptian* Name for *Jupiter*; therefore it seems more than probable, that *Bacchus* was no other than the famous *Sesostris*, or *Osiris*, the Son of *Ammon*; and the same with *Sesac*, who

There with some Nymph, whose Bosom's Rose, 15
Full-blown, and ripe for Transport glows,

Enraptur'd

in the Fifth Year of Rehoboam, took Jerusalem, and spoil'd the Temple. He was painted with Bulls Horns, because he instructed the conquer'd Nations to plough with Oxen; and with Clusters of Grapes, because he taught the Planting of the Vine; and was describ'd drawn with Tigers, to denote his having subdued India, a Country fruitful of those Animals.

Ib. *In thy Court.*] The Original is *Ἰδὲ τοῖς ἑννοῖς*, near thy Shrine. The *ἑννοῖς* was the Place where the Image of the God stood; it was in the middle of the Temple, a little rais'd, and rail'd in. Virgil represents Dido,

Tum foribus Divæ media testudine Templi;
Æneid. I. V. 509.

Middt of the Temple, just before the Shrine.

And of Augustus he says,

In medio mihi Cæsar erit — Geor. III. V. 16
The middle Space immortal Cæsar claim;

VER. 15 & 16. — *whose Bosom's Rose,*
Full-blown, and ripe for Transport glows.]

The Word *βαθύκολπος* which signifies a full Bosom, Madam D'Acier translates Tall, or of a fine Presence. But I think the genuine Sense too beautiful, to wander from it.

VER. 17.

Ῥοδίνεσι ςεφανίσκοις
Πεπυκασμένῳ, χορεύσω.



Ω Δ Η ς.

* Κῶμῳ.

ΣΤεφάνης μὲν κροτάφοισι
Ῥοδίνης συναρμόσαντες
Μεθύοντο ἄβρα γελῶντες Ὑπό

VER. 17. *Enraptur'd, swim th' harmonious Maze*] Dancing, amongst the ancient *Greeks*, was part of their Divine Worship; for on every solemn Festival, their young Men and Maids us'd to dance together in the Temples before the Statues of the Gods, and play upon Musical Instruments. The *Romans* had also their *Salien*, and other religious Dances. Nor must the *Hebrews* be excepted; for, not to mention their dancing about the golden Calf, which they might borrow from Idolaters, *David* himself danc'd before the Ark, & *David saltabat totis viribus ante Dominum*. 2 Reg. vi. 14.

Achilles Tatius, in his Romance of *Clitophon* and *Leucippe*, has preserv'd a fine Elogy on the Rose, attributed to *Sappho*; Εἰ τοῖς ἀνθεσιν ἤθελεν ὁ Ζεὺς ἐπιθεῖναι Βασίλῃα, τὸ ῥόδον αἶν τῶν ἀνθέων ἐβασίλιδε Γῆς ὄχι κόσμῳ, φυτῶν τῶν ἀγλαΐσμα· Ὁφθαλμὸς ἀνθέων, λειμῶν ἐρύθημα, κάλλος ἀεράπιον. Ἐρωτῶ πνέει, Ἀφροδίτην προσξενεῖ. Φύλλοις δειδέσιν κομᾷ. Εὐκηνήτοις πετάλοις τρυφᾷ. Τὸ πέταλον τῷ Ζεφύρῳ γελᾷ.

Would

Enraptur'd, swim th' harmonious Maze,
Whilst rosy Wreaths my Temples grace.



O D E VI.

* *The Fesfal.*

NOW Roses wreath their sweet Perfume
Around our Brows, and sweetly bloom;
With Wine-begotten Transports gay,
We smile, and sport dull Care away. To

Would *Jove* a Queen of Flow'rs decree,
The Rose the Queen of Flow'rs should be.
The Blush of Meads! the Pride of Bow'rs!
The Grace of Plants! the Eye of Flow'rs.
The Gods themselves her Beauties move,
Fav'rite of *Venus*! Breath of Love!
What Flow'r is half so charming found,
As when, with full-blown Tresses crown'd,
The Rose in all her Bloom prevails,
And smiles on *Zephyr*'s gentle Gales?

Sterling's Poems.

* This Ode, in the Original, bears the same Title as the former; but as the Subjects are entirely different, Commentators very justly condemn it as a Mistake in the Copyists. Madam *D'Acier* would have it call'd, *The Masquerade*; and *Barns* entitles it, $\kappa\alpha\mu\theta$, which he translates *Festivitas-Amatoria*. I have taken the same liberty, and have given it as proper an Appellation as could readily think of.

C

VER. 7.

ὑπὸ βαρβίτῳ ὃ πάρα,
 Κατακίρσοισι βρέμοντας
 Πλοκάμοις φέρσας θυρσας,
 Χλιδανόσφυρος χορδῶν.
 Ἀβροχαιῆς δ' ἅμα κῆρ,
 Στομάτων ἡδὺ πανεόντων,
 Κατὰ Πικλίδων αἰθύρει
 Περχέων λιγέαν ὀμφλῶν.

Ὁ δ' Ἔρως ὁ χρυσοχαιῆς,
 Μετὰ τῷ καλῷ Λυαίῳ,

Μετὰ

VER. 7. *And as with beauteous Feet she bounds.]* Anacreon particularly mentions the Feet, because in dancing, the Legs and Feet were expos'd to View.

D'Acir.

VER. 8. *Her ivy-circled Thyrsis sounds.]* The Thyrsis was a Pine-Staff, made like a Half-Pike, and adorn'd with Wreaths of Ivy; it was the Weapon of the Bacchanals.

VER. 11. *Awakes the Flute's melodious Voice.]* The Πικλίδες here spoken of, Scaliger says, was an Instrument of two Strings; and the generality of Interpreters have made the Youth accompany his Musick with his Voice. But as the Word Πικλίδες is us'd in the *Anthologia* to express a Flute, I have rather chose to render the Passage as Baxter has understood it, who translates Στοιμαίων παρ' αὐτῶν by *Onificiis spirantibus*, the Stops of the Πικλίδες or Flute.

VER. 14

To the soft Lyre, with matchless Grace, 5
 A Nymph flows o'er th'enchancing Maze:
 And, as with beauteous Feet she bounds,
 Her ivy-circled *Thyrsis* sounds.
 Whilst a gay Youth, whose Tresses flow
 In am'rous Curls, like *Cupid's* Bow, 10
 Awakes the Flute's melodious Voice,
 And bids soft Warblings fall and rise.
 Love's little God, with golden Hair,
Lyæus, ever young and fair,

The

VER. 14. *Lyæus, ever young and fair.*] *Lyæus* was a Name given to *Bacchus*, from the Greek Word *λύειν*, to free, or to chase away; because Wine, of which he was the God, frees the Mind from Care by chasing away Anxiety. *Anacreon* adds the Epithet *Καλός*, beautiful, because the Ancients always painted him young and charming. So *Ovid*.

----- *Tibi enim inconsumpta Juventa est;*

Tu puer æternus, tu formosissimus alto

Conspiceris cælo, tibi, cum sine cornibus astas,

Virgineum caput est:

Metam. L. IV.

Eternity of Youth is thine! enjoy

Years roll'd on Years, yet still a blooming Boy.

In Heav'n thou shin'st with a superior Grace;

Conceal thy Horns, and it's a Virgin's Face. *Eusden*.

Μετὰ τ᾽ καλῆς Κυθήρης,
 Τὸν ἐπῆρατον γεραιοῖς
 Κῶμον μέτεισι χάειν.



Ω Δ Η Ζ΄.

Εἰς Ἑρωτα.

ἽΑκινθίνῃ με ῥάβδῳ
 Χαλεπῶς Ἑρως βαδιζοῦτ'
 Ἐκέλευσε συντεροχάζειν.

VER. 15. *The Queen, who gives soft Wishes Birth.* Cicero reckons up 'four *Venus's*; the first, the Daughter of *Cælum*; the second, *Cupid's* Mother, who sprung from the Foam of the Sea; the third, *Jupiter* and *Dione's* Daughter, who marry'd *Vulcan*; and the fourth, *Tyr*, or *Astarte*, who was the Wife of *Adonis*.

VER. 16. *With Comus, God of festal Mirth.* *Comus* was the God of Revelling: *Philostratus*, in his third Book of Pictures, represents him young and handsome, red-fac'd by drinking, with a lighted Flambeau in his Hand, which he holds to the Ground as if to burn his Legs with it: He is wreath'd with Flowers, and surrounded with Feastings and Pleasures.

VER. 3

The Queen who gives soft Wishes Birth, 15
 With *Comus*, God of Festal Mirth,
 (The festal God to old Men dear)
 Come wing'd with Joy to revel here.



O D E VII.

O N C U P I D.

LOVE's awful God, fair *Venus*' Son,
 Compell'd me once with him to run.
 His Hand a Whip of *Hyacinths* grac'd,
 With which he urg'd my tim'rous Haste.

Away

VER. 3. *His Hand a Whip of Hyacinths grac'd.*] The Hyacinth is fabled to have sprung from the Blood of *Hyacinthus* the Son of *Amyclas*, who was belov'd by *Apollo*, and slain by him as they were playing together at Coits, thro' the Jealousy of *Zephyrus*, who blew the Coit of *Apollo* at *Hyacinth's* Head, to revenge the Slights he had received from him. *Τακισθίων παῖς*, will also signify a *Wand of a Purple or Hyacinthian Colour*.

The Design of the Poet is to shew us the irresistible Nature of Love, who can force Obedience with the slightest Weapons, a Flower being as potent in his Hand as a Bow and Arrows. A late celebrated Writer of our own has apply'd this Truth in the following elegant manner.

Διὰ δ' ὀξέων μὲ ἀναύρων,
 Ευλόχων τε καὶ φαιάγων,
 Τροχάοντα πείρειν ὀδῶ.
 Κραδίῃ δ' ῥινὸς ἄχρει
 Ἀνέβαινε, καὶν ἀπέσβην.

Ὁ δ' Ἔρως μέτωπα σείων
 Ἀπαλοῖς ὡτεροῖσιν, εἶπε,
 Σὺ γὰρ εἰ δύνῃ φιλήσας.

10

Ω Δ Η

Flavia the least and lightest Toy
 Can with resistless Art employ :
 This Fan, in meaner Hands, would prove
 An Engine of small Force in Love ;
 Yet She, with graceful Air and Mien,
 Not to be told, or safely seen,
 Directs its wanton Motions so,
 That it wounds more than *Cupid's* Bow ;
 Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,
 To ev'ry other Breast a Flame.

VER. 7 & 8. 'Till' midst our Flight, a Serpent's Sting
 Set all my trembling Soul on Wing.]

His being stung by the Serpent, was to punish him for his Insensibility. To contend with Love, is nothing but Vanity and Self-Torture.

VER. 11 & 12. ----- How long must I reprove?

When wilt thou, Rebel, learn to love !]

By this Expression *Cupid* would intimate, that if he had submitted

Away we cours'd, thro' foaming Floods, 5
 O'er rocky Steeps, thro' shady Woods;
 Till 'midst our Flight, a Serpent's Sting
 Set all my trembling Soul on Wing.

When *Cupid* flying to my Aid,
 With downy Pinions fann'd my Head, 10
 And cry'd, How long must I reprove?
 When will you, Rebel, learn to love!

O D E

submitted sooner, he should have suffered less. And the Facility with which he heal'd *Anacreon*, informs us, that the Pleasures of Love easily make us forget the Pains of Expectation.

Mr. *Longepierre* quotes an ancient Epigram in his Remarks on this Ode, which very much resembles the Turn of it, tho' the Fiction is different.

*Lecto composuit, vix prima silentia noctis
 Carpebam, & somno lumina victa dabam:
 Cum me sævus Amor pressum, sursumque capillis
 Excitat, & lacrum pervigilare jubet.
 Tu Famulus meus, inquit, ames cum mille puellas,
 Solus, Io, solus dure jacere pates?
 Exilio, & pedibus nudis, tunicaque soluta,
 Omne iter impedio, nullum iter expedio.
 Nunc propera; nunc ire piget; rursumque redire
 Pœnitat; & pudor est stare via media.
 Ecce tacent voces Hominum strepitusque Ferarum,
 Et volucrum cantus, turbaque fida canum.*



Ω Δ Η Η'.

Εἰς τὸ ἑαυτῷ ὄνειρον.

ΔΙ' Ἀνυκλὸς ἑγκαθύδων
 Ἀλιπορφύροις τάπησι,
 Γεγανυρμένη Λυαίῳ,
 Ἐδόκην ἄκρισι παρσοῖς
 Δρόμον ὠκὺν ἐκτανύειν,
 Μετὰ παρθένων ἀθύρων
 Ἐπεκερτόμεν ὃ παῖδες
 Ἀπαλώτερι Λυαίῳ,

Δακέ-

*Solus ego ex cunctis pascuo somnumque torumque,
 Et sequor imperium, sæve Cupido, tuum.*

With softest Down, and softer Silence blest,
 I just began to welcome balmy Rest ;
 When cruel Love the Joys of Sleep deny'd,
 And pull'd my Hair, and thus upbraiding cry'd.
 Thou sigh'st to make a thousand Nymphs thy own,
 And dar'st thou, Rebel, dar'st thou lie alone ?
 In Haste I rise, half-drest, and bare-foot run
 A thousand different Ways, pursuing none.

One



O D E VIII.

O N H I S D R E A M.

ONE Night, as on a purple Bed
 I lean'd my Wine-enraptur'd Head;
 Methought, with Nymphs as fair as Day,
 I swiftly ran in am'rous Play;
 Whilst lovely Youths, whose Charms outvy'd
 The soft *Lyæus*' blooming Pride,

With

Now urge my Speed, and now that Speed restrain,
 Asham'd to stop, and loth to turn again.
 Men, Beasts, and Birds, lie hush'd in downy Peace,
 And faithful Dogs their clam'rous Watchings cease.
 I, only I, to endless Cares betray'd,
 Pursue thee, cruel *Love*! of Rest afraid.

VER. 1. *One Night, as on a purple Bed.*] *Vigenerus*,
 in his Notes on the Picture of *Themistocles* in *Philostratus*,
 tells us, that the *Ἀλικορράγγη* was a sort of Purple more
 beautiful than the common.

Longepierre.

Δακέθυμά μοι λέγοντες,

Διὰ τὰς καλὰς ἐκείνας.

10

Ἐθέλοντα δ' αὖ φιλῆσαι

Φύγον ἐξ ὅπνευ καὶ πάντες.

Μεμονωμένῳ δ' ὁ τλήμων

Πάλιν ἤθελον καθιδίδειν.

Ω Δ Η

VER. 12. *And wish and sigh to sleep again.* Anacreon would sleep again, to recover the Pleasure he had lost by waking from his Dream; the Gallantry of which Mr. Longepierre remarks, proceeded from the Gaiety of his waking Thoughts; for, as Petronius assures us,

*Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus tumbis,
Non delubra Deum, nec ab æthere numina mittunt;
Sed sibi quisque facit. Nam cum prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies, Et mens sine pondere ludit:
Quidquid luce fuit, tenebris agit. Oppida bello
Qui quatit, Et flammis miserandas sævit in urbes;
Tela videt, versasque acies, Et funera Regum,
Atque exundantes perfusi sanguine campos.
Qui causas orare solent; legisque fori quoque,
Et pavido cernunt inclusum corde tribunal.
Condit avarus opes, defossamque invenit aurum.
Venator saltus canibus quatit. Eripit undas,
Aut premis odoratum periturus navita puppim.
Scribit amator meretrix. Dat adultera munus.*

H

With jealous Eyes my Transports view'd,
And with reproachful Taunts pursu'd.

But whilst I strove to seize a Kiss,
Th'enchanting Vision fled my Bliss!

Alone it left me to complain,
And wish, and sigh to sleep again.

O D E

*Et canis in somnis leporis vestigia latrat.
In noctis spatio miserorum vulnera durant.*

Th'illusive Dreams which on the Mind attend,
Nor Shrines inspire, nor from the Gods descend;
Each forms his own. When Nature sleeping lies,
These Mimicks of th'unburthen'd Fancy rise.
What most affects the Day, at Night returns:
Thus he who shakes proud States, and Cities burns,
Sees Show'rs of Darts, forc'd Lines, disorder'd Wings,
Fields drown'd in Blood, and Obsequies of Kings.
The Lawyer dreams of Terms, and double Peers,
And trembles when he long Vacation sees.
The Miser hides his Wealth, new Treasure finds.
Thro' echoing Woods his Horn the Huntsman winds.
The Sailor's Dream a Shipwrack's Chance describes.
The Whore writes Billet-doux: Th'Adulteress Bruias.
The op'ning Dog the timorous Hare pursues:
And Misery, in Sleep, its Pain renews.

• It



Ω Δ Η Θ'.

Εἰς ὠριγεράν.

Ἐρασμὴ Πέλεια,
 Πόθεν, πόθεν πέτασθα;
 Πόθεν μύρων τοσέτων,
 Ἐπ' ἡέρῃ θέεσσα,
 Πνέεις τε καὶ ψεκάζεις;

5

T^{is}

* It was a Custom amongst the Ancients, when they set out on long Journeys, to take tame Pidgeons with them; and when they were desirous of sending back any News, with more than ordinary Expedition, they let one of them fly with a Letter ty'd about its Neck; for the poor Bird would make no Stop in its Return to its Nest and young Ones. Those who are conversant with Eastern Voyages, need no Information that the same Practice is still retain'd by the *Turks*, and in most Parts of *Barbary*. Other Birds were sometimes employ'd in this Office, as well as Pidgeons, as appears from *Ælian. Hist. Animal. L. 6. C. 7.* His Words are these:

Εν τῇ Αἰγύπτῳ, πρὸ τῆς λίμνης καλεμένης Μυει-
 δῶ, ὅπου κροκοδείλων πόλεις, κορώνης τάφῳ δέικνυ-
 ται, καὶ τῇ αἰτίαν ἐκείνην Αἰγύπτιοί φασι. πρὸ βασιλεῖ
 πρὸ τῆς Αἰγυπτίας (Μάρρης ἢ ἔτι καλεῖτο) ἦν κο-
 ρώνης θρέμμα πανήμερον, καὶ τῇ ἐπιστολῶν αὐτῆς ἐβόλι-

τό

* O D E IX.

O N A D O V E.

MY charming *Dove*! now tell me where,
And whence you wanton thro' the Air?

Come, tell me whence, and where you fly,

Distilling Odours thro' the Sky!

Whose

τό οἱ κορισθῆναι θάπτρον ἐκόμισεν αὐτή, καὶ ἦν ἀγγέ-
λων ὠκίστη, καὶ ἀκίσασα ἥδεις ἐνθα ἰδυῖναι δεῖ τὸ πλε-
ρὸν, καὶ τίνα χρὴ πῶς θραμῆν χῶρεν, καὶ ὅπου ἤκυσαν
ἀναπαύσασθαι. ἀνθ' ὧν ὑποθανῆσαν ὁ Μάρρῆς ἐτίμησεν
αὐτὴν καὶ σήλη καὶ τάφῳ.

“ In *Egypt*, near the Lake *Myris*, where stands the
“ City of *Crocodiles*, they shew the Tomb of a Jay, of
“ which the Natives relate this History: They tell you,
“ that this Jay was brought up by one of their Kings,
“ call'd *Marrhes*, whose Letters it carry'd wherever he
“ pleas'd to send them; that when they gave it Direc-
“ tions, it readily understood which way to turn its
“ Flight, what Places it should pass over, and where to
“ stop. When it was dead, *Marrhes* honour'd it with
“ an Epitaph, and a Tomb.

VER. 4. *Distilling Odours thro' the Sky.*] The Greeks
perfum'd their Birds, as we perfume our little Dogs.

Madam D'Acier.

VER. 7.

38 ἈΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ.

Τίς ὄντι σοί; Μέλει δέ.

Ἀνακρέων μ' ἔπεμψε

Πρὸς παῖδα, πρὸς Βάθυλλον,

Τὸν ἄρτι τ' ἀπάντω

Κρατύντῃα καὶ τύραννον.

10

Πέπρακε μ' ἡ Κυθῆρη,

Αἰεὶσα μετὸν ὕμνον

Ἐγὼ δ' Ἀνακρέοντι

Διηκονῶ τοσαῦτα.

Καὶ νῦν οἶας ἐκείνη

15

Ἐπισολὰς κομίζω

Καὶ φησιν, ἄθέως με

Ἐλδιδέριμι ποιῆσαι.

Ἐγὼ

VER. 71. To young Bathyllus, lovely Boy.] Bathyllus was a young Samian of extreme Beauty Belov'd, by Pe-
sistratus and Anacreon, whose Passion for him is taken notice
of by Horace in his 14th. Epode

Nam aliter Samia dicunt an fuisse Bathyllo

Anacreonta Teium:

Qui persæpe cava testudine seroit amarem,

Nam elixanatum ad pedem.

Thus soft Anacreon for Bathyllus burn'd,
And oft his Love he sadly mourn'd :

He

Whose art thou? ~~for~~ I fain would know.

DOVE.

Anacreon's swift-wing'd Post I go,
To young *Bathyllus*, lovely Boy!
Who bloom'd by Beauty's Hand for Joy,
Now reigns, of Beauty's Pow'r possessor,
Th' unrivall'd King of ev'ry Breast.

Fair *Venus*, to the *Teian* Bard,
Gave Me, a little Hymn's Reward.
And now, his ever-faithful Dove,
I serve as Messenger of Love;
And on my downy Pinions bear
These tender Billets, pleasing Care!
For which he kindly promis'd me,
At my Return to set me free.

But

He to his Harp did various Grief rehearse,
And wept in an unlamented Verse.

VER. 12. *Gave Me, a little Hymn's Reward.* [Madam D'Acier observes, that *Anacreon* could not point out the Value of his Performances in a more beautiful manner, than by saying: That *Venus* made no Difficulty of parting with one of her favourite Doves, for only a little Hymn of his composing. This Passage is a sufficient Confutation of those who imagine, that our Poet was the Author of nothing but Odes.

VER. 31.

Ἐγὼ δ' κῆν ἀφῆ με,
 Δέλη μὲν παρ' αὐτῆς 20
 Τί γάρ με δαΐ πέταδ' ἔ
 Ὅρῃ τε καὶ κατ' ἀγρῆς,
 Καὶ δένδρεσιν καθίζειν,
 Φαγεῖσαν ἄγχιόν τι;
 Τανῦν ἔδω μὲν ἄρτον 25
 Ἀφαρπάσασα χειρῶν
 Ἀνακρέοντι αὐτῆ.
 Πιεῖν δέ μοι δίδωσι
 Τὸν οἶνον ὃν περὶναι.

Πιῖσα

VER. 31. *Or sip with him the Nectar'd Bowl.]* The Dove extols the Bounty of his Master, for admitting him to drink of the same Wine as himself; because it was an Indulgence never allowed by the Ancients, to any but their favourite Servants. *Homer* makes it a Mark of Distinction, which *Achilles* pays to *Ajax*, *Ulysses*, and *Phaenix*. *Il.* i. Ver. 202.

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας, περτέρω ἄγε δῖον Ἀχιλλεύς,
 Εἶπεν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι, τάπησί τε πορφυρέοισιν·
 Αἶψα δ' Πάτερκλον περσεφώνεον ἔγχευ' ἐόντα,
 Μείζονα δὲ κρητῆρα, Μεινιτίου υἱὸς, καθίσα,

Ζωρ

But tho' he should my Freedom give,
 Yet still, with him I'd always live: 20
 For why, solicitous of Change,
 Should I, insensate, wish to range?
 Or o'er the Desert Mountains stray,
 Or perching, murmur Life away;
 Or wand'ring thro' the lonely Wood, 25
 Regale on Berries, rustick Food!
 Since now, Oh charming! I can stand
 Soft-cooing on *Anacreon's* Hand,
 And peck the snowy Crumbs which he,
 Delightful Master! gives to me: 30
 Or sip with him the Nectar'd Bowl,
 Delightful Sips! which cheer the Soul.

Then

Ζωότερον ὅ κέραυρε, δέπας δ' ἐν ἴσῳ ἐκδίδω·
 Οἱ δ' φίλτατοι ἄνδρες ἐμῷ ὑπέασι μελάρῳ.

With that the Chiefs beneath his Roof he led,
 And plac'd in Seats with purple Carpets spread.
 Then thus — *Patroclus*, crown a larger Bowl,
 Mix purer Wine, and open ev'ry Soul.
 Of all the Warriors yonder Host can send,
 Thy Friend most honours these, and these thy Friend.

Pope.

And *Abasuerus*, in his magnificent Feast, *Esth.* i. 7.
 when he would pay a particular Compliment to his Sub-
 jects, gave them Royal Wine in abundance.

VER. 4.

42 ἈΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ.

Πῦσα δ' ἄν χορεύσω,
Καὶ δεσπότῳ ἐμοῖσι
Πτερύσσι συγκαλύψω,
Κοιμωμένη δ' ἐπ' αὐτῷ
Τῷ βαρβίτῳ καθύδνα.

30

Ἔχεις ἅπαντ', ἀπελθε
Λαλιζέαν μ' ἔθηκας,
Ἀνθρῶπε, καὶ Κορώνης.

35



Ω Δ Η Γ.

Εἰς Ἑρωτα κηρινόν.

Ἑρωτα κηρινόν τις
Νεηνίης ὀπαίλει.
Ἐγὼ δ' εἰ οἱ ὄφρα γὰρ,
Ὅσος δ' αὖτε, ἔφλω, σὺ
Τὸ τοῦ χθὲν ἐκπρίωμαι;

5

ο

VER. 4. *Εὐ' ἂν what you list, the Rustick cries.*] The Expression ὀπαίσεις λῆς is *Dorian*, which was the most Rustick Dialect amongst the *Greeks*, and for that Reason employ'd by *Theocritus* to beautify his *Pastorals*. *Anacreon*.

30 Then dance, perhaps, or fondling spread
My flutt'ring Wings around his Head:

Or on his Lyre repose to Rest,
While Dreams of Musick sooth my Breast.

35

Adieu, dear Stranger! pr'ythee go,
35 You've all that you desir'd to know.

Hence, I entreat you, hence away!

You've made me prattle like a Jay.

40

O D E X.

On a Waxen Image of CUPID.

A YOUTH, exposing to be sold,

A Waxen *Love* of beauteous Mold,

With wing'd Demand I ask'd the Price:

5 Ev'n what you list, the Rustick cries,

I purchase

The most Reason Anacreon very elegantly makes his Youth speak in this manner, to ridicule the Unpoliteness of a Person, who could be so ignorant of the Charms of Love, as to desire to part with it.

VER. 10.

44 ἈΝΑΚΡΕΨΟΝΤΟΣ.

Ὁ δ' ἔπε Δωριάζων,
 Λάβ' αὐτὸν ὅπποσ' αὖ λῆς.
 Ὅμως δ' ἴν' ἐκμάθῃς πᾶν,
 Οὐκ εἰμι κηροτέχνας.

Ἀλλ' ἐξέλω συνοικῆν 10
 Ἐρωτι πάντορέκτα.

Δὸς ἔν, δὸς αὐτὸν ἡμῖν
 Δραχμῆς, καλὸν σύνδουλον.

Ἐως, σὺ δ' ὀυθέως με 15
 Πύρωσον· εἰ δ' μὴ, σὺ
 Κατὰ φλογὸς τακῆση.

Ω Δ Η

VER. 10. *Here's Gold! -- Give me the heav'nly Boy.*
 The Price offer'd in the Original, is a Drachm, which
 was an Attic Coin, worth about Seven-pence Halfpenny
 of our Money.

VER. 13 & 14. *That Instant you shall melt away,
 To more ignoble Flames a Prey.*

It was no unusual thing with the Ancients to threaten
 their Gods, as well as to pray to them. *Herodotus* in-
 forms us, that *Xerxes* was so enrag'd for the Loss of his
 Bridge of Boats on the *Hellepont*, that he order'd the
 Sea to be scourg'd, to revenge himself on *Neptune*. And
 the modern *Indians*, when any Misfortune befalls them,
 whip their Idols. *Theocritus* has a very remarkable Pas-
 sage to this Purpose, in his seventh *Idyllium*, where he
 makes a Shepherd address his God in this manner :

Κῆν μὲ ταῦθ' ἔρδοις, ὦ Πᾶν φίλε, μή τί τι παῖδες
 Ἀρκαδικοὶ σκίλλαισιν ὑπὸ πλάτрас τε καὶ ὤμις
 Τανίκα μασίσδοιεν, ὅκκα κρέα τυτθὰ παρέη.

Εἰ

I practise not the mimick Arts,
 Nor form'd this Potentate of Hearts;
 But *Love*, an ever-wishing Guest,
 No more shall wanton on my Breast.

Then let him sport on mine, said I,
 Here's Gold! — Give me the heav'nly Boy.

But, *Cupid*! if you fail to fire
 My Breast with am'rous soft Desire,
 That Instant you shall melt away,
 To more ignoble Flames a Prey.

O D E

Εἰ δ' ἄλλως νύσσεις, καὶ μὴ χεῖρα παντ' ὀνύχῃσι
 Δακνόμενῳ κνάσαις, καὶ ἐν κνίδ' αἰσι καθάδ' αἰσιν.
 Εἴης δ' Ἡδωνῶν μὴ ἐν ὥρεσι χεῖματι μέσῳ,
 Ἐβρον παρ' ποταμὸν τετραμμένῳ, ἐγγύθεν ἄρῃς.
 Ἐν δ' ἴδ' εἰς πυμάτοισι παρ' Αἰθιοπείῃσι νομεύοις,
 Πέτρα ὑπὸ Βλεμύων, ὅθεν ἐκείτ' Νεῖλ ὀρεγτός.

O Sacred *Pan*! if thou indulge my Pray'r
 May no *Arcadian* Youths their Scourges rear,
 Nor for neglected Flocks thy Shoulders tear.
 But may'st thou, if thy Suppliant thou deny,
 Torn by revengeful Nails, on Nettles lie!
 On *Edon's* Hills, where lazy *Heber* flows,
 May'st thou all Winter freeze 'midst chilling Snows;
 And with black *Æthiops* curse the Summer-heats,
 Where, under *Blemyan* Rocks, scorch'd *Nile* retreats.

Ω Δ Η ΙΑ΄.

Εἰς ἑαυτὸν.

ΛΕγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες,
 Ἀνακρέων, Γέγων εἰ
 Λαβὼν ἑσπῆρον ἄλσος
 Κόμας μὲν ἔχ' ἑσπ' ἑσπ' αἶψα,
 Ψιλὸν δέ σοι μέτωπον.

VER. 4. *Fall'n is thy Hair, quite fall'n away!*
 The Hair was very much regarded amongst the Ancients, and esteem'd by them as a principal Part of Beauty. *Petronius* describes the Loss of it in the following elegant manner :

*Quod summum formæ decus est, cecidere capilli,
 Vormantesque comas tristis abegit hyems.
 Nunc umbra nudata sua jam tempora mærent,
 Areaque attritis nidet adusta pilis.
 O fallax natura Deum! quæ prima dedisti
 Etati nostræ gaudia, prima rapis.
 Infelix, modo crinibus nitēbas,
 Phæbo pulchrior, & forere Phæbi:
 At nunc lævior aëre, vel rotundo*

Horti

O D E XI.

O N H I M S E L F.

I'M often by the Women told,
 Alas! *Anacreon*, thou grow'st old:
 Here, in this Glass thyself survey,
 Fall'n is thy Hair, quite fall'n away!
 No Ringlets wanton o'er thy Brow,
 It's all a Field of Baldness now.

5

But

*Horri tubere, quod creavit unda,
 Ridentes fugis, & times puellas.
 Ut mortem citius venire credas,
 Scito jam capitis perisse partem.*

Beauty is fall'n! thy Hair's soft Vernal Grace,
 To Wint'ry Baldness gives untimely Place.
 Thy injur'd Temples mourn their ravish'd Shade,
 Waste, like a stubbled Field, thy Brow is laid.
 Fallacious Gods! your treach'rous Gifts how vain!
 You only give us Joy, to give us Pain.
 Unhappy Youth! but late thy curling Gold
 Ev'n *Phæbus*' Self might envy to behold;
 But now for Smoothness, nor the liquid Air,
 Nor Wave-born Tuber can with thee compare.

The

Εγὼ δὲ τὰς κόμας μὲν,
 Εἴτ' εἰσὶν, εἴτ' ἀπῆλθον,
 Οὐκ οἶδα, τῆτο δ' οἶδα,
 Ὡς πρὶ γέροντι μάλλον
 Πρέπει τὸ τερπνὰ παίζειν,
 Ὅσω πέλαις τὰ Μοίρης.

Ω Δ Η

The Laughter-loving Maids you fly, and fear;
 And Death, with hasty steps, will soon be here.
 His fatal Night already clouds your Morn,
 Beauty is fall'n! and thy gay Locks are shorn.

Horace says of our Author, that he wrote *non elaboratum ad pedem*, artlessly elegant. And the inimitable Ease which abounds in the Original of this Ode, is an Instance, amongst many others, how justly he deserves that Character. We have an Imitation of it in an Epigram of *Palladas' Antholog.* L. 2. pag. 175.

Γηραλέον με γυναῖκες ὑποσκάπτουσι, λέγουσαι
 Εἰς τὸ κάτοπλρον ὁρᾶν λείψανόν ἡλικίης.

Ἀλλ'



But whether still soft-curles my Hair,
 Or flying hence, has left me bare,
 I know not; this indeed I know,
 If, as they tell me, old I grow,
 It's time to snatch short Joys from Fate,
 And haste to live ere it's too late.

ODE

Ἀλλ' ἐγὼ εἰ λευκὰς φορέω τείχας, ὅτε μελαίνας,
 Οὐκ αἰέγω, βίβτε πρὸς τέλος ἐρχόμενοι.
 Εὐδμοῖς ἢ μύρσισι, καὶ ὑπετάλοις σιφάνοις,
 Τῷ Βερμύθῳ πάντα φρονίδ' ἀργαλίας.

The Fair, insulting cry, because I'm old,
 Here, in this Glass thy winter'd Spring behold!
 But whether White, or youthful Black my Hair,
 Just stepping out of Life, I little care.
 Around my od'rous Brows I Roses twine,
 And drown Solicitude in rosy Wine.

VER. 3





Ω Δ Η ΙΒ'.

CI

Εἰς χελιδόνα.

Τῖ σοι θέλεις ποιήσω;
 Τί σοι λάλη χελιδών;
 Τὰ ταρσά σου τὰ κῆφα,
 Θέλεις, λαβὼν ψαλίξω;
 ἢ μᾶλλον ἐνδοθέν σου
 Τὴν γλῶσσαν, ὡς ὁ Τηρόυς
 Ἐκείνῳ, ἐκθερίξω;

VER. 3 & 4. *Shall my Steel invade thy Wings,
 Glipping thence their airy Rings?]*

Perhaps *Anacreon* gave the Epithet κῆφα, *Light*, to the Wings of the Swallow; because, as *Pliny* remarks, *Volucrum soli hirundini, flexuosi volatus velox celeritas*; the Swallow is the only Bird which flies swift in a Ring or mazy Flight.

VER. 5. *Or shall I a Tereus play.] Tereus* was King of *Thrace*; he marry'd *Progné* the Daughter of *Pandion*, King of *Athens*; but being afterwards taken with the Beauty of her Sister *Philomela*, he ravish'd her, and to conceal his Crime, cut out her Tongue and imprison'd her; but *Progné* being inform'd of her Sister's

Misfortune,

O D E XII.

O N A S W A L L O W.

CHATT'RER! What Revenge of mine
Equal can this Crime of thine?

shall my Steel invade thy Wings,

snipping thence their airy Rings?

Or shall I a *Tereus* play,

shall I tear thy Tongue away?

Why

misfortune, by a Piece of Embroidery which she had the
address to send her, to revenge herself of her incestuous
husband, kill'd the Son she had by him, call'd *Itys*, and
his Flesh serv'd up for him to eat: Being pursued
by *Tereus*, she was chang'd by the Gods into a Swallow,
Philomela into a Nightingale, *Tereus* into a Lapwing,
and *Itys* into a Pheasant. The Story is told at large by
Ovid, in the Sixth Book of his *Metamorphoses*. But
remarkable, that *Anacreon*, in this Passage, contra-
dicts the received Opinion, and makes *Philomela* the Per-
son chang'd into a Swallow. *Servius*, the Scholiast of
Virgil, is of the same Sentiment; as is also *Apollodorus*,
and *Homer* himself, *Odyss.* L. 19.

Τὶ μὲ καλῶν ὀνείρων,

Ὑπορθείουσι φωναῖς

Ἀφήρπασας Βάθυλλον;

10

Ω Δ Η

VER. 7. *Why with early tuneless Noise.*] No Birds sing so early in the Morning as Swallows. *Virgil* speaks of them when he says,

Et matutini volucrum sub culmine cantus.

And Songs of early Birds invite to rise.

D'Acier.

VER. 10. *Snatch'd Bathyllus from my Arms.*] Madame D'Acier, in her Remark on this Line, cites the following beautiful Passage from *Horace*, L. 4. Ode 1.

Nocturnis te ego somniis

Jam captum tento: jam volucrum sequor

Te per gramina Martii

Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

Thee, thee, my lovely Boy,

Now, now I clasp, and now in Dreams

Pursue o'er Fields and Streams;

Thee, thee, my Dear, my flying Joy.

Cresch.

Agathias has given us a very elegant Imitation of this Ode in an Epigram of his *Antholog.* L. 7. p. 461.

Πᾶσαι

Why with early tuneless Noise,
 Envious of my slumb'ring Joys;
 Hast thou, with thy rude Alarms,
 Snatch'd *Bathyllus* from my Arms?

O D E

Πᾶσαν ἐγὼ τ' ὑκλῆα κινύεσθαι· ὅτε δ' ἐπέλθῃ
 Ὀρθρος, ἐλιννῦσαι μικρὰ χερσὶ ζόμενῳ.
 Ἀμφιπειτρυῖσσι χερσὶ δόντι· εἰς δὲ με δάκρυ
 Βάλλουσι, γλυκερὸν κῶμα παρῶσα· ἴδωκε
 ὦ φθονερά! παύσασθε λαλητείδεις· ἢ γὰρ ἔγνω
 Τὴν φιλομνητὴν γλῶσσαν ἀπειθείσῃ.
 Ἀλλ' Ἰτυλον κλαίετε κατ' ἄρεα, καὶ χοροῖτε
 Εἰς αἶπῳ· κραναὴν αὖτις ἐφεζόμεναι,
 Βαυδὼν ἵνα κνώσοιμιν. ἴσως δὲ τις ἦξει ὄνειρος
 Ὃς με Ροδανθείοις πῆχουσιν ἀμφιβάλοι.

All Night my Eyes their am'rous Vigil keep,
 And soon as Morn indulges balmy Sleep,
 These chatt'ring Swallows in rude Notes complain,
 And wake me from my Joy to Grief again.
 Hence, envious Praters! why to me this Wrong?
 I robb'd not *Philomela* of her Tongue.
 On Desert Hills unhappy *Nys* mourn,
 Leave me in Peace to wooe soft Sleep's Return.
 Perhaps some gentle Dream, profuse of Charms,
 May bring the fair *Rhodanthe* to my Arms.



Ω Δ Η ΙΓ'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Οἱ μὲν, καλῶ Κυβέλλῃ
 Τὸν ἡμίθηνλιν Ἀττίν
 Ἐν ἔρεσιν βοῶντα,
 Λέγουσιν ἐκμανῆνα.

VER. 1. *Soft Attys, as we're told by Fame.] Attys* was a young *Phrygian* of great Beauty, and passionately belov'd by *Cybele* the Mother of the Gods, who set him to preside over her Mysteries, on Condition he preserve his Virginity; but he having violated it, *Cybele*, to punish his Incontinence, afflicted him with Madness; in the Transports of which, he cut away the Distinction of his Sex, and had slain himself, if the Goddess had not chang'd him into a Pine-Tree. *Lucian* says he was a *Lydian*, and that he was the first who taught the Mysteries of *Cybele* to the *Lydians*, *Phrygians*, and *Samotheans*.

Macrobius tells us, that by *Attys*, the Ancients understood the *Sun*. *Attys*, says he, is figured with a Pipe and a Rod; with a Pipe, to signify the various Temperatures of the Air, because, in Winds which owe their Being to the Sun, there is no Equality; and with a Rod to denote the Power of the Sun, whose Influence governs all things. But *Porphyrius* informs us, that by the

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O D E XIII.

O N H I M S E L F.

SOFT *Attys*, as we're told by Fame,
 When to resound fair *Rhea's* Name,
 He o'er the echoing Mountains flew,
 Stark-mad with Heav'n-born Frenzy grew.

And

Castration of *Attys*, and his being turn'd into a Pine, is meant the Barrenness of all those Trees, which either bear no Fruit, or shed it in the Bloom. And *Julius Firmicus* interprets the Fable of Corn, and other Fruits of the Earth, which, when cut with a Hook or Sickle, die in the Granary, and revive in the Seed when sown.

VER. 2. *When to resound fair Rhea's Name.*] *Rhea*, otherwise call'd *Magna Mater*, and from the Places where she was worshipp'd, *Berecynthia*, *Pessinuntia*, *Dindymene*, *Mygdonia*, and *Idæa Phrygia*, was fabled to be the Daughter of *Cælus*: But *Lucian* tells us, she was *Europa*, the Daughter of *Agenor* the *Phœnician*, and the Mother of *Minos* the *Cretan Jupiter*. Her Name, *Cybele*, or *Cybebe*, which *Anacreon* uses in this Place, was given her, as *Diodorus* informs us, by *Cybele* the Daughter of *Meones*, King of *Phrygia*; for when she and her Son *Corybas* return'd into *Phrygia*, after the Death of her Husband *Jafus*, they carried thither the Mysteries

Οἱ δὲ Κλάρῳ παρ' Ὀχθαῖς
 Δαφνηφόροιο Φοίβε
 Λάλον πιόντες ὕδωρ,
 Μεμνηνότες βοῶσιν.

Ἐγώ

of the Mother of the Gods, and *Cybele* call'd the Goddesses after her Name, and *Corybas* call'd her Priests *Corybantes*.

By the Name of *Cybele*, or *Rhea*, *Varro* tells us, the Ancients worshipp'd the Earth. She was represented in the Form of a Woman, sitting in a Chariot drawn by Lions, with a Drum in her Hand, and a *Corona Turrita* on her Head, like *Astarte* and *Isis*.

VER. 5. *And those who taste the Clarien Flood.* *Claros* was a little Town near the City *Colophon* in *Ionia*, which had a Fountain consecrated to *Apollo*. *Anacreon* calls the Water, *λάλον* because those who drank of it were immediately seiz'd with a Divine Fury, and deliver'd Oracles. *Tacitus*, in the Second Book of his *Annals*, gives us the following Account of it; speaking of *Germanicus*, he says, *Appellitque Colophona, ut Clarii Apollinis oraculo uteretur. Non fœmina illic, ut apud Delphos; sed certis è familiis, & ferme Mileto accitus sacerdos, numerum modo consultantium & nomina audit: tum in specum digressus, haustâ fontis arcani aquâ, ignarus plerumque litterarum & carminum, edit responsa versibus compositis super rebus quas quis mente concepit.* He touch'd at *Colophon*, to consult the Oracle of *Apollo Clarius*. It is not a Woman who delivers the Oracles there, as at *Delphos*, but a Man, who is chose out of certain Families, and very often fetch'd from *Miletus*; he only informs himself of the Number and Names of the Con-

sulters;

And those who taste the *Clarion* Flood,

5

To *Daphne*-crown'd *Apollo* vow'd,

Inspir'd by the Prophetick Wave,

With more than Mortal Fury rave.

Me

flutters; after which he descends into a Grotto, where, having drank of the mysterious Water, he answers to the Thoughts of his Enquirers in Verse, tho' for the most part he's an illiterate Person, and entirely ignorant of Poesy.

VER. 6. *To Daphne-crown'd Apollo vow'd.*] *Apollo* was the God of Physick, Poetry, and Musick; and, according to *Ovid*, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Latona*. *Cicero* tells us, that there were four *Apollo*s, and that the most ancient was the Son of *Vulcan*; but *Hesiod* makes him the Son of *Hyperion* and *Thea*,

Θεία δ' Ἡελίον τε μέγαν, λαμπρὸν τε Σελήνην,

Ἡὼ θ', ἢ πάντως ἐπ' ἄστροις φαίνει.

Ἀθανάτοις τε θεοῖς, τοῖς ἑσπέρων ἑρπύλλ' ἔχουσι,

Γείναθ', ὑπ' ἀνθεῶσ' Ὀυρείων ἐν φιλότῃτι.

From beauteous *Thea* and *Hyperion*'s Flame,

Great *Helius*, and the bright *Selene* came:

With fair *Aurora*, who o'er Earth displays,

And thro' the Courts of Heav'n, her chearful Rays.

Diodorus seems to confirm this Opinion of *Hesiod*'s; for he writes, that *Helius* and *Selene* were the Children of *Hyperion* and *Bafilea*, who were the Children of *Uranus* and *Titaea*, King and Queen of *Egypt*. *Uranus* conquer'd the *Atlantides*, a People of *Æthiopia*; and *Hyperion*

Ἐγὼ δὲ τῷ Λυαίῳ,
 Καὶ τῷ μύρῳ κορεθεῖς,
 Καὶ τῇ ἐμῇ ἐταίρῃ,
 Θέλω, θέλω μαῖναναι.

Ω Δ Η

Hyperion was slain by his Brothers, who drowned his Son Helius in the Nile. But there was no King of Egypt who conquer'd Æthiopia, before Ammon the Father of Osiris; and therefore Hyperion was Osiris, and Helius was the same with Orus, the Grandson of Ammon, and the Apollo of the Greeks; for Helius is the Greek Name for Apollo. Pausanias likewise informs us, that his Worship came originally from Egypt; for he tells us, that one Antoninus, a Roman Senator, built a Temple at Epidaurus, to Apollo and Æsculapius, Egyptian Gods. He was figur'd with a Harp, to denote his Skill in Musick and Poetry; and with a Bow and Arrows, to signify the Rays of the Sun, of which he was the God.

Anacreon calls him Daphne-crown'd Apollo, because, when Daphne the Daughter of Peneus, a River-God, escap'd his amorous Pursuit, by being chang'd into a Laurel, he consecrated that Tree to himself; as Ovid tells us, in his Relation of that Metamorphose.

*Cui Deus: At quoniam conjux mea non potes esse,
 Arbor eris certe, dixit, mea; semper habebunt*



Me *Bacchus* fires, he swells each Vein,
 Gay Odours charm my raptur'd Brain;
 Beauty forbids her Slave to sigh,
 And I'll be mad, stark mad with Joy.

ODE

Te coma, te Citharæ, te nostræ, Laure, Pharetra.

To whom the God. ---- Because thou canst not be
 My Mistress, I espouse thee for my Tree:
 Be thou the Prize of Honour and Renown;
 The deathless Poet and the Poem crown. *Dryden.*

VER. 12. *And I'll be mad, stark mad with Joy.*
Horace has express'd himself in the same manner,

recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico.

I must be mad, ----
 'Tis decent at the Welcome of a Friend.

Creech.

And in another Place,

Dulce est desipere in loco.

A well-tim'd Madness is our chiefest Joy.

VERVIO.



Ω Δ Η ΙΔ'.

Εἰς Ἑρωτα.

⊙ Εἴλω, θεῖλω φιλήσαι. —

Ἐπειθ' Ἑρως φιλεῖν με,

Ἐγὼ δ' ἔχων νόημα

Ἀβελον, ἐκ ἐπείδλω.

Ὅ δ' αὖθ' τόξον ἄρας,

Καὶ χρυσέῳ φαρέτρῳ,

Μάχη με πρὸς καλεῖτο.

Καὶ γὰρ λαβὼν ἐπ' ὤμων

Θώρηχ', ὅπως Ἀχιλλεύς,

Καὶ δῦρα, καὶ βροεῖω,

Ἐμαρνάμην Ἑρωτι.

Ἐβαλλ' ἐγὼ δ' ἐφύγον,

Ὡς δ' ἐκ ἔτ' εἶχ' οἰστούς,

Ἡχαλ-

VER. 10. *And took my Spear, and grasp'd my Shield.* Mr, Longepierre, in his Remark on this Line, cites an ancient Epigram, where, instead of *Spear* and *Shield*, the Combatant arms himself with *Reason* against the Attacks of *Love*.

Ωτ.

O D E XIV.

O N C U P I D.

I WILL, I will *Love's* Pow'r obey,
Love woo'd me long to own his Sway;
 But when with thoughtless Scorn elate,
 I mock'd Submission to his State,
 He snatch'd his Bow and Quiver'd Pride,
 And to fierce Combat me defy'd.

In haste to my Defence I flew,
 My Mail across my Shoulders threw;
 Like some *Achilles* brav'd the Field,
 And shook my Spear, and grasp'd my Shield.
 With *Love* I enter'd Rebel-fight,
 He wing'd his Darts, I wing'd my Flight.

Till

Ἄπκισμαι πρὸς Ἔρωτα φεί γέρονσι λογισμέν.
 Οὐδέ με νικήσει, μὲνθ' εἰὼν πρὸς ἔνα.
 Θνατὸς δ' Ἀθανάτῳ σιωλεύσομαι· ἦν δ' βοηθὸν
 Βάκχον ἔχῃ, τί μόνθ' πρὸς δ' ἡγὼ δ'ωιάμαι.

With

Ἦγαλλεν, εἴθ' ἑαυτὸν

Ἀφῆκεν εἰς βέλεμνον.

Μέσθ' ὃ καρδίας μου

Ἔδωκε καὶ μ' ἔλυσε.

Μάτλι δ' ἔχω βοείλι.

Τί γ' ὃ βαλώμεθ' ἔξω,

Μάχης ἔσω μ' ἐχέσης;



Ω Δ Η ΙΕ'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Οὐ μοι μέλει Γύγαω
Τῷ Σάρδεων ἀνακτὶ.

Οὐθ' αἰρέει με χρυσός,

Οὐδὲ φθονῶ τυράννοισ'.

Ἔμοι

With Reason arm'd, I dare with Love contend,

Nor to the God, whilst one to one, will bend.

But, if to *Cupid's* Aid great *Bacchus* fly,

How can one Mortal two such Gods defy?

VER. 13. *'Till having spent his feather'd Store.*] The Poet tells us, that Love shot all his Darts at him, to express his violent Propensity to that Passion. We have the

Till having spent his Feather'd Store,
 When that supply'd Revenge no more,
 Enflam'd with Rage, a living Dart,
 He shot himself into my Heart;
 Dissolv'd my Soul, and revell'd there;

In vain a useless Shield I rear,
 An outward Guard to Folly turns,
 When in my Breast the Battle burns.



O D E XV.

O N H I M S E L F.

RICH in Pleasures, I disdain
 Sardinian Gyges' wealthy Reign.

Gold's a Folly that has Wings;

Mirth's too great to envy Kings.

All

the same Complaint in an Epigram, *Antholog.* L. 7.
 P. 457.

Μηκέτι τις πλῖξε Πόθι βέλῃ ἰοδόχῃν γδ.

Εἰς ἐμὲ λείβετο ἔρως ἐξεκένωσεν ὅλην.

Let none afraid of Cupid's Arrows be,
 The God has spent his Quiver all on me.

VER. 2. Sardinian Gyges' wealthy Reign.] Gyges attain'd

Ἔμοι μέλει μύροισι
 Καταβρέχειν ὑπὸ νύκτι
 Ἔμοι μέλει ῥόδοισι
 Καταστέφειν κάρλῳ α.
 Τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοι
 Τὸ δ' αὔριον τίς οἶδεν ;

10
Ἔως

tain'd the Crown of *Bydia* by the following Accident, as *Herodotus* informs us. His Master *Candaules* having a very beautiful Queen, was so vain of his Happiness, that he could not rest till he had privately admitted his Favourite *Gyges* to see her naked ; which she discovering, was so exasperated at the Affront, that she sent for *Gyges*, and gave him his Choice, either immediate Death, or to kill *Candaules*, and take her and the Kingdom for his Reward. *Gyges* proving afterwards a Prince of great Prudence and Intelligence, was fabled to have a Ring by which he could render himself invisible wherever he pleas'd. *Sardis* was the Name of his Metropolis, which was so wealthy, that its Riches became a Proverb.

VER. 9 & 10. *Court the present Hour to stay,
 Fate mayn't have another Day.*]

An Epigram in the *Anthologia* gives the same agreeable Advice.

Πῖνε, καὶ ἀφραίνε τίς γὰρ αὔριον, ἢ τί τὸ μέλλον
 Οὐδείς γινώσκει. μὴ τρέχει, μὴ κοπία.
 Ως δωάσαι, χάρισαι, μετὰ δ' ὅ, φάγε, θνητὰ λογιζέ,
 Τὸ ζῆν τὸ μὴ ζῆν ἔδεν ὅλος ἀπίχει.

Πλάτ.

All th' Ambition that I know,
Is with Odours to o'erflow,
Rofy Wreaths to bind my Hair,
Rofy Wreaths are all my Care.
Court the present Hour to ftay,
Fate mayn't have another Day.

5

10

Whilst

Πᾶς ὁ βίῃ τοῖςδε, ῥοπήν μόνον εἰς περιάβητις.

Ἀν ὃ θανάτης, ἑτέρου πάσης, σὺ δ' εἰδέν ἔχεις.

None know the Morrow ; drink, and sweetly fmile,
Give Fate thy Cares, and ceafe thy anxious Toil ;
Indulge thy Taffe, the present Hour enjoy,
Remember, to be born is but to die.
He only lives, who lives to Pleasure free,
Thy treasur'd Heaps will soon another's be.

Horace fays the fame.

Quid fit futurum cras, fuge quærere : &

Quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro

Appone : nec dulces amores

Sperne puer, neque tu choreas ;

Donec virenti canities abest

Morofa : ———

Od. 9. Lib. 1.

To-morrow, and her Works defy :

Lay hold upon the present Hour,
And fnatch the Pleasures paffing by,

To put them out of Fortune's Pow'r :
Nor Love, nor Love's Delights difdain,
Whate'er thou get'ft to Day is Gain.

Dryden.

VER. 1.

66 ἈΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ.

Ἔως ἔν' ἔτ' Ὀδύσει
 Καὶ πῖνε καὶ κύβευε,
 Καὶ σπένδε τῷ Λυαίῳ.
 Μὴ Νῆσθαι, ἣν τις ἔλθῃ,
 Λέγῃ, Σὲ μηδὲ πίνειν.

15



Ω Δ Η Ις'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Σὺ μὲν λέγεις τὰ Θήβης,
 Ὅ δ' αὖ Φρυγῶν αὐταίς,

Ἐγώ

VER. 1. *Thebes' fatal Wars your Muse recites.*
 The Poet alludes to the famous War of the seven Cap-
 tains against *Thebes*, occasion'd by *Eteocles* the Son of
Oedipus, denying his Brother *Polynices* his Turn in the
 Kingdom, tho' they had agreed to reign alternately: The
 two Brothers kill'd each other, and their Mother *Jocasta*
 flew herself for Grief. *Æschylus* has wrote a Tragedy,
 and *Statius* an Heroic Poem on the Subject.

VER. 2. *He sings of Phrygia's clam'rous Fights.*
 Meaning the *Trojan War*, in which the *Greeks* engag'd
 for the Recovery of *Helen*, the Queen of *Menelaus*,
 King of *Sparta*, whom *Paris* had stolen from her Hus-
 band. *Anacreon* calls the *Phrygians* clam'rous, because,
 as *Homer* tells us, those People always went to Battle with
 great

Whilst no Tempest blots your Sky,
 Drink, and throw the sportful D^{ew}.
 But to *Bacchus* drench the Ground,
 Ere you push the Goblet round.
 Lest some fatal Illness cry,
 Drink no more the Cup of Joy!

15



O D E XVI.

O N H I M S E L F.

THEBES' fatal Wars your Muse recites,
 He sings of *Phrygia's* clam'rous Fights;

But

great Cries; but the *Greeks*, on the contrary, in profound Silence.

Τρῶες μὲν κλαγγὴν τ' ἐνοπῇ τ' ἴσαν

* * * * *

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν σιγῇ, μέγιστα πνείοντες, Ἀχαιοί,
 Ἐν θυμῷ μεμαῶτες ἀλεξέμεν ἀλλήλοισιν.

With Shouts the *Trojans*, rushing from afar,
 Proclaim their Motions, and provoke the War.

* * * * *

But silent, breathing Rage, resolv'd and skill'd,
 By mutual Aids to fix a doubtful Field,
 Swift march the *Greeks* : -----

Pope.

VER. 3.

Ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὰς ἀλώσεις.

Οὐχ ἵππῳ ὤλεσέν με,

Οὐ πεζός, ἐχί νῆες.

Στρατός ᾗ καινὸς ἄλλῳ.

Ἄψ' ὀμμάτων βαλὼν με.



Ω Δ Η ΙΖ'.

Εἰς ποτήριον ἀργυρεῖν,

ΤΟΝ ἀργυρον τορδύσας,

Ἡφαίε, μοι ποίησον,

Πανοπλίαν μὲν ἐχί,

Τί γδ μάχαισι καί μοι;

Ποτή-

VER. 3. *But I attune my own Defeat.*] Ovid seems to have imitated this Passage :

*Vincor, & ingenium sumptis revocatur ab armis,
Resque domi gestas, & mea bella cano.*

Amor. L. 2. Eleg. 18.

I'm conquer'd, and renounce the glorious Strain
Of Arms, and War, to sing of Love again :
My Themes are Acts which I myself have done,
And my Muse sings no Battles but my own.

VER. 8.

But I attune my own Defeat.
 From no arm'd Horseman I retreat;
 Nor Footman on the dusty Plain,
 Nor hostile Fleet upon the Main;
 Strange unknown Wars my Peace surprize,
 Strange Foes which dart from Beauty's Eyes.



O D E XVII.

ON A SILVER BOWL.

COME, *Vulcan*, all thy Skill impart,
 This Silver Mass implores thy Art.

No glitt'ring Arms my Cares employ,
 For what are Wars to Me and Joy?

But

VER. 8. *Strange Foes, which dart from Beauty's Eyes.*] *Nonnus* calls the Eyes ἀκοντισήρες ἐρώτων, The Archers of Love. And an Epigram in the *Anthologia*, speaking of Love, says,

— Οὐ με λείπεις,

Τόξοτα, Ζηνοφίλας ὄμμασι κρυπτόμενος.

But not unseen, in *Zenophelia's* Eyes
 The little wanton Archer ambush'd lies.

VER. 3. *No glittering Arms my Cares employ.*] Alluding,

Ποτήριον ὃ κοῖλον,
Ὅσον δυνή, βάθυσον.

Ποίει δέ μοι κατ' αὐτό,
Μήτ' ἄστρα, μήθ' ἀμάξας,
Μὴ στυγὸν Ὠρίωνα·

Τί Πλειάδεσι καὶ μοί;

10

Τι

luding, as Commentators observe, to that pompous Suit of Armour which *Vulcan* made for *Achilles*, at the Request of his Mother, the Goddess *Thetis*.

VER. 7. *I'd have no Constellations shine.*] Alluding to the Shield of *Achilles*, on which *Vulcan* describ'd the Constellations, as *Homer* informs us.

There shone the Image of the Master-Mind,
There Earth, there Heav'n, there Ocean he design'd;
Th'unweary'd Sun, the Moon compleatly round;
The Starry Lights that Heav'n's high Convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the Northern Team;
And great *Orion*'s more refulgent Beam;
To which, around the Axle of the Sky,
The *Bear* revolving, points his golden Eye,
Still shines, exalted on th' ætherial Plain,
Nor bathes his blazing Forehead in the Main. *Pope.*

VER. 9. *Let no Orion frowning rise.*] *Orion*, according to *Hesiod*, was the Son of *Neptune*, and *Euryale* the Daughter of *Minos*; but *Aristomachus* makes him the adopted Son of *Erythræus* a *Theban*, who being childless, obtain'd him from the Urine of *Jupiter* and *Mercury*, in recompence for the hospitable Reception he had given them.

But sink me deep a mirthful Bowl,

Capacious make it, as my Soul!

I'd have no Constellations shine,

To guide me thro' my Sea of Wine.

Let no *Orion* frowning rise,

Nor *Pleiads* weep from mimic Skies.

10

For

them. *Callimachus* tells us, that he offer'd Violence to *Diana*, and was shot by her with an Arrow, of which Opinion is *Horace*.

----- *Integræ*

Tentator Orion Diane,

Virgineâ domitus sagittâ.

L. 3. Od. 4.

From hot *Orion's* lawless Youth,

Ev'n chaste *Diana* scarce could 'scape

The lustful Fury of a Rape;

Till her Bow reach'd him, whilst he strove,

With fiercer Darts than those of Love. *Creech.*

But *Homer* assures us, that he was belov'd by *Diana*, and shot by her out of a Fit of Jealousy. His Constellation is compos'd of Seventeen Stars. *Anacreon* gives *Orion* the Epithet of *συρρός*, *hateful*, because he is observ'd to be attended with Rain and tempestuous Weather. *Horace* calls him, *Infestus*:

Dum pecori lupus, & nautis infestus Orion.

Epod. 15.

As long as Wolves pursue the tim'rous Sheep,

Or stern *Orion* rages o'er the Deep.

VER. 10. Nor *Pleiads* weep from mimic Skies.] The *Pleiades*

Τί δ' ἀγρεύειν Βώτεω;
 Ποίησον ἀμπέλους μοι,
 Καὶ βότρυας κατ' αὐτό,
 Καὶ χρυσέας πατῦνῆας,
 Ὅμῃ καλῶ Λυαίῳ,
 Ἐρωτα, καὶ Βάθυλλον.



Ω Δ Η ΙΗ'.

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό.

ΚΑΛΛΙΤΕΧΝΑ, μοι τόρδυσον
 Εἶαρ, κύπελλον ἡδύ.

Τα

Pleiades were the Daughters of *Atlas*, the Son of *Japetus* or *Neptune*, and *Pleione* the Daughter of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*. *Mnaseas* tells us, that *Atlas* had fifteen Daughters; five of which having mourn'd themselves to Death for their Brother *Hyas*, who was kill'd in Hunting by a Lion, were chang'd into Stars, and call'd *Hyades*; that seven of the remaining ten slew themselves thro' Grief, for the Loss of their Sisters, and were therefore call'd *Pleiades*, because the Majority agreed in the Action. But *Pherocydes Asbeniensis* says, they were the Nurses of *Bacchus*, and that *Jupiter*, to reward their Service,

For slow *Boötes* what care I?

Curl me a Vine of cluster'd Joy

Around the Brim; whilst *Bacchus* fair,

And Love's soft God with golden Hair,

With young *Bathyllus*, join t' unload

The Boughs, and press th'enchanting Flood.

15

O D E XVIII.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

HAPPY Art! a Bowl prepare,

Like this fairest Season, fair:

First

service, and secure them against the Resentment of *Jupiter*, took them up into Heaven.

One of them was *Maia*, the Mother of *Mercury*, who sometimes us'd to express all. Thus *Virgil*,

*Multi ante occasum Maiæ capere, sed illos
Expectata seges vanis elusit aristis.*

The Names of the others were *Electra*, *Tagete*, *Alone*, *Celene*, *Sterope*, *Merope*. Their Constellation is plac'd on the Back of *Taurus*, and consists of seven stars; the *Romans* call'd them *Vergilia*.

E

VER. 7.

Τὰ πρῶτα τερπνὸν ἡμῖν
 Ῥόδον φέρεσαν ὦρλω
 Τὸν ἄργυρον δ' ἀπλώσας
 Τερπνὸν ποίει πότον μοι.
 Τῶν τελετῶν ὠδαινῶ,
 Μὴ μοι ξένον τορδύσης,
 Μὴ φολκῖλὸν ἰσόρημα.
 Μᾶλλον ποίει Διὸς γόνον,
 Βάκχον Εὐϊὸν ἡμῖν
 Μύσῳ νάματ', ἢ Κύπρην
 Ὑμναίοις κρατῦσαν
 Χάερασ' Ἐρωτ' ἄνοπλον,
 Καὶ Χάριτας γελώσας

VER. 7. *But let no mysterious Whim.]* The Greek
 τῶν τελετῶν μὴ μοι ξένον τορδύσης, *Engrave no foreign*
Sacrifices; for the τελεταὶ were Sacrifices of Expiation
as Plato tells us in the Second Book of his Republic
his Words are these, Βίβλων ἢ ὁμαδὸν παρέχοντες
Μυσαίς καὶ Ὀρφείοις, Σελήνης τε καὶ Μουσῶν ἐκγόνοι
ὡς φασι. καὶ ὡς θυσιῶσι, πείθοντες ἢ μόνον ἰδί
ται, ἀλλὰ καὶ πόλεις, ὡς ἀεὶ λύσεις τε καὶ καθαρί
ἀδικημάτων, διὰ θυσιῶν καὶ παιδείας ἡδονῶν, εἰ
ἔτι ζῶσιν ἢ καὶ τελευτήσασιν, ὡς δὴ τελεταὶ καλε
σιν, αἱ τ' ἐκείνων ἀπολύουσιν ἡμᾶς μὴ, θυσιῶν
δεινὰ πεινῶν. They shew a great Number of Books
wrote by Musaeus and Orpheus, whom they call the So

First
 Scatt
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 ginal

First engrave the rosy Spring,

Scatt'ring Roses from his Wing ;

Sink it deep, the Silver round

\$

Draw with mirthful Revels crown'd :

But let no mysterious Whim

Frown upon the gen'rous Brim ;

Nor with Arms and Heroes slain,

The bright Field of Transport stain.

10

Draw me *Fove's* enchanting Boy,

Bacchus, God of Social Joy !

Venus, Queen of soft Desire,

Leading *Hymen's* happy Choir.

Round the laughing Margin twine,

15

Pleasure's Shade, a curling Vine ;

There

of *Selene* and the *Muses*: By these Books they regulate their Sacrifices, persuading not only particular Persons, but whole Cities, that all Expiations and Purifications from Crimes, both for the Living and the Dead, are to be perform'd by Sacrifices, attended with Sports and all sorts of Diversions; these they call *τελεταί*, affirming that those who observe them, shall be free from future Punishments; but that those who neglect them, shall suffer inexpressible Torture. *Anacreon* calls them Foreign, because they were instituted by *Musæus* and *Orpheus*, who were *Thracians*.

VER. 9. *Nor with Arms and Heroes slain.*] The Original is Μη πολεμικῶν ἡρώων. No tragical Story.

Ἵπ' ἀμπελὸν δ' ὑπέταλον,
 Εὐβότρυον, κομῶσαν
 Σιών π' ἔκχευε κέρως δ' ὑπρεπείς,
 Ἄν μὴ Φοῖβος ἀθύρη.



Ω Δ Η ΙΘ'.

Εἰς τὸ δεῖν πίνειν.

Ἡ Γῆ μέλαινα πίνει,
 Πίνει ὃ Δένδρε' αὐτήν·
 Πίνει Θάλασσα δ' Ἀὔρας,
 Ὅ δ' ἥλιος Θάλασσαν,
 Τὸν δ' ἥλιον Σελήνη.

VER. 20. *But no Phœbus playing there.*] Because Apollo was so unfortunate as to kill the beautiful Hyacinth as he play'd with him at Coits.

VER. 2. *The Trees Earth's rosy Goblet drain.*] The Greek Expression is πίνει ὃ δένδρε' αὐτῇ, *The Trees drink up the Earth*; which is very bold; tho' the Poet's Meaning is undoubtedly nothing more, than that the Trees receive their Nourishment from the Rains and Dews, which are strain'd and filter'd thro' the Veins of the

There unarm'd, let *Cupid* sport,
 and the smiling *Graces* court.
 In gay *Youths* like *Phæbus* fair,
 But no *Phæbus* playing there.

20

O D E XIX.

THAT WE OUGHT TO DRINK.

THE thirsty Earth drinks up the Rain;
 The Trees Earth's rosy Goblet drain;
 The Ocean revels ev'ry Day;
 The laughing Sun drinks up the Sea.
 And when his mirthful Course is run,
 The Moon enraptur'd drinks the Sun.

5

Since

the Earth. I have endeavour'd to soften the Figure in
 the Translation.

VER. 3. *The Ocean revels every Day.*] The Original
 is πίνει θάλασσα δ' αἶετος, *The Sea drinks up the Air.*

VER. 6. *The Moon enraptur'd drinks the Sun.*] Ei-
 ther because the Moon borrows her Light of the Sun, or
 because whatever disappear'd was by the *Greeks* said,
 καταπίνει, to be drank up. D'Acier.

E 3

VER. 2.

Τί μοι μάχεσθ', ἐταῦρα,
Καὺτ' Ἰέλον' ἰ πίνειν ;



Ω Δ Η Κ'.

Ἐρωτικὸν ῥάδ' αἶμα, εἰς τὸ κόρυμβον.

Ἡ Τανταλὸς πόντ' ἔζη
Λίθῳ Φρυγῶν ἐν ὄχθαις
Καὶ πάντ' ὅτ' ὄρνις ἔπ' ἴη
Πανδίων χελιδών.

VER. 1. *A weeping Rock sad Niob' stood.*] Niobe was the Daughter of *Tantalus* King of *Phrygia*, who, at an Entertainment he gave the Gods, dress'd his own Son *Pelops* for them, to try whether they could discover it; for which Crime they condemn'd him to be tormented with Hunger and Thirst, 'midst Plenty of Water and choice Fruits, which vanish'd whenever he attempted to touch them.

His Daughter *Niobe* was chang'd into a Rock, because, being proud of her numerous Offspring, she had the Vanity to prefer herself to *Latona*. Her Story is told by *Ovid*, in the Sixth Book of his *Metamorphoses*; and by *Homer* *H. L.* 24. *Achilles* speaks to *Priam* :

Nor thou, Oh Father! thus consum'd with Woe,
The common Cares that nourish Life, forego.

Not

Since all things drink, why may not I?
Ye sage Reprovers, tell me why!

O D E XX.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

A WEEPING Rock sad *Niob'* stood,
And swell'd with Tears the *Phrygian* Flood.
And *Progne* to a Swallow chang'd,
On fable Wings swift-circling rang'd.

But

Not thus did *Niobe*, of Form Divine,
A Parent once, whose Sorrows equall'd thine :
Six youthful Sons, as many blooming Maids,
In one sad Day beheld the *Stygian* Shades ;
These by *Apollo's* Silver Bow were slain,
Those *Cynthia's* Arrows stretch'd upon the Plain.
So was her Pride chastis'd by Wrath Divine,
Who match'd her own with bright *Latona's* Line ;
But two the Goddess, twelve the Queen enjoy'd ;
Those boasted Twelve th' avenging Two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their Blood, and in the Dust outspread,
Nine Days neglected lay expos'd the Dead ;
None by to weep them ; to inhume them none ;
(For *Jove* had chang'd the Nation all to Stone :)

Ἐγὼ δ' ἔσοπ' ἔρον εἴλω,
 Ὅπως αἰὲ βλέπης με.
 Ἐγὼ χιτῶν γενοίμην,
 Ὅπως αἰὲ φορῆς με.
 Ὑδωρ θέλω γενέσθαι,
 Ὅπως σε χεῖρτα λάσω.
 Μύρον, Γυῶα, γενοίμην,
 Ὅπως ἐγὼ σ' ἀλείφω.

5

10

Καί

The Gods themselves, at length relenting, gave
 Th' unhappy Race the Honours of a Grave.
 Herself a Rock, (for such was Heav'n's high Will)
 Thro' Defarts wild now pours a weeping Rill;
 Where, round the Bed whence *Achelous* springs,
 The wat'ry Fairies dance in mazy Rings;
 There high on *Sipylos* his shaggy Brow,
 She stands her own sad Monument of Woe,
 The Rock for ever lasts, the Tears for ever flow.

Pope.

By this Passage it appears, that the *Latin* Interpreters who translated *Φρυγῶν ἐν ὄχθαις, ad fluenta Trojae*, were not guilty of so great a Mistake as *Madam D'Acier* imagin'd.

Mr. *Longepierre* quotes the two following Epigrams on *Niobe*.

Ὁ τύμβος ἔτ' ἐνδον ἐκ χειρὸς νεκρῶν.

0

But to your Glass transform'd I'd be,

That you may fondly gaze on me :

Or, Oh might I those Charms embrace !

And shine the fav'rite Robe you grace :

Or flow the Bath, whose am'rous Tide

Your bright transparent Limbs divide :

Or else, dissolv'd in Sighs, my Fair,

I'd breathe the Effence for your Hair :

Or in your Zone's lov'd Form be blest,

And bind like that your snowy Breast :

Or

Ο νεκρὸς ἐστὶ ἐκ τοῦ ἐν ἔχει τάφον.

Ἀλλ' αὐτὸς αὐτῷ νεκρὸς ὄντι καὶ τὰς.

This pensive Tomb within no Dead contains,

This pensive Dead without untomb'd remains ;

For, by a strange Result of Fate's Decree,

At once th' unbury'd Dead and Tomb you see.

Ἐκ ζωῆς με θεοὶ τῶξαν λίθον· ἐκ δὲ λίθοιο

Ζωὴν Πραξιτέλης ἐμπαλιν εἰργάσατο.

The Gods to Stone transform'd me ; but again,

I from *Praxiteles* new Life obtain.

VER. 13. Or in your Zone's lov'd Form be blest.]

The ταινίη of the Greeks was the same as the *Strophium* of the Latins.

Et pulchro pulchras strophio producta papillæ

Gaudet utrumque sui pectoris esse decus.

Καὶ ταῖν' ὅς μ' αἰῶν,
 Καὶ μάργαρον τραχήλου,
 Καὶ σάνδαλον γυνοίμην,
 Μόνον ποσὶν πατεῖν με.



Ω Δ Η ΚΑ΄.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Δ' Ὅτε μοι, δότ', ὦ γυναῖκες,
 Βερμίν πινῖν ἀμυσί
 Ὑπὸ καύματι γ' ἥδη
 Προποθείς ἀναγεναῶ.
 Δότε δ' ἀνθέων ἐκείνων
 Στεφάνους δ' οἷος πυκνάζω,
 Τὰ μέτωπά μ' ἐπιχρίει

VER. 2. *And let me drench my feverish Soul.]* The Original is *πινῖν ἀμυσί*, which was a Fashion of Drinking amongst the Ancients, not much unlike the polite modern one, call'd, Tossing off a Bumper. Horace speaks of it, L. 1. Ode 36.

*Neu multi Damalis meri
 Bassum Threïcia vincat amysside.*

On

Or be those happy Pearls, my Soul ! 15
 Which round your Neck's soft Iv'ry roll :
 Or I your very Shoe would be,
 Would you but deign to tread on me.



O D E XXI.

O N H I M S E L F.

C O M E, fill, my Girls, fill high the Bowl,
 And let me drench my sev'rish Soul.

With Heat I pant, the thirsty Day
 Thro' ev'ry Vein drinks Life away.

With Flow'rs my aking Temples shade,
 Scorch'd by my Brows these Garlands fade.

But,

On which Passage *Acron* animadverts. *Amysis*, ut quidam putant, potionis genus apud Thracas; ideo *Amysis* dicta, quia certa mensura clausis oculis potabatur uno ductu. *Amysis*, as some think, was a way of Drinking amongst the Thracians, call'd *Amysis*, from their drinking a certain Quantity, with their Eyes shut, at one Swallow. *Plutarch*, in his *Morals*, describes it almost in the same manner.

Τὸ δ' καῦμα τῷ ἑρώτων,
Κραδίη, τίνι σκεπάσω;



Ω Δ Η ΚΒ'.

Εἰς Βάθυλλον.

ΠΑρὰ τῷ σκιῷ, Βάθυλλε,
Κάθισον· καλὸν τὸ δένδρον,
Ἀπαλὰς σείει δ' χαίτας
Μαλακωτάτῳ κλαδίσκῳ·
Παρὰ δ' αὐτῷ γ' ἐρεθίζει
Πηγὴν ῥέουσα Πιεθῆς.

Τ' 6

manner. Ἀμυσίζεν, τὸ ἄθρυν καὶ ἀπνέει πίνειν, ἢ
περὶ οἱ ποῖντες, ὥς φασιν οἱ παλαιοὶ, ἤμισα μέθαις
φειλίπτεσιν. Ἀμυσίζεν, is to drink at one Draught,
without taking Breath; those who drank in this manner,
the Ancients tell us, were the soonest fuddl'd.

VER. 7. *But, oh my Heart! what Shade shall prove.*
In rendering this Line, I have followed the Correction
of Mr. Longepierre, who thought that κραδίη should be
read without an Iota subscript.

VER. 4. *Which trembles thro' their verdant Hair.*
The Greek is Απαλὰς σείει δ' χαίτας, it shakes its tre-
mder Hair; the Latins also call'd the Leaves of Trees, Co-
ma, Hair.

VER. 5 & 6.

But, Oh my Heart! what Shade shall prove
Thy Guard against the Beams of Love?



O D E XXII.

T O B A T H Y L L U S.

HERE let us sit, my charming Boy!
And this delightful Shade enjoy.

How sweet these Boughs! How sweet the Air,
Which trembles thro' their verdant Hair!

And, Oh how sweet those Rills below,
In soft persuasive Murmurs flow!

Ah!

VER. 5 & 6. *And Oh, how sweet those Rills below,
In soft persuasive Murmurs flow!]*

The Expression in the Original is inimitably beautiful,
Πηγὴν ῥέουσαν πειθεῖς, *a Fountain-rolling Persuasion.*

Mr. Longepierre cites the following Epigram from the
Anthologia.

Ἐρχεο καὶ κατ' ἐμὴν ἰζὺ πίτῳ, αἶ τὸ μελιχρὸν.

Πρὸς μαλακὸς ἦχεϊ κεκλιμένα ζεφύροις.

Ἦν δὲ καὶ κρένισμα μελισσῶν, ἔνθα μελίσδων

Ἡδὴν ἐρημαίοις ὕπνον ἄγω καλάρμοις.

Come here, this whisp'ring Pine's sweet Shade enjoy,
How sweet it murmurs as the Zephyrs sigh!

This Brook soft-bubbling to my Pipe's soft Charms,
Shall woo some gentle Vision to thy Arms.

VER. 1.

Τίς ἂν ἐν ὄρεσιν παρέλθοι
Καταγώγιον τοιῦτον ;



Ω Δ Η ΚΓ.

Εἰς χρυσόν.

Ὁ Πλῆτ' εἶγε χρυσῶ
Τὸ ζῆν παρῆγε θνητοῖς,
Ἐκαρτέρην φυλάττων·
Ἴν' ἂν Θανεῖν ἐπέλθῃ,
Λάβῃ τι καὶ παρέλθῃ.
Εἰ δ' ἔδ' ἐπὶ τὸ πρῶτον
Τὸ ζῆν' ἐνεσι θνητοῖς,
Τί καὶ μάτῳ φεναίζω ;
Τί καὶ γόῳ προπέμπω ;

Θανεῖν

VER. 1. *Had Heaps of treasur'd Gold the Pow'r.]*
The Greek is Ὁ πλῆτ' εἶγε χρυσῶ, which Expression, as *Barnes* very justly observes, is not so novel as *Mr. Le Fevre* and *Madam D'Acier* were pleas'd to think. *Lucian* uses φιλοσοφίας πλῆτ'.

VER. 6. *Might charm the Tyrant Death away.]*
When *Mr. Le Fevre* and his Daughter objected against the

Ah! who can hither turn an Eye,
And pass this dear Elysium by!



O D E XXIII.

O N G O L D.

HAD Heaps of treasur'd Gold the Pow'r
To stay the Life-resigning Hour;

My Heart from Pleasure I'd withhold,

And only live to hoard up Gold;

That Royal Bribes, from Day to Day,

Might charm the Tyrant Death away.

But since no treasur'd Heaps have Pow'r

To stay the Fate-compelling Hour,

Insensate,

the Phrase *Ἦν ἂν θανέιν*, because of *θανέιν* without the Article *τὸ* being put for *θάνατον*, they forgot that the Article *τὸ* being us'd in the preceding Line, before *Ζῆν*, could not elegantly be repeated here; nor did they remember the Authority of *Homer*,

Ἦ μᾶλα λυγρὸς ὄλεθρος Ἀχαιοῖς ἢ βίωσις.

Il. x. Ver. 173.

Οὐ

Θανεῖν γὰρ εἰ πέπω, 10

Τί χρυσὸς ὠφελεῖ με;

Ἐμοὶ γένοιτο πίνειν·

Πιόνι δ' οἶνον ἡδύν,

Ἐμοῖς φίλοις σιυνεῖναι·

Ἐν δ' ἀπαλαῖσι κοίταις 15

Τελεῖν ἢ Ἀφροδίτῳ.



Ω Δ Η ΚΔ'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ἐπεὶ βροτὸς ἐτέχθην,

Βίότη τρέβον ὁδύειν·

Χερόν, ὃν παρῆλθον, ἔγνω,

Ὅν δ' ἔχω δραμεῖν ἐκ οἶδα.

Μέθετέ με αἱ Φροντίδες· 5

Μηδέν μοι καὶ ὑμῖν ἔστω.

Περὶ

Our *English Spenser* uses the same Turn of Expression.For not, to have been dipt in *Lethe Lake*,Could save the Son of *Thetis* from to Die. Barnes.VER. 8 & 9. But since no treasur'd Heaps have Pow'r
To stay the Fate-compelling Hour.]They that trust in their Wealth, and boast themselves in
the

Inferfate, why fhould I complain,

And render Life's fhort Bleffings vain?

Be't mine to drain the laughing Bowl,

Whilst focial Mirth exalts the Soul ;

Or on foft Beds entranc'd, to prove

The fweeter Joys of fweeteft Love.



O D E XXIV.

O N H I M S E L F.

SPRUNG as I am, of Human Seed,

And for Life's little Race decreed ;

The Way I've come I only know,

Unconfcious of the Way I go.

Then, anxious Care, a laft Adieu!

My mirthful Heart's no Home for you.

Ere

the Multitude of their Riches ; none of them can by any Means redeem his Brother, nor give to God a Ransom for him. *Pfal. xlix. 6, 7.*

VER. 5. *Then, anxious Care, a laft Adieu.]*

Ite procul, durum cura genus, ite labores.

Tibul. L. 3. Eleg. 6.

VER. 9 & 10.

90 ἈΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ.

Πεῖν ἐμὲ φθάσῃ τελευτῇν,
 Παίξω, γελάσω, χορεύσω
 Μετὰ τῷ καλῷ Λυαίῳ.



Ω Δ Η ΚΕ΄.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ὅταν πίνω τ' οἶνον,
 Εὐδῶσιν αἱ μέμνηται
 Τί μοι γάων, τί μόχθων,
 Τί μοι μέλει μεμνηνῶν;
 Θάνοιμι καὶ μελήσας.
 Τί γ' ἢ βίον πλανῶμαι;

Πίνω

VER. 9 & 10. *And smile, and dance, and sweetly play,
 With soft Lyxus ever-gay.*

Julian, in his Epitaph on Anacreon, has made him repeat the same agreeable Doctrine.

Πολλάκι μὲν τίδ' αἶσα, καὶ ἐκ τύμβου ὃ βοήσω

Πίνετε, πεῖν ταύτῳ ἀμφιβάλλετε κόνιν.

Still from my Tomb I sing this Song of Joy,
 Drink, Mortals, ere like me in Dust you lie.

VER. 1 & 2.

Ere Fate shall change my Day to Night,
 I'll court the Season of Delight,
 And smile, and dance, and sweetly play,
 With soft *Lyæus*, ever-gay. 10



O D E XXV.

O N H I M S E L F.

WHENE'ER I drain the social Bowl,
 It's all a Sunshine of the Soul:

For why should Thought on Joy intrude?

Or what's to me Solitude?

Whene'er Death calls, I must obey; 5

From Life's smooth Path why should I stray?

Great

VER. 1 & 2. *Whene'er I drain the social Bowl,
 It's all a Sunshine of the Soul.*

Diffipat Bivius curas edaces. Hor. L. 2. Od. 12.

— — — — — *Neque*
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.
 Hor. L. 1. Od. 18.

VER. 9.

Πίωμ' ἐν ᾧ οἶνον
 Τὸν τῷ καλῷ Λυαίῳ.
 Σὺν τῷ πίνειν γὰρ ἡμᾶς
 Εὐδυσιν αἱ μέμναι.



Ω Δ Η Κς'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ὅτ' εἰς με Βάκχ' ἔλθῃ,
 Εὐδυσιν αἱ μέμναι
 Δοκῶν δ' ἔχεν τὰ Κερίσθ,
 Θέλω καλῶς αἰεῖν.
 Κισσοτεφὴς ᾧ κείμαι,
 Πατῶ δ' ἀπαντὰ θυμῷ.

5

Ὅπ-

VER. 9. *For whilst we drain the rosy Bowl.]* The Original of this Line, in the first Editions, was Σὺν τῷ-δε πίνειν ἡμᾶς, which being corrupt, made Stephens think that the first Line of the Ode ought to be repeated instead of it; but the Correction of Scaliger, who reads, Σὺν τῷ πίνειν γὰρ ἡμᾶς, renders the Conjecture unnecessary.
 Barnes.

VER. 3. *In Thought as rich as Lydia's King.]* Cræsus,

Great *Bacchus* ev'ry Trouble cures;
 Then drink as long as Life endures.
 For whilst we drain the rosy Bowl,
 It's all a Sunshine of the Soul.

10



O D E XXVI.

O N H I M S E L F.

W H E N *Bacchus* triumphs in my Breast,
 No saucy Cares my Peace molest.

In Thought as rich as *Lydia's* King,
 Some frolick Air entranc'd I'll sing;

And here, with Ivy Garlands gay,
 Recline, and spurn the World away.

5

Let

sus, King of *Lydia*, was contemporary with *Anacreon*,
 and the richest crown'd Head of his Time. His Weakness
 is a known Proverb.

Divitis audita est cui non opulentia Cræsi?

Ovid. de Ponto L. 4.

VER. 5. And here, with Ivy Garlands gay.] *Horace*
 tells us, that Poets were crown'd with Ivy.

Me

Ὅπλις, ἐγὼ δὲ πίνω.

Φέρε μοι κύπελλον, ὦ παῖ.

Μεθύοντα γάρ με κείνδ.

Πολὺ κρείσσον, ἢ θανόντα.

Ω Δ Η

Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium

Diis miscent superis.

Hor. L. 1. Od. 1.

Green Ivy Crowns, that only spread
Fresh Honours round a learned Head,
Shall raise my Name above the Croud,
And lift me up into a God.

Creesh.

We learn the same from *Virgil*,

Pastores hederâ crescentem ornate Poetam.

Ec. 7. Ver. 25.

With Ivy Wreaths your youthful Poet crown.

On which Passage his Scholiast *Servius* remarks, *Hederâ coronantur Poetæ, quasi Libero consecrati, qui & ut Bacchæ insaniunt, vel quod semper virent hederæ, sicut æterna eternitatem mereantur.* Poets are crown'd with Ivy, as being consecrated to *Bacchus*, either because they are Enthusiasts, like the *Bacchanals*; or, because Ivy being an Ever-green, is a Symbol of that Eternity they acquire by their Compositions. The *Muses* also, according to *Varro*, were crown'd with Ivy. But *Plutarch* informs us, that it was worn as a Preservative against Drunkenness.

ΓΛΥΚΕ

Let others seek Renown in Arms,
 Me *Bacchus* pleasing Warfare charms.
 Then fill the Bowl, Boy, fill it high,
 It's better drunk than dead to lie.

10

O D E

Γλυκεῖ ἀνάσκη σφοδρὰ κυλίκων
 Θάλπησι θυμὸν Κύπειδ' ὅ
 Ἐλπὶς δ' αἰθύσει φρένας
 Ἀναμιγνυμένα Διόνυσ' οἶσι δ' ὄρεσι,
 Ἀνδράσι δ' ὑψοτάτῳ
 Πέμπει μεείμνας.
 Αὐτὸς μὲν πόλεων
 Κρήδεμνον αὖτις,
 Πᾶσι δ' ἀνθρώποις
 Μοναρχήσεν δοκεῖ.
 Χρυσῷ δ', ἐλέφαντι τε
 Μαρμαίρεσιν ὄκτοι.
 Πυρεφόροι ἧ κατ' αἰγλήεντα
 Νῆες ἄγασιν ἀπ' Αἰγυπτοῦ
 Μέγιστον πλεῖστον,
 Ὡς πίνοντι ὀρμαίνει κέαρ.

Whene'er we drain the rosy Bowl,
 Soft *Venus* triumphs o'er the Soul.
 Gay Wishes glow in ev'ry Vein,
 And laughing, wait on *Bacchus*' Reign.
 Above all grov'ling Care we rise,
 And, wing'd with Joy, dull Care despise.

In



Ω Δ Η ΚΖ'.

Εἰς Διόνυσον.

ΤΟΥ Διὸς ὁ παῖς, ὁ Βάκχος,
 Ὁ λυσίφρων, ὁ Λύαιος,
 Ὅταν φρένας γ' ἐς αἶμας
 Ἐσέλθῃ μεθυδότης,
 Διδάσκει με χοροῦν.
 Ἐχω ὃ καὶ τι τερπνόν,
 Ὅ τ' μέθης ἐραστὴς.
 Μετὰ κρότων, μετ' ὠδῆς
 Τέρπει με Καφροδίτη,
 Καὶ πάλιν θέλῳ χοροῦν.

Ω Δ Η

In Thought, with fancy'd Laurels crown'd,
 We level Cities with the Ground ;
 Exulting, grasp the conquer'd Ball,
 And reign th' unrivall'd Lords of all.
 Our Houses Gold and Iv'ry rise,
 And Treasures dance before our Eyes ;

Whilst

O D E XXVII.

O N B A C C H U S.

FROM *Jove* great *Bacchus* claims his Birth,
It's he unbends the Mind to Mirth.

When from the full, the rosy Bowl,

He laughing sails into my Soul;

My drunken Eyes with Transport swim,

And Wings exult on ev'ry Limb.

Swift to the mirthful Dance I fly,

Enraptur'd, sing the Song of Joy;

My Homage pay to *Venus*' Reign,

Then wish and sigh to dance again.

O D E

Whilst with *Egyptian* Harvests stor'd,

Our Ships return to crown our Board.

Thus Honour, Wealth, and happy State,

Still on the rosy Goblet wait.

VER. 6. *And Wings exult on ev'ry Limb.*] The
Greek is *Διδάσκει με χορεύειν*, he teaches me to dance.
F And



Ω Δ Η ΚΗ'.

Πρὸς τὸ ζωγράφον, πρὸς τὸ ἐαυτῷ ἐρωμένης.

ἌΓΕ, ζωγράφων ἄριτε,
Γράφε, ζωγράφων ἄριτε,

Ῥοδίνης κοίρανε τέχνης,

Ἀπεῦθσαν, ὡς ἂν εἴπω,

Γράφε τὸ ἐμὴν ἑταίριον. 5

Γράφε μοι τέχας τοπεῶτον

Ἀπαλὰς τε καὶ μελαίνας

Ὅ γ' κηρὸς ἂν διώη,

Γράφε καὶ μύρε πνεύσας. 10

Γράφε δ' ἐξ ὅλης παρειῆς,

ὑπὸ πορφυρεῖσι χαίταις,

Ἐλεφάντινον μέτωπον. 15

And in the 41st Ode he calls *Bacchus*, τὸν Ἐφάρετᾶν
χορείας, the *Inventer of Dancing*, So *Tibullus*,

Ille

O D E XXVIII.

O N H I S M I S T R E S S.

BEST and happiest Artizan,
 Best of Painters, if you can,
 With your many-colour'd Art
 Paint the Mistress of my Heart:

Describe the Charms you hear from me,

(Her Charms you could not paint and see)

And make the absent Nymph appear,

As if her lovely Self were here.

First draw her easy-flowing Hair,

As soft and black as she is fair;

And, if your Art can rise so high,

Let breathing Odours round her fly.

Beneath

Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu;

Movit & ad certos nescia membra modos.

L. 1. Eleg. 7.

Τὸ μεσόφρυον ὃ μὴ μοι
Διάκοπτε, μήτε μίσηγε
Ἐχέτω δ', ὅπως ἐκείνη,
Τὸ λεληθότως σινύοφρυ,
Βλεφάρων δ' ἴτιω κελαυνίω.

Τὸ ὃ βλέμμα νυῦ ἀληθῶς
Ἀπὸ τῆ πυρὸς ποιήσον,
Ἀμα γλαυκόν, ὥς Ἀθλίως,
Ἀμα δ' ὑγρόν, ὥς Κυθήρης.

Γράφε ρίνα καὶ παρειάς,
Ῥόδα πῶ γάλακτι μίξας
Γράφε χεῖλα, οἷα Πειθῆς,
Προκαλήμυρον φίλημα.

Τρυφερῶ δ' ἔσω γενεῖα,
Περὶ Λυγδίνῳ τραχήλῳ,
Χάριτες πέτοινοι πάσαι.

Στό-

VER. 17 & 18. *That the fair Space which lies betwixt
The meeting Shade, may scarce be seen.*
Supercilia ad malarum stricturam currentia, & rursus con-
finio luminum pene permixta. *Petronius.*

VER. 25. *Let her Lips Persuasion wear.*

Κάλλει ἔχεις Κύπειλλαι, Πειθῆς εἶμα, σῶμα καὶ
Εἰαρινῶν ὥρων, φέγμα ὃ Καλλιόπης,

Νῦν

Beneath the Shade of flowing Jet,
 The Iv'ry Forehead smoothly set.
 With Care the sable Brows extend,
 And in two Arches nicely bend;
 That the fair Space which lies between
 The meeting Shade, may scarce be seen.

The Eye must be uncommon Fire,
 Sparkle, languish, and desire;
 The Flames, unseen, must yet be felt,
 Like *Pallas* kill, like *Venus* melt.
 The rosy Cheeks must seem to glow
 Amidst the White of new-fall'n Snow.

Let her Lips Persuasion wear,
 In Silence elegantly fair;
 As if the blushing Rivals strove,
 Breathing and inviting Love.

Below her Chin be sure to deck,
 With ev'ry Grace, her polish'd Neck.
 While

Νῦν καὶ σωφροσύνῃσι θεῖμι δῶ, καὶ χεῖρας Ἀθλῶν.
 Ζωὶ σοι δ' αἱ χεῖρες τέταρτές εἰσι, φίλη.

Persuasion's Lips, the Bloom of Beauty's Queen;
Calliope's sweet Voice; the Spring's gay Mien;
Minerva's Hands are yours, and *Themis'* Mind;
 Four are the Graces to my Charmer join'd.

Στόλισον τολοιπόν αὐτήν]

Ὑπὸ πορφύραισι πέπλοις

Διαφαινέτω ὃ σαρκῶν

Ὀλίγον, τὸ σῶμ' ἐλέγχον.

Ἀπέχει βλέπω γὰρ αὐτῷ.

Τάχα, Κηρέ, καὶ λαλήσεις.



[Ω Δ Η ΚΟ΄.

Ἐτι πρὸς τὸ ζωγράφον πρὸς τῷ ἐρωμῆν
ἑαυτῷ, τῷ Βαθύλλῳ.

Γράφε μοι Βαθύλλον ἔτω,
Τὸν ἐταῖρον, ὡς διδάσκω.

Λιπαρὰς κόμας ποίησον,

Τὰ μὲν ἐνδοθεν μελαίνας,

Τὰ δ' ἐς ἄκρον ἡλιώσας

Ἑλικας δ' ἐλευθέρας μοι

Πλο-

VER. 5 & 6. *But the Golden-cur'd Extremes
Brighten into sunny Beams.*]

He would have *Bathyllus'* Hair black towards the Head,
but lower, and by degrees inclining to a Yellow. Ho-
race calls this Colour *Myrrheus*,

Myrrheum

While all that's pretty, soft, and sweet,
In the swelling Bosom meet.

The rest in Purple Garments veil,
Her Body, not her Shape conceal :

Enough ! ---- the lovely Work is done, 35
The breathing Paint will speak anon.



O D E XXIX.

O N B A T H Y L L U S.

P AINT *Bathyllus*, whilst your Art
Learns Perfection from my Heart.

Let his Hair, Love's fav'rite Net,
Soft-descend, in Waves of Jet ;

But the Golden-curl'd Extremes

Brighten into sunny Beams ;

Let

Myrrheum nodo cohibere crinem.

L. 3. Ode 14.

On which *Porphyrius* remarks, *Colorem myrrheum in crinibus hodie quoque dicunt, qui medius est inter flavum & nigrum* : " Even at this Day, they call that Hair of a

F 4

" Myrrh.

Πλοκάμων, ἄτακτα σωθεῖς,

Ἄφες, ὡς θέλῃσι, κείῳ.

Ἀπαλὸν ᾧ καὶ δροσῶδες

Στεφέντω μέτωπον ὄφρυς,

Κυανωτέρη Δρακόντων.

Μέλαν ὄμμα γοργὸν ἔξω,

Κεκερασμύον γαλήνῃ

Τὸ μὲν ἔξ' Ἀργεῖ ἔλκον,

Τὸ δ' ἔκ' ἀλγῆς Κυθήρης

Ἵνα τις τὸ μὲν φοβῇ,

Τὸ δ' ἀπ' ἐλπίδος κρεμάῃ.

Ῥοδίνῳ δ', ὅποια μῆλον,

Χνοίῳ ποίει παρείω.

Ἐρύ-

“ Myrrh Colour, which is between Black and Yellow.

Ovid also, describing his Mistress's,

Nec tamen ater erat, nec erat color aureus illis;

Sed quamvis neuter, mistus uterque color.

Qualem clivosa madidis in vallibus Idæ

Ardua direpto cortice cedrus habet.

Amor. L. 1. Eleg. 14.

Nor of a black, nor of a golden Hue

They were, but of a Dye between the two;

Such as in rindless Cedar we behold,

The Black confounded with the dusky Gold.

VER. 8.

Let it flow with graceful Ease,
Disengag'd, and where it please.

Next, in Arches of Delight,
10 Draw the sable Shades of Sight;
And beneath his Forehead's Snow,
Nicely bend, like *Cupid's* Bow.

Let his sparkling Eyes declare,
Gently fierce, both Peace and War;
15 Terror from the God of Arms,
Softness from the Queen of Charms;
Take, and mingle so the Beams,
That amidst the sweet Extremes,

Envy

VER. 8. *Disengag'd, and where it please.*]

Crines ingenio suo flexi, per totos sese humeros effude-
rant. *Petronius.*

" Her Hair negligently floating where it pleas'd, dis-
" fus'd itself over her Shoulders.

VER. 15. *Terror from the God of Arms.*] Mars was
fabled to be the Son of *Juno*, who, according to *Ovid*,
conceiv'd him by smelling on a Flower: But *Hesiod* makes
him the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*.

Ἐρυθρῆμα δ', ὡς ἂν Αἰθεῖς 20
Διώσας βαλεῖν, ποίησον.

Τὸ δ' ἤ χεῖλ' ἐκέτ' οἶδα,
Τινὶ μοι τρέπω ποιήσεις,
Ἀπαλὸν, γέμον τε Παιθεῖς.
Τὸ δ' ὡς πᾶν ὁ κηρὸς αὐτὸς 25
Ἐχέτω λαλῶν σιωπῇ.

Μετὰ δ' πρὸς ὄψον ἔσω,
Τὸν Ἀδώνιδ' ἀπαρελθὼν,
Ἐλεφαντίν' ἀνὰ τράχηλ'.

Μεταμάζιον δ' ποίει, 30
Διδύμας τε χεῖρας Ἑρμῆ,
Πολυδύκεός τε μηρῶν,
Διονυσίῳ τε νηδυῖ.

Ἀπαλῶν δ' ὑπερθε μηρῶν,
Μηρῶν τὸ πῦρ ἐχόντων, 35
Ἀφελῇ ποίησον αἰδῶ,
Παφίῳ δέλωσαν ἤδη.

Φθo-

VER. 23. *Whilst a Blush's modest Pride.*] The Priest-
ess of *Apollo* being once ask'd, what Colour was most
beautiful; answer'd, That which Modesty paints upon
the Cheeks of Persons well-born. *Madam D'Acier.*

VER. 30.

20 Envy mayn't forget to fear,
Nor Love ever know Despair. 20

On his Cheeks, where Roses glow,
The soft Peach's Down bestow;
Whilst a Blush's modest Pride
Shows the Charms it strives to hide. 25

But so many Transports dwell 25
On his Lips, I know not well
How your Pencil can express
Half their rosy Loveliness.

30 Let them soft Persuasion wear,
Soft Persuasion's Self is there; 30
Silence, eloquent as Speech,
Let their speaking Silence teach.

Nothing mortal can compare
With his lovely Shape and Air;
Such a Neck, and such a Breast, 35
Young Adonis ne'er possest; 35

Lilies

VER. 30. *Soft Persuasion's Self is there.*] Meleager calls his Mistress, ἡδὺ πόδον ἡρώδης, the sweet Rose of Persuasion.

VER. 36. *Young Adonis ne'er possest.*] Adonis, call'd also

Φθονερῶ ἔχεις ὃ τέχνῳ,
 Ὅτι μὴ τὰ νῶτα δεῖξαι
 Διῶσας· τὰ δ' ὧ ἀμείνων. 40

Τί με δεῖ πόδας διδάσκειν;
 Λάβε μισθὸν ὅσον εἴπῃς·
 Τὸν Ἀπόλλωνα ὃ τῷτον
 Καθελών, ποίει Βαθύλλον.
 Ἦν δ' ἐς Σάμον ποτ' ἔλθῃς, 45
 Γράφε Φαῖδον ἐκ Βαθύλλου.

Ω Δ Η

As to *Gingris* by the *Phœnicians*, was the Son of *Cinyras*, or *Vulcan*, King of *Cyprus*, and his Daughter *Myrrha*: He was of an extreme Beauty, and passionately belov'd by *Venus*, who, when he was kill'd by a wild Boar, went to Hell to release him; where she obtain'd of *Proserpine*, that each of them should enjoy him alternately for half the Year.

Macrobius, explaining this Fable, tells us, that by *Adonis* is meant the Sun, which, during its Progress thro' the six superior or Summer-Signs of the *Zodiack*, is said to be with *Venus*, or that Hemisphere of the Earth which we inhabit; but when it enters the six inferior or Winter-Signs, is said to be snatch'd away by *Proserpine*, to whom they consecrated the inferior Circle, or Hemisphere of the Antipodes.

V E R. 45. And when you *Bathyllus* see.] *Bathyllus* had a celebrated Statue erected to his Honour at *Samos*, by *Polycrates*; *Apuleius* has given us a Description of it.

Vel

Lilies there for ever grow,
Whiter than the whitest Snow;
Nor did *Venus* ever kiss
Hands more soft and fair than his.

What need I the Charms repeat,
Of his Iv'ry-polish'd Feet?
Take your Price ---- this *Phæbus* take,
Phæbus a *Bathyllus* make:
And when you *Bathyllus* see,
He shall *Phæbus*' Pattern be.

O D E

*Vel inde ante aram Bathylli statua à Polycrate tyranno
dicata: quâ nihil videor effectius cognovisse. Quidam Py-
thagoræ eam falsò existimant. Adolèscens est visenda pul-
chritudine, crinibus fronte parili separatis per malas revul-
sis. Ponè autem coma proluxior interlucentem cervicem
scapularum finibus obumbrat. Cervix succi plena, malæ
uberès, genæ teretes, ac modico mento facies: eique prorsus
citharædicus status, Deam conspiciens, canenti similis,
tunicam picturis variegatam deorsus ad pedes dejectus ipsos,
Græcanico cingulo, cblamyda velat utrumque brachium ad-
usque articulos palmarum. Cætera decoris histrici depen-
dent. Cithara baltheo cælato apta, strictim sustinetur.
Manus ejus teneræ, procerula læva distantibus digitis ner-
vos molitur; dextera psallentis gestu suo pulsabulum citha-
ræ admovet, ceu parata percutere. Cum vox in cantico
interquievit, interim canticum videtur ore tereti, semibian-
tibus in conatu labellis, eliquare. Verùm hæc quidem sta-
tua esto cujuspiam puberum, quem Polycrati tyranno dilectus
Anacreon Teius amicitia gratia cantillat:*

• This



Ω Δ Η Λ.

Εἰς Ἑρωτα.

Αἱ Μῦσαι ἥ Ἑρωτα,
 Δήσασαι τ' ἐφάνοισι,
 Τῷ Κάλλῃ παρέδωκαν.
 Καὶ νῦν ἡ Κυθήρεια
 Ζητεῖ λύτερα φέρουσα
 Λύσας τ' Ἑρωτα.

Καὶ λύση δέ τις αὐτόν,
 Οὐκ ἔξεισι, μῦθε δέ·
 Δαλδύειν δεδίδακε).

Ω Δ Η

* This Ode is very fine, and the Fiction extremely ingenious. I believe *Anacreon* would inculcate, that Beauty alone can't long secure a Conquest; but that when Wit and Beauty meet, it's impossible for a Lover to disengage himself. *Madam D'Acier.*

VER. 5. Heavenly Gifts to loose his Chain. I. Moschus.

in

O D E XXX.

* O N C U P I D.

ONCE the Muses *Cupid* finding,
And in od'rous Bandage binding,

Straight their Flow'r-enfetter'd Slave

To the Guard of Beauty gave.

Heav'nly Gifts to loose his Chain

Venus brings, but brings in vain ;

Tho' releas'd, the God will stay,

He has learn'd, with Pride, to obey.

O D E

in his *Run-away Love*, makes *Venus* offer a Reward to
any one who should only discover where he was.

Ὁ μανυτὰς γέρας ἔχει
Μισθὸς τοι τὸ φίλαμα πὺ Κίτειδ'.

Who shall conduct me to the vagrant Boy,

A Kiss shall have, replete of heav'nly Joy.

Sterling's Poems.

VER. 3.



Ω Δ Η ΛΑ΄.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

ἌΦες με, τὺς θεούς σοι,
Πιῖν, πιῖν ἀμυγί·

Θέλω, θέλω μανῆνα.

Ἑμαίνετ' Ἀλκμαίων τε,

Χαῖ λολκόπυς Ὀρέτης,

Τὰς μητέρας κτανόντες·

Ἐγὼ δ' μηδένα κτᾶς,

Πιὼν δ' ἐρυθρὸν οἶνον,

Θέλω, θέλω μανῆνα.

Ἑμαί-

VER. 3. *Alcmaeon.*] *Alcmaeon* was the Son of *Amphiaraus*, who having conceal'd himself to avoid going to the *Theban* War, where he knew certain Death would attend him, was betray'd by his Wife *Eriphyle*; to revenge which Treachery, he left Orders with his Son *Alcmaeon*, to kill his Mother as soon as he receiv'd News of his Death.

Ib. *Orestes.*] *Orestes* slew his Mother *Chytemnestra*,

O D E XXXI.

O N H I M S E L F.

NOW give my pleasing Fury way,
For I'll be mad with Mirth to Day.

Alcæon and Orestes grew

Stark mad, when they their Mother slew ;

But I no Mortal having slain,

The Grape's rich Blood with Transport drain :

Then give my pleasing Fury way,

For I'll be mad with Mirth to Day.

When

to revenge the Death of his Father *Agamemnon*, who, at his Return from the *Trojan War*, had been murder'd by her and her Lover *Ægistheus*. Both he and *Alcæon* were tormented by Furies for their Matricide.

The Original calls *Orestes* λευκόπους, *white-footed* ; which Epithet was very probably given him, as *Barnes* observes, from his being mad, and running barefoot. *Euripides* gives the same to the *Bacchæ*, Βάκχαις σὺν λευκόποσιν. *Cyclop.* Ver. 72.

VER. 9,

Ἑμᾶινεθ' Ἡρακλῆς πρὶν,

Δεινὴν κλονῶν φαρέτρῳ,

Καὶ τόξον Ἰφίτειον.

Ἑμᾶινετο πρὶν Αἴας,

Μετ' ἀσπίδος κερδαίνων

Τῷ Ἑκτορὶ μάχαιραν.

Ἐγὼ δ' ἔχων κύπελλον,

Καὶ φέμμα τῷτο χαίτας,

Οὐ τόξον, ὅ μάχαιραν,

Θέλω, θέλω μανῆναι.

Ω Δ Η

VER. 9. *When Madness great Alcides struck.]* Hercules, at his Return from Hell, whence he had deliver'd his Friend *Pirithous*, found his House so disorder'd, that he run distracted, and in his Madness kill'd his Wife and Children, thinking he was slaying his Enemies.

VER. 10. *His Bow he bent, his Quiver shook.* In the Original it is, the Bow and Quiver of *Iphitus*, who was the Son of *Eurytus*, King of *Oechalia*, and was slain by *Hercules*, as *Homer* informs us, for the sake of some beautiful Mares which he posselt.

VER. 11. *And Ajax mad, with sevenfold Shield.]* Ajax was the Son of *Telamon* King of *Salamis*, and one of the most valiant Greeks that warr'd at *Troy*: But when the Armour of *Achilles* was adjudg'd to *Ulysses*, he was so enraged at the Affront, that he run mad; and falling

ANACREON. 115

When Madness great *Alcides* struck,
He bent his Bow, his Quiver shook :
And *Ajax* mad, with seven-fold Shield,
And *Hector's* Sword, rag'd o'er the Field.

But I with hurtless Fury rave,
Nor Bow I bend, nor Sword I wave :
This rosy Garland for my Hair,
This rosy Bowl, my Weapons are :
Then give my pleasing Fury way,
For I'll be mad with Mirth to Day.

ODE

ling upon a Flock of Sheep, which he took for so many *Grecians*, first slew them, and then himself. His Shield was particularly celebrated for its Largeness, as we may learn from *Homer's* Description of it.

Huge was its Orb, with seven thick Folds o'ercast
Of tough Bull-hides ; of solid Brass the last. Pope.

VER. 12. *And Hector's Sword rag'd o'er the Field.*]
Sophocles introduces *Ajax* speaking of the Sword which *Hector* had presented him.

Εγὼ γὰρ ἔκ τ' ἐχει τῆς ἐδεξάμην
Πὰρ' Ἐκτορος δῶρημα δυσμυεσάτω,
Οὐπω τι κεδνὸν ἔσχον Ἀργείων πάρα.

" Since I receiv'd this Sword from the fatal Hand of
" *Hector*, I have had nothing but Affronts from the
" *Greeks*.

VER. 9.



Ω Δ Η ΛΒ΄.

Εἰς τὴς ἑαυτῷ ἑρώτας.

Εἰ φύλλα πάντ' α δένδρων
Ἐπίσσαι κατεπείν,

Εἰ κυματῶδες δίρεϊν

Τὸ τ' ὅλης θαλάσσης,

Σέ τῆς ἐμῶν ἐρώτων

Μόνον ποιῶ λογισμῷ.

Πρῶτον μὲν ὅξ Ἀθιωῶν

Ἑρώτας εἴκοσιν θές,

Καὶ πεντήκαίδεκα ἄλλους·

Ἐπειτα δ' ἐκ Κορίνθου

Θές ὀρμαθὺς ἐρώτων.

Ἀχαιῆς γάρ ἔστιν,

Ὅπως καλαὶ γυναικες.

Τίθε

VER. 9. *At Corinth, crown'd with ev'ry Grace.*]
Homer particularly mentions *Achaia* for the Beauty of its
Women; and *Corinth*, its Metropolis, was so famous
for rich Courtizans, who would only entertain the
Wealthy, that it occasion'd the Proverb,

Οὐ

O D E XXXII.

O N H I S L O V E S.

IF you th' immense Account can bring,
 Of all the Leaves which grace the Spring;
 Or in your Numbers can contain
 The sandy Myriads of the Main :
 Then you, and you alone shall be
 My Love's Arithmetick to me.

At *Athens* twenty am'rous Fires,
 First write, — add fifteen soft Desires :
 At *Corinth*, crown'd with ev'ry Grace,
 Whole Troops of Loves at *Corinth* place :
 Such Beauty blooms th' *Achaian* Fair,
 That ev'ry Eye's a Conqu'ror there :
 And

Οὐ παντὶς ἀνδρὸς ἐς Κόρινθον ἔσθ' ὁ πλεῖς.

Lais ask'd *Demosthenes* a thousand Drachms for one
 Night; to which he answer'd, He would not buy Re-
 pentance so dear.

ΗΒ ἈΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ.

Τίθει ὃ Λεσβίης μοι,
 Καὶ μέχει τῷ Ἰώνων, 15
 Καὶ Καρίας, Ῥόδῳ τε
 Δισχιλίῃς ἔρωτας.

Τί φῆς; Ἀεὶ κ' ἔρωτες;
 Οὐπω Σύρους ἔλεξα,
 Οὐπω πόθος Κανώβη, 20
 Οὐ τ' ἀπαντ' ἐχέσης
 Κρήτης, ὅπῃ πόλεσιν
 Ἔρωσ ἐποργιάζει.

VER. 13. *And next at Lesbos' happy Isle.]* Anacreon, in his Ode to Sappho, gives Lesbos the Epithet *Ἀτίκτυ*, Lesbos, for Female Charms renown'd.

VER. 14. *And where th' Ionian Beauties smile.]* Meaning that Colony of Ionians, who, under the Conduct of Neleus the Son of Codrus, had settled themselves between Caria and Lydia, and had there built the twelve confederate Cities. They were call'd Ionians from Ion the Son of Xuthus.

VER. 19. *Nor have I my Egyptian told.]* The Greek is *ἔγω πόθος Κανώβη* nor my Loves of Canobus, which was a City of Egypt, so call'd from its being the Burying-Place of Canobus the Pilot of Menelaus.

VER. 21. *Blest Crete! where Love his Court maintains.]*

And next at *Lesbos*' happy Isle,

And where th' *Ionian* Charmers smile,

With *Rhodes*'s, and *Caria*'s lovely Dames,

The Total is two thousand Flames.

What now! — Is this so great a Sum?

My *Syrian* Fires are yet to come;

Nor have I my *Egyptian* told,

Nor yet my *Cretan* Loves enroll'd;

Blest *Crete*! where Love his Court maintains,

And o'er an hundred Cities reigns.

The

tains.] Anacreon calls Crete ἀπ᾽ ἑχέουσι, abounding in all things, to express its Fertility. Virgil gives it the same Epithet.

Creta Jovis magni medio jacet insula ponto;

Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna.

Æn. L. 3.

The fruitful Isle of *Crete*, well-known to Fame,

Sacred of old to *Jove*'s Imperial Name,

In the mid Ocean lies with large Command;

And on its Plains an hundred Cities stand. *Dryden.*

It was famous for being the Birth-Place of *Jupiter*,
and under *Minos* had the Mastery of the Sea. It a-
bounded with Temples to *Venus* and *Cupid*.

VER. 5.

Τί σοι θέλεις ἀεθμεῖν
 Τὲς ὀκτὸς αὖ Γαδείρων,
 Τῶν Βακτρίων τε καὶ Ἰνδῶν,
 Ψυχῆς ἐμῆς ἔρωτας ;



Ω Δ Η ΛΓ'.

Εἰς Χελιδόνα.

ΣΤ' μὲν, φίλη χελιδὼν,
 Ἐτησίη μολῆσα,
 Θέρει πλέκες καλιῦ.
 Χειμῶνι δ' εἰς ἀφανῖς,
 Ἥ Νεῖλον, ἢ πὶ Μέμφιν·

5
Ἔως

VER. 5. *Elusive of the wintry Sky.*] Others think the Swallows hide themselves in Rocks during Winter, as Ovid ;

Cum glaciantur aquæ, scopulis se condit Hirundo.

But Pecklinius, in his Book *De Aeris & Alimenti de-
 fectu, & vita sub aquis*, tells us, That they lie under
 Water. And Kercher, in his *Mundo Subterraneo*, affirms
 the same ; adding, That they also lie under Ground ;
 whence

The *Gadean* Fair why need I boast?

25 Or why my countless *Bactrian* Host?

Or why my *Indian* Loves impart? 25

Sweet Wandrings of my am'rous Heart!



O D E XXXIII.

ON THE SWALLOW.

IN the soft Season of each Year,

My charming Swallow, you appear!

And build your gaily-genial Nest:

But when no more with Summer blest,

Elusive of the Wintry Sky,

5 To *Memphis*, or to *Nile* you fly.

Eggs But

whence they often turn them up, during Winter, in the North Countries.

VER. 6. To *Memphis*, or to *Nile* you fly.] *Memphis* was a City situated on the *Nile*, a little below *Delta*, and the Residence of the Kings of *Egypt*. By *Nile*, the Poet means *Ethiopia*, whence that River derives its source.

G

VER. 7

Ἐγὼ δ' αἰὲν ὀλέκει μὲν

Ἐν καρδίῃ καλῶ.

Πόθῳ δ' ὁ μὲν πτερῶν,

Ὅ δ' ὄν ἔστιν ἀκμῶν,

Ὅ δ' ἡμίληπτός ἦδη.

Βοή δ' γίνετ' αἰεὶ

Κεχνηότων νεοτῶν.

Ἐρωτιδῆς δ' μικρὸς

Οἱ μείζονες τρέφουσιν.

VER. 7 & 8. *But cruel Love, perpetual Guest,
For ever makes my Heart his Nest.]*

Bion also, in his second *Idyllium*, speaks of Love as Bird.

Χαίρων ὄνεκα δὴ μέγα φαίνεται ὄρνεον αὐτῷ.

The painted Bird, with Transport he descries;

For Love appear'd a Bird of wond'rous Size.

And after, he makes an old Man say,

Μὴδ' ἐς τόδε τ' ὄρνεον ἔρχεσθαι.

Φεῦγε μακρὸν κακὸν ἐπὶ τὸ θνητόν.

Pursue him not, but fly thyself away!

This Bird, assure thee, is a Bird of Prey.

Sterling's Poems.

VER. 13

But cruel Love, perpetual Guest!
 For ever makes my Heart his Nest.
 Half-plum'd a thousand Wishes lie,
 And shake their little Wings to fly: 10
 A thousand more in Embryo sleep,
 And thro' the Shell a thousand peep:
 Their ceaseless Chirps my Bosom tear,
 And make eternal Discord there.
 With fond Delight the Elder breed, 15
 The little helpless Nestlings feed;

Who,

VER. 13. *Their ceaseless Chirps my Bosom tear.*] An Epigram in the *Anthologia*, L. 7. says the same.

Αἰεὶ μοι δῶκεν ἔνθα σιν ἦ χ' ἔρωτες,
 Ομρα δ' σίγα πόθοις τὸ γλυκὺ δάκρυ φέρει.
 Οὐδ' ἠ' νύξ, ἢ φέγγ' ἐκοίμισεν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ φίλτρων
 Ἦδη περ αἰδῶν γνῶσις ἔνεστι τύπῳ.
 Ω πᾶνοι, μὴ καὶ ποτ' ἐφίπτασθ' ἔρωτες
 Οἶδατ', ὑποπλῆναι δ' ἔθ' ὅσον ἰσχύετε;

Fond Love, with ceaseless Chirps, my Bosom tears,
 My Eyes in Silence stream sweet bitter Tears!
 Nor Day, nor Night, they welcome balmy rest,
 His fated Wounds still rancle in my Breast.
 When will those Plumes, inhuman Bird of Prey,
 Which wing'd thee here, rewast thee hence away?

Οἱ δ' ἑταφέντες αὐτοῖς

Πάλιν κύβητιν ἄλλαν.

Τί μῆχ' ἐν γένῃ;

Οὐ γὰρ εἶν' ὅστις τοσούτος

Ἐρωτας ἐκβοῶσαι.



Ω Δ Η ΛΔ.

Εἰς κόριν.

ΜΗ' με φύγης, ὁρῶσα
Τὴν πολιαὴν ἔθειραν.

Μηδ', ὅτι σοι πάρεςιν

Ἀνθ' ἀκμαῖον ὥρας,

Τὰ μὰ φίλτρα διώξης.

Ὅσα καὶ στεφάνοισι,

Ὅπως ὥρεται τὰ λάλια

Ῥόδοις κρεῖνα πλακέντια.

VER. 7 & 8. *Ab, see how fair the Lily shows,*

When twin'd around the blushing Rose.]

Virgil has us'd the same Comparison, tho' on a different
Occasion,

Who, in a Moment grown mature,

Build too, and hatch a thousand more.

Ah me! what Help? no Tongue can tell

The Loves which in my Bosom dwell.

20



O D E XXXIV.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

A H, fly me not, enchanting Fair!

Cease to despise my Silver Hair:

Tho' now upon your youthful State

Perfection's Bloom is proud to wait,

Scorn not my Passion, cruel Maid!

5

In this gay Chaplet on my Head,

Beh, see how fair the Lily shows!

When twin'd around the Blushing Rose.

O D E

— *Vel mista rubent ubi lilia multa*

Alba rosa ——— *Æn. L. 12. Ver. 68.*

Thus beautiful the Lily shows,

When damask'd by the Neighb'ring Rose.

G 3

Henry



Ω Δ Η ΛΕ.

Εἰς Εὐρώπῳ.

Ο Ταῦρος ἔτ' ὦ, ὦ παῖ,
 Ζεὺς μοι δοκεῖ τις εἶναι
 Φέρει γὰρ ἄμφι νώτοις
 Σιδωνίῳ γυναικα.
 Περσὶ δ' ὅν' ὄνιον ἄρ' ἔρω,
 Τέμνει δ' κύμα χηλαῖς.
 Οὐκ ἂν δ' ταῦρος ἄλλ' ὦ
 Ἐξ ἀγέλης ἐλαθεῖς,
 Ἐπλόυσε γὰρ θάλασσαν,
 Εἰ μὴ μόν' ὦ γ' ὀκείν' ὦ.

Ω Δ Η

Henry Stephens remarks, that a Shepherd in Theocritus employs the Argument in favour of black Hair.

Καὶ τὸ ἰόν μέλαν ὄνι, καὶ ἀγροπία εὐκρινέθ',
 Ἄλλ' ἔμπαρ ἐν τοῖς στεφάνοις τὰ πρῶτα λέγουσιν αἱ.

Idyll. 10.

* Thi

* O D E XXXV.

O N E U R O P A.

THAT beauteous Bull which courts your Eyes,
Is *Yours*, my Boy, in that Disguise:

For see, with what unusual Pride

His threatn'ing Hoofs the Waves divide;

Whilst on his Back the *Tyrian* Maid.

Looks round, of ev'ry Wave afraid.

No other Bull but He had dar'd

To wander from the lowing Herd;

This lovely Burthen to sustain,

10 Across the Dangers of the Main.

O D E

* This Ode was compos'd on a Picture representing the Rape of *Europa*. The Fable is finely told by *Ovid*, in the Second Book of his *Metamorphoses*; and by *Homer* in the 27th Ode of his Third Book.

VER. 5. *Whilst on his Back the Tyrian Maid.*] *Eu-*

G 4.

ropa,



Ω Δ Η Λγ'.

Εἰς τὸ ἀνεμύως ζῆν.

ΤΙ με τὴς νόμους διδάσκει,
Καὶ ῥητόρων ἀνάγκας;

Τί δέ μοι λόγων τοσούτων,
Τῶν μηδέν ὠφελέντων;

Μᾶλλον δίδασκε πίνειν
Ἀπαλὸν πῶμα Λυαίης*
Μᾶλλον δίδασκε παίζειν
Μετὰ χρυσέης Ἀφροδίτης.

Πολιαὶ κάραν ἑφρασι
Δὸς ὕδωρ, βάλ' οἶνον, ὦ παῖ,
Ψυχλὴ δ' ἐμοὶ κάρωσον.

Βεαχὺ

rope, the Daughter of *Agenor* King of *Phœnicia*, was carry'd away by the *Cretans* in a Ship whose Ensign was a Bull; which occasion'd the Fable of *Jupiter's* bearing her over the *Hellepont* in that Shape. By *Asterius* King of *Crete*, she had *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, and was deify'd after her Death by the Name of *Rhea*.



O D E XXXVI.

That we ought to enjoy L I F E.

TEACH me not your boasted Rules,
Empty Babble of the Schools!

What of Good to me affords
Your Philosophy of Words?

Rather teach me to refine,
In the Wisdom of good Wine:
Rather teach me to improve,
In the golden Joys of Love.

Time has crown'd my Head with Snow,
Mix the Bowl, Boy, let it flow!
I must soon resign my Breath,
First I give my Cares to Death;

Living

VER. 11. *I must soon resign my Breath.*] Agreeable to this Reflexion, a Philosopher in Petronius says, *Ego sic semper & ubique vixi, ut ultimam quamque lucem, tanquam non redituram, consumerem.* Wherever I am, I always enjoy the present Day, as if I never expected to see another.

Βραχὺ μὴ-ζῶντα καλύπτεις.
Ὁ θανὼν ἐκ ἐπιθυμεί.



Ω Δ Η ΛΖ.

Εἰς τὸ Ἔαρ.

ἸΔΕ, πῶς Ἔαρ φανέντ,

Χάριτες ῥόδα βρύουσι·

Ἰδε, πῶς κύμα θαλάσσης

Ἀπαλιύνει γαλιῶν.

Ἰδε, πῶς νῆοσα κολυμβᾷ

Ἰδε, πῶς γέραν ὁδόμεν.

Ἀφελῶς δ' ἔλαμψε Τιτάν.

VER. 14. *There's no Drinking in the Grave.*] Her
race tells us the same,

*Jam se premet nox, fabulaeque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia ; quò simul mearis,*

Nec

Living, let me Pleasure have,
There's no Drinking in the Grave.

O D E XXXVII.

O N T H E S P R I N G.

THE Spring, the warbling Spring appears!
His Voice each Grace with Transport hears;
And running, flying, o'er the Plain;
Contend which first shall join his Train;
Diffusing, as they lightly bound, 5
A thousand fragrant Sweets around.
Old Ocean hears the Call with Pride,
And lays each angry Frown aside;
As smooth his crystal Chariot moves,
As Beauty's Queen when drawn by Doves. 10
The Duck her wat'ry Sport renews;
The Crane her airy Voyage pursues;
The Sun a Bridegroom's Dress assumes;
And like a Bride all Nature blooms.

No

Nec regna vini sortiere talis;

Nec tenerum Lycidam mirabere, &c. L. 1. Od. 4.

VER. 12. *The Crane her airy Voyage pursues.*] The
original Word *ὁδ' αἰ*, being ambiguous, and signifying
either

Νεφελῶν σκιά δονῶν,
Τὰ βροτῶν δ' ἔλαμψεν ἔργα.

Καρποῖσι γῆ περὶ κῆρυγας

10

Καρπὸς ἐλαίας περὶ κῆρυγας

Βρομὴν γέφυρ' τὸ νᾶμα,

Κατὰ φύλλον, κατὰ κλῶνα,

Καθελὼν ἤνθισε καρπός.

Ω Δ Η

either *to come*, or *to go*, has occasion'd different Opinions as to the Sense of this Passage. Madam D'Acier and Barnes espouse the latter; but Mr. L'Abbé Regnier, who is of the other Sentiment, produces a Passage from the *Natural Experiments* of Mr. Redi, first Physician to the Great Duke, wherein the Author tells us, that he had seen Cranes appear in *Tuscany*, towards the End of February and middle of September; and since *Greece* is almost of the same Temperature as *Tuscany* (adds Mr. Regnier) the Return of Spring must produce the same Effect.

No Clouds deform our *Halcyon* Sky ; 15
 The Vallies clap their Hands for Joy ;
 The Mountains smile ; the Hills look gay ;
 And Defarts boast the Pride of *May* :
 The Furrows laugh ; the Olives swell ;
 And budding Vines their Raptures tell : 20
 In Embryo yet depends our Mirth ;
 Grant, *Bacchus* ! grant a happy Birth !
 That tho' those Leaves conceal it there,
 Yet I may see it sparkle here,
 Here, in this Bowl, this Bowl of Bliss, 25
 May ev'ry Spring return like this !

ODE

feets in one as the other. That Storks return at that
 time into *Italy*, we learn from *Virgil*.

————— *Vere rubenti*

Candida venit avis, longis invisâ colubris.

Georg. L. 2. Ver. 329.

But when the golden Spring reveals the Year,
 And the white Bird returns, whom Serpents fear.

Dryden.

V. E. R. 4.



Ω Δ Η ΛΗ΄.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ἐγὼ γέρον μὲν εἰμι,
Νέων πλέον ᾧ πίνω.

Καὶν δέησεν με χοροδύειν,
Σκηπτέρον ἔχω τ' ἄσκον·
Νάρθηξ γὰρ ἐδέν ἔστιν.

Ὁ μὲν δέλων μάχεσθαι,
Παρέτω, καὶ μαχέσθω.
Ἐμοὶ κύπελλον, ὦ παῖ,
Μελιχερόν οἶνον ἡδυνῷ
Ἐκκεράσας, φάρησαν.

Ἐγὼ γέρον μὲν εἰμι·
Σειλυρόν ἐν μέσοις ᾧ
Μιμέμεντον χοροδύσω.

Ο Δ Η

VER. 4. *I no leafy Scepter bear.*] In the Bacchanalian Dances amongst the Ancients, the Leader of them bore a Rod or Scepter, which they call'd νάρθηξ Whence the Proverb, Πολλοὶ δὲ νάρθηκοφόροι, παῖσι δὲ τε Βάκχοι.

VER. 12.

O D E XXXVIII.

O N H I M S E L F.

OLD I am, yet still can make
Younger Heads with Drinking ake.

When I for the Dance prepare,
I no leafy Scepter bear,
But a Bumper; *Bacchus*' Reign
Scepter'd Bumpers best maintain.

If in War you take Delight,
Come, and with these Arms let's fight.

Fill the Bowl, Boy, fill it high,
Let me flood my Soul with Joy.

Old I am, and therefore may,
Like *Silenus*, dance and play.

O D E

VER. 12. *Like Silenus, dance and play.*] *Silenus* was the Tutor and Companion of *Bacchus*, and fought for the Gods against the Giants; for which Service, they chang'd his As which carry'd him in the Battle, into a Star. *Ovid* has given us his Picture,

--- *Bacchus*,



Ω Δ Η ΛΟ΄.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πῶ τ' οἶνον,
 Τότε μὲν ἦτορ ἱανθέν
 Μῦσας ἄρχε' λιγάνειν.
 Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πῶ τ' οἶνον,
 Ἀπορίπτει μέριμνα,

Πολυ-

——— *Bacchæ, Satyrique sequuntur,
 Quique senex ferula titubantes ebrius artus
 Sustinet, Et pando non fortiter hæret asello.*

Metam. L. 4.

Around, the *Bacchæ* and the Satyrs throng;
 Behind, *Silenus*, drunk, lags slow along:
 On his dull Ass he nods from Side to Side,
 Forbears to fall, yet half forgets to ride. *Eusden.*

V E R. 3 & 4. *Warbling to the Vocal String.**Some gay Air I warbling sing.]*

Anacreon is not the only one who has acknowledg'd *Bacchus* to be the best Friend to the Muses. *Cratinus*, the Comic Poet, has declar'd it impossible to write well, without his Assistance.

Pris-



O D E XXXIX.

O N H I M S E L F.

WHEN the rosy Bowl I drain,
Transports revel in each Vein,
Warbling to the Vocal String,
Some gay Air I warbling sing.

When I flood my Soul with Wine,
Care I to the Winds resign ;

5

Let

*Prisco si credis, Mæcenat doctæ, Cratino,
Nulla placere diu, nec vivere Carmina possunt
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

Hor. Epist. L. 1. 19.

My Lord, if what *Gratinus* says be right,
Those Verses cannot live, those Lines delight,
Which Water-drinkers pen ; in vain they write.

}

Creech.

VER. 6. *Care I to the Winds resign.*] *Horace* has
express'd himself in the same manner.

——— *Tristitiam & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis* ———

L. 1. Od. 26.

VER. 24.

Πολυφρονίδες τε βελαί,

Ἐς αἰκίλ' ὑπὲρ αἵτας.

Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πῶν ἢ οἶνον,

Φιλοπαύμων τότε Βάκχῳ.

Πολυανθέσιν μ' ἐν αὔραις

10

Δονέει μέθη γανώσας.

Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πῶν ἢ οἶνον,

Στεφάνους ἄνθεσι πλέξας,

Ἐπιθείς ὃ τῇ καρδίῳ,

Μέλπω βίότῃ γαλήνῃ.

15

Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πῶν ἢ οἶνον,

Μύρῳ δ' ὠδ' αἶ τέγξας

Δέμας, αἵκ' ἀλ' αἶς ὃ κέρλῳ

Κατέχων, Κύπρῳ αἰείδω.

Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πῶν ἢ οἶνον,

20

ὑποκύρτοισι κυπέλλοις

Τὸν ἐμὸν νόον γ' ἀπλώσας,

Θιάσῳ γέγηθα κέρων.

Ὅτ'

VER. 24. *Dance, and am as young as they.*] The Word θίασῳ, which Madam D'Acier translates *une troupe de gens*, a Company of People, signifies properly a Dancing; as Servius informs us in his Remark on this Line of Virgil.

Daphnis

Let it Sea or Sky deform,
My calm Breast ne'er feels a Storm.

When I taste the Cup of Joy,
To some fragrant Bow'r I fly, 10
And by *Bacchus* bloom'd appear
Fair as any Rose-Bud there.

When in Wine I drown my Care,
Flow'ry Garlands I prepare;
And when wreath'd with od'rous Joy, 15
Sing, *Ye Gods, how blest am I!*

When in Wine my Cares I steep,
Balmy Odours round me weep:
Whilst entranc'd in Beauty's Arms,
Venus, I adore thy Charms! 20

When I drain the spacious Bowl,
Drinking, I enlarge my Soul,
And with young Men, ever-gay,
Dance, and am as young as they.
Sinking

Daphnis Thiasos inducere Baccho.

Daphnis did Rites to *Bacchus* first ordain,
And holy Revels for his reeling Train.

Langeperre.

VER. 10.

Ὅτ' ἐγὼ πῶν τ' οἶνον,
 Τόδε μοι μόνω τὸ κέρδιον. 25
 Τόδ' ἐγὼ λαβὼν ἀποιίσω.
 Τὸ θανεῖν γὰρ μὲν πάντων.



Ω Δ Η Μ'.

Εἰς Ἑρωτα.

Ἐρως ποτ' ἐν ῥόδοισι
 Κοιμωμένην μέλιτ' ἔβρισκε
 Οὐκ εἶδεν, ἀλλ' ἐτρώθη
 Τὸν δάκτυλον τ' ἀπὸ τοῦ
 Τῆς χειρὸς, ὥλολυξε. 5
 Δραμὼν τ' αὖ πετάδι
 Πρὸς τὴν καλὴν Κυθήρην,
 Ὀλωλα, μάτερ, εἶπεν,
 Ὀλωλα, καὶ ποθήσκω
 Ὅφιν μ' ἐτύφε μικρὸν 10

Πτερυ-

VER. 10. *A little Serpent wing'd to fly.* Madam
 D'Acier remarks, that *Anacreon* makes *Cupid* speak in
 this manner, because, according to the *Pagan* Theolo-
 gy,

Sinking thus a Flood of Wine, 25
 This dear Blessing I make mine;
 Life's short Pleasures to enjoy,
 Sad or merry, all must die.



O D E XL.

O N C U P I D.

AS *Cupid* 'midst the Roses play'd,
 Gay-sporting thro' the Damask Shade;
 A Bee which slept unseen among
 The Silken Leaves, his Finger stung.

In Tears his beauteous Cheeks were drown'd, 5
 He storm'd, he blow'd the burning Wound;
 Then running, flying thro' the Grove,
 Thus plaintive to the Queen of Love:

I'm kill'd, Mama! Ah me, I die!

A little Serpent wing'd to fly,

10
 That's

gy, the Language of the Gods was different from that
 of Men; but, as Mr. *Longepierre* observes, to render a
 Passage of this Nature learn'd, is to make it obscure;
 for

Πτερωτός, ὃν καλῶσι

Μελίτταν οἱ γεωργοί.

Ἡ δ' εἶπεν, Εἰ τὸ κέντηρον

Πονεῖ τὸ τ' μελίττης,

Πόσον, δοκῆς, πονῶσιν,

Ἔως, ὅσως σὺ βάλλεις;

15

Ο Δ Η

for nothing can be more natural to imagine, than that an Infant who had heard of the Stinging of Serpents, when he found himself stung by a little Creature, he hardly knew what, should immediately think it one. The Labourers might call it a Bee as long as they pleas'd, his Pain and Fright made him persist it was a Serpent.

Theocritus has imitated this beautiful Ode in his 19th *Idyllium*.

Τὸν κλέπτειν ποτ' ἔρωτα κακὰ κέντησε μέλισσα,
Κυεῖον ἐν σίμβλων συλάμβλον· ἄνεα δ' χαρῶν
Δάκτυλα πάνθ' ὑπένυξεν. ὁ δ' ἄλγος, καὶ χεῖρ ἐφύσθη
Καὶ τὰν γὰρ ἐπάταξε, καὶ ἄλατο· τᾷ δ' Ἀφροδίτα

Δαΐζει



That's call'd a Bee, on yonder Plain,
Has stung me ; Oh, I die with Pain !

When *Venus*, smiling, thus rejoin'd,
My Dear, if you such Anguish find
From the Resentment of a Bee, 15
Think what they feel who're stung by thee !

ODE

Δᾶξεν τὰν ὀδυῶν, καὶ μέμφοτο, ὅστις γέ τυτθὸν
Θηρίον ἐπὶ μέλισσα, καὶ εἰλίκα τραύματα ποιεῖ.
Χ' ἂ μάτηρ γελάσασα, τὸ δ' ἐκ ἴσθ' εἰσὶ μέλισσαι;
Χ' ὦ τυτθὸς μ' ἔης, τὰ δ' ὅτ' τραύματα εἰλίκα ποιεῖς;

As *Cupid* robb'd the Hives with Felon Joy,
A Bee reveng'd the Theft, and stung the Boy.
He blows the burning Wound, he stamps, he cries,
And wing'd with Anguish to fair *Venus* flies.
He shews his Pain ; Ah look, Mama, says he,
What mighty Wounds inflicts a little Bee !
And you're a Bee, my Son, the smiling cry'd ;
What mighty Wounds inflicts thy little Pride !

VER. 3.





Ω Δ Η ΜΑΐ.

Εἰς συμπόσιον.

Ἰλαροὶ πῶμῳ οἶνον,
 Ἀναμέλφομῳ ὃ Βάκχον,
 Τὸν ἐφδρέτλω χορείας,
 Τὸν ὅλας ποθεῖν ἴα μολπὰς,
 Τὸν ὁμότροπὸν γ' Ἔρωτι,
 Τὸν ἐρώμενον Κυθήρης·
 Δι' ὃν ἡ Μέθη λοχόβη,
 Δι' ὃν ἡ Χάρις τ' ἐτέχθη,
 Δι' ὃν ἀμπάυει Λύπη,
 Δι' ὃν δυνάζεται Ἀνίη.

VER. 3. *He first taught the harmonious Mæx.*] The Antients not only attributed to *Bacchus* the Invention of Dancing, but of Comedy, and all Dramatic Sports.

Madam D'Acier.

VER. 5. *With Love's smiling God he sports.*] The Original is Τὸν ὁμότροπον Ἔρωτι, having the same Manners as *Cupid*. An old *Latin* Epigram has a similar Expression.

Nam sunt unanimi Bacchus Amorque Dii.

VER. 7.

O D E XLI.

T H E R E V E L.

PUSH the rosy Goblet round,
Jovial *Bacchus* let's resound!

He first taught th' harmonious Maze,

He demands our sportive Lays.

With Love's smiling God he sports,

Love's gay-smiling Queen he courts.

From him rosy-dimpled Mirth,

And the Graces claim their Birth.

Pain he sweetly laughs to Rest,

Grief he lulls on Transport's Breast.

When

VER. 7. *From him rosy-dimpled Mirth.*] Madam D'Acier assures us, that *Methe* should be wrote with a great M, because *Anacreon* in this Place makes him a Deity. There's a certain *Methe* in *Namus*, who calls *Bacchus* his Father. *Longepierre*.

VER. 8. *And the Graces claim their Birth.*] The Opinion that the Graces were the Daughters of *Bacchus* and *Venus*, was perhaps founded on this Passage.

Madam D'Acier.

H

VER. 13.

Τὸ μὲν ἔν πῶμα κεραυδὲν
 Ἀπαλδοὶ φέρουσι παῖδες,
 Τὸ δ' ἄχθ' πέφλυγε μυχθὲν
 Ἀνεμοσέφω θυέλλῃ.

Τὸ μὲν ἔν πῶμα λάβωμιν,
 Τὰς ὃ φροντίδας μεθώμιν.
 Τί γάρ ἔστι σοι τὸ κέρδιον;
 Ὅδυνωρδύνω μερέμναις;
 Πόθεν οἶδαμιν τὸ κέλλον;
 Ὁ βίον βροτοῖς ᾠδήλαον.

VER. 18. *Vain Solitude dismiss.]* Macedonius calls
 banishing Care the Precept of Anacreon.

Τὴν γὰρ Ἀνακρεῖον ἐνὶ πρᾶσι τῶν βουλάων
 Παρφασίλω, ὅτι δὲ φροντίδα μὴ κατέχειν.

For ever in my mirthful Breast I'll bear
 Anacreon's fav'rite Precept, Banish Care.

VER. 19 & 20. *How should we the future know,
 Wandering in the Dark below?]*
 Anacreon is not the only one who argues the Necessity of
 enjoying Life, from the Uncertainty of it. Trimalchio
 in Petronius says,

*Heu, heu nos miseros! quam totius hominibus nescit!
 Sic erimus Cuncti, postquam nos auferet Orcus.
 Ergo vivamus dum licet esse bene.*

ANACREON. 147

When these Boys, to glad my Soul,
Mix the Rapture-flowing Bowl,
From my joy-exalted Mind,
Care flies vagrant in the Wind.

Anxious Thought is Life's Abuse, 15
What of Good from Thought ensues?

Drain we then the Cup of Bliss,
Vain Solitude dismiss.

How should we the Future know,
Wandering in the Dark below? 20

Then

Man's Life, as Vanity itself, is vain;
Like passing Winds our transient Blessings fly;
We vanish soon to Pluto's gloomy Reign;
Then let's make haste to live, before we die.

And *Martial*, Ep. 59. L. 5.

Cras te victurum, cras dicis, Posthume, semper.

Dic mihi Cras istud, Posthume, quando venit?

Quàm longè est Cras istud? ubi est? aut unde petendum?

Nunquid apud Parthos Armeniosque latet?

Jam Cras istud habet Priami vel Nestoris annos:

Cras istud quanti, dic mihi, possit emi?

Cras viues! hodie jam vivere, Posthume, serum est;

Ille sapit quisquis, Posthume, vixit heri.

H 2

You'll

Μεθύων θέλω χορδύειν,
 Μεμυρισμὸν δ' ὃ παίζειν,
 [Μετὰ τῶν καλῶν ἐφήβων]
 Μετὰ καὶ καλῶν γυναικῶν·
 Μελέτω δ' τοῖς θέλουσιν
 Ὅσον ἔστιν ἐν μερίμναις.

25

Ἰλαρὸν πίνωμυ οἶνον,
 Ἀναμέλφομυ δ' Βάκχον.



Ω Δ Η ΜΒ'.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ποθέω μὲν Διονύσῃ
 Φιλοπαίγμονα χορεῖν·
 Φιλέω δ' οὐτ' ἂν ἐφήβῃ
 Μετὰ συμπότην λυγρίζω·

Στε-

You'll live to Morrow, *Posthūmus*, you cry;
 Whence comes this Morrow, so replete of Joy?
 Where is it? How far off? Where to be found?
 Lurks it in *Parthian* or *Armenian* Ground?

Than

Then let's drink, and welcome Joy,
 To the mirthful Dance I'll fly;
 And with breathing Odours gay,
 Sport with Nymphs as fair as Day.
 Those who will, may hoard up Care,
 Nor the Eye of Envy fear.

Push the rosy Goblet round,
 Jovial *Bacchus* let's resound!



O D E XLII.

O N H I M S E L F.

WHEN gay *Bacchus*' Choir I join,
 Joys on mirthful Joys are mine.
 And my raptur'd Heart's on Fire,
 When soft-warbling to the Lyre,
 With some Youth of gen'rous Soul,
 I exhaust the Nectar'd Bowl.

But

Already it's older than the *Pylvian* Sage.
 Can Gold this Morrow to your Wish engage?
 You'll live to Morrow; live to Day, that's late,
 The Wiseman snatch'd his Yesterday from Fate.

Στεφανίσκου δ' ὑακίνθων
 Κροτάφοισιν ἀμφιπλέξας,
 Μετὰ παρθένων ἀθύρειν
 Φιλέω μάλιστα πάντων.

Φθόρον ἔκ οἶδ' ἐμὸν ἦτορ,
 Φθόρον ἢ δείδια δῆκλιν·
 Φιλολοιδόρειο γλώττης
 Φύγω βέλεμνα κῆφα.

Στυγέω μάχας παρῖνας
 Πολυκώμης κτ' δαΐτας·
 Νεοθηλέος' ἅμα κῆραις
 Ὑπὸ βαρβίτῳ χοροῦν,
 Βιὸν ἥσυχον φέρωμιν.

Ω Δ Η

VER. 12. *Nor care I who envies me.*] I have fol-
 low'd the Correction of Barnes, who reads Φθόρον ἢ
 δείδια δῆκλιν, the common received Text Φθόρον ἔκ
 οἶδα δαϊκλόν, being a manifest Corruption, as well as a
 Tautology.

VER. 14. *Wing from Malice: Shafts my Blight.*] The
 Scripture abounds with this beautiful Metaphor. *Who*
whet their Tongue like a Sword, and bend their Bow to
shoot their Arrows, even bitter Words, Psalm. lvi. 3.
And

ANAGREON. 151

But when I my Brows perfume
 With the Hyacinth's sweet Bloom;
 And with Nymphs, like *Venus* fair,
 Sport, no Joys with mine compare. 10
 My gay Heart's from Envy free,
 Nor care I who envies me;
 But on Pinions of Delight,
 Wing from Malice' Shafts my Flight,
 Over Wine the rude Debate, 15
 And the civil Broil I hate.
 To the *Lyre's* enchanting Sound,
 We'll with blooming Beauties bound;
 Nor to Life the Bliss deny,
 To walk Hand in Hand with Joy. 20

O D E

And they bend their Tongues like their Bows for Lies,
 Jer. ix. 3.

VER. 15 & 16. *Over Wine the rude Debate,*
And the Civil Broil I hate.]

Anacreon in his Seventh Epigram.

Οὐ φίλον, ὅς κρητῆς πρὸς πλεονοιοποτάζων

Νείκεα καὶ πόλεμον δακρυβέντα λέγει·

Ἀλλ' ὅστις Μισαίν τε, καὶ Ἀγλαὰ δ' ἄρ' Ἀφροδίτης

Συμμίσγων, ἐρατῆς μνήσκειται Ἀφροσύνης.

H 4

He's



Ω Δ Η ΜΓ'.

Εἰς τέτλιγα.

ΜΑκαρίζομαι σε, τέτλιξ,
 Ὅτι δένδρέων ἐπ' ἄκρων,
 Ὀλίγῳ δρόσον πεπωκώς,
 Βασιλοῦς ὅπως, αἰδεῖς
 Σὰ γὰρ ἔστι κῆνα πάντῃα,
 Ὅποσα βλέπεις ἐν ἀγροῖς,
 Χωπόσα φέρουσιν ὦρα.

Συ

He's not my Taste, who o'er the social Bowl,
 With Tales of War untunes the mirthful Soul.
 But he who fires the Heart, and charms the Mind,
 With Golden *Venus* to the Muses join'd.

V E R. 3. *Ne'tar'd Dew you sip, and sing.*] The
 Grasshopper's Singing has been celebrated by divers Poets;
 an Epigram of *Antipater's*, *Antholog.* L. 1. prefers it to
 the Swan's.

Ἀρκεῖ Τέτλιγας μεθύσαι δρόσῳ, ἀλλὰ πίνοντες
 Αἰδεῖν κύκλων εἰσὶ γεγωνότεροι.

When

O D E XLIII.

On the GRASSHOPPER.

ON thy verdant Throne elate,
 Lovely Insect! there in State,
 Nectar'd Dew you sip, and sing,
 Like a little happy King.

All thou see'st so bloomy-fine,
 Lovely Insect, all is thine!
 Which the painted Fields produce,
 Or the soft-wing'd Hours profuse.

Swains

When chear'd with Dew, the Grasshoppers rejoice,
 Nor warble Swans with half so sweet a Voice.

VER. 4. *Like a little happy King.*] It has been observ'd that the Male Grasshoppers only sing; whence the satyrical Saying of *Xenarchus* the Comick Poet. "ἦν οἱ τέρψις ἐκ δίδαιμονες, ὧν ταῖς γυναῖξιν ἔσ' ὅτι ἔν δωρὸς ἐνι; *How happy are the Grasshoppers, who have dumb Wives!*

VER. 8. *Or the soft-wing'd Hours profuse.*] By the ὥραι, or *Hours*, the Poet means the *Seasons*.

H 5

VER. 12.

Σὺ γὰρ εἰ φίλῃ γεωργοῖς,
 Ἄπο μηδενός τι βλάπτῃ
 Σὺ δὲ τίμιον βροτοῖσι, 10
 Θέρεον γλυκὺς προφήτης.

Φιλέησι μὲν σε Μῦσαι,
 Φιλέη δὲ Φοῖβος αὐτὸς,
 Λιγυρίῳ δ' ἔδωκεν οἴμῳ
 Τὸ δὲ γῆρας ἔσσε τείρει. 15

Σοφῆς

VER. 12. *Thou foretellest the ripen'd Year.*] Grasshoppers are mostly heard about the latter End of Spring.

VER. 13. *By the Muses thou'rt carest'd.*] *Ælian*, writing against those who eat Grasshoppers, says, *Καὶ σφᾶς λελήθασι, ταῖς Μύσαις Διὸς θυγατέσσιν, ταῦτα ὑπὸ θυμῷ δρῶντες.* They are ignorant how much they offend the Muses, the Daughters of Jupiter. Whence it appears that these Animals were esteem'd sacred to the Muses, and the Eating of them accounted an Impiety. The following Epigram contains a beautiful Complaint of a Grasshopper against that Practice.

Τίπτε με τὴν φιλήρημον ἀναιδέϊ, ποιμένες, ἄγρη
 Τέττιγα δροσερῶν ἔλκετ' ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων,
 Τὴν Νυμφῶν παροδῖτιν ἀηδόνα, καίματι μέω,
 Οὔρεσι καὶ σκιεραῖς ξεθαὶ καλεῦνθα νάπαις;
 Ἥνιδε καὶ Κίχχλιν, καὶ Κόωυρον, λῶιδε τῶας
 Ψᾶρας, ἀρρεσίης ἀρπαγας ὀπείης.

Καρ

ANACREON. 155

Swains adore thy guiltless Charms,
None thy blissful Revel hawns. 10.

10 Thee, sweet Prophet! all revere,
Thou foretell'st the ripen'd Year.

By the Muses thou'rt carest,
Thou'rt by golden *Phæbus* blest;
He indulg'd thy tuneful Voice, 15
Age ne'er interrupts thy Joys.

Wiseft

Καρπῶν δηλητήρας εἰλεῖν θέμις· Ὀλλυτ' ἐμείνεις·
Φύλλων καὶ χλοερῆς τίς φθούει δὴ δέσσει;

Ye Swains, why seek ye here a lawless Prize,
And chase me from my dewy-verdant Joys?
Me, who o'er Hills and Dales the Nymphs among,
Still wait on sweet *Aidan's* Summer-Song,
See where the gaudy Thrush and Blackbird prey,
And Starlings flock to steal your Grain away!
War with your Foes! --- but why should you pursue,
With envious Spite, green Leaves and rory Dew?

VER. 16. *Age ne'er interrupts thy Joys.* Grasshoppers cast their old Skins in Summer, according to *Lucretius*.

Dum veteres ponunt tunicas æstare Cicadae.

L. 4. Ver. 56.

VER. 17.

Σοφὲ, γηγενὲς, φίλυμνε,
 Ἀπαθὲς, ἀναιμ', ἀσάρκε,
 Σχεδὸν εἰ θεοῖς ὅμοιος.



Ω Δ Η ΜΔ'.

Εἰς τὸ ἐαυτῇ ὄνκεον.

ἘΔόκεν ὄναρ τευχάζειν,
 Πτέρυγας φέρων ἐπ' ὤμων.

Ο

VER. 17. *Wiseſt Offspring of the Earth.*] The Gods, according to *Hefiod*, were γηγενεῖς, the *Offspring of Heaven and Earth*; and the *Athenians* wore little Grasshoppers of Gold in their Hair, to shew they were born of the Earth like those Insects.

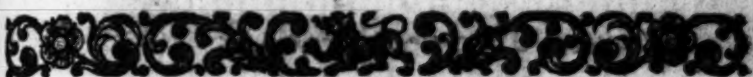
The Grasshopper is call'd Σοφὲ *wise*, from its Skill in Musick and Prophecy, which it enjoy'd in common with *Apollo*, *Mercury*, and the *Muses*.

VER. 19. *Free from Pain, and Fleſh, and Blood.*] *Homer* represents the Gods as free from Blood. Speaking of *Venus* wounded; he says,

From

Wifest Offspring of the Earth!
 Thou for nothing car'st but Mirth;
 Free from Pain, and Flefh, and Blood,
 Thou'rt almoft a little God.

20



* O D E XLIV.

O N H I S D R E A M.

M Ethought with rapid Speed I flew,
 And Wings upon my Shoulders grew;

When

From the clear Vein a Stream immortal flow'd,
 Such Stream as issues from a wounded God;
 Pure Emanation! uncorrupted Flood;
 Unlike our grofs, difeas'd, terrestrial Blood:
 (For not the Bread of Man their Life fufains,
 Nor Wine's inflaming Juice fupplies their Veins.)

Pope.

* Nothing can be more politely imagin'd than this Ode, nor more courtly than the Turn of it. *Behold,* fays Madam D'Acier, *one of the fineft and moft gallant Odes of Antiquity; and if She for whom it was compos'd, was as beautiful, all Greece could produce nothing more charming.*

VER. 3 & 4.

Ὁ δ' Ἔρως, ἔχων μόλυβδον
Περὶ τοῖς καλοῖς ποδίσκοις,
Ἐδίωκε καὶ κίχανε.

5

Τί θέλει γ' ὄναρ τόδ' εἶναι;
Δουρῶν δ' ἔγωγε πολλοῖς
Ἐν ἔρωσί με πλακένῃα,
Διολιθάνειν ἐν ἄλλοις,
Ἐνὶ τῷδε στυγεθῆναι.

10



Ω Δ Η ΜΕ΄.

Εἰς τὰ Ἔρωτος βέλη.

Ὁ Ἄνθρωπος ὁ τ' Κυθήρης,
Παρά Δημνίας καμύνοις,

Τα΄

VER. 3 & 4. *When Love, altho' his beauteous Feet
Were cumber'd with a Leadan Weight.]*
Euhelus the Comic Poet would have been delighted with
this Description of Love, it being entirely conformable
to his Sentiments, as he himself delivers them.

Τίς γὰρ ὁ γράφας πρῶτον ἄνθρωπον ἄρα,
Ἡ κρηπλάσσης Ἐρωθ' ὑπὸ πτερον;

Ω;

When Love, altho' his beauteous Feet
 Were cumber'd with a leaden Weight,
 Pursu'd, and overtook my Flight,
 What means this visionary Fright?

But ah, too visible appears
 The Riddle of my slumb'ring Fears!
 And I who wing'd with Joy erewhile,
 Eluded ev'ry am'rous Toil,
 Am now involv'd in such a Chain,
 That I shall ne'er be free again.



Q D E XLV.

ON CUPID'S DARTS.

As once the Lord of Beauty's Queen,
 At Lemnos' Forge, with busy Mien,

Em-

Ὡς ἔδ' ἐν ἥδ' ἐν πάλῳ χελιδόνας γράφει,
 Ἀλλ' ὡς ἀπειρὸς τῶν τέχων τ' τὰ θεῶν.]
 Ἔστιν γὰρ ἔτε κῆρ, ἔτε ῥάδι
 Ἀπαλλαγῆναι τὰ φέροντι τ' νόσον.
 Βαρὺς ὃ κομιδῇ πῶς αὖ ἐν ἔχων πῖρα;

VER. 1. *As once the Lord of Beauty's Queen.] Thoas,*
a Cretan,

Τὰ βέλη τὰ ἦ' Ἑρώτων
 Ἐποίει λαβὼν σίδηρον.
 Ἀκίδας δ' ἔβαπτε Κύπρις,
 Μέλι τὸ γλυκὺ λαβῶσα,
 Ὅ δ' Ἑρως χολῶ ἔμισγε.
 Ὅ δ' Ἀρης ποτ' ἔξ αὐτῆς,
 Στίβαρόν δ' ὄρου κραδαίνων,
 Βέλῳ ἠυτέλιζ' Ἑρωτῷ.

10
Ο

a Cretan Worker in Metals, being made King of Lemnos by Rhadamanthus the Brother of Minos, marry'd Venus or Calycopis, the Daughter of Otreus King of Phrygia. Having furnish'd the Egyptians with Armour, after his Death they deify'd him by the Name of Baal-Canaan, or Vulcan, and a magnificent Temple was built to his Honour at Memphis, by Menes the Successor of Orus.

Bacchus being caught in Bed with his Wife, appears'd him by making him King of Byblus and Cyprus, and gave Occasion to the Fable of his taking Mars and Venus in a Net. The Story of his being thrown from Heaven, alludes to his falling from the Heaven of the Cretan Gods, when he went from Crete to Lemnos to work in Metals. From Venus' sailing from Phrygia to the Island Cytbera, and from thence to be Queen of Cyprus, she was said by the Cyprians to be born of the Froth of the Sea, and was painted sailing upon a Shell.

V E R. 2. At Lemnos' Forge with busy Mien.] Lemnos is an Isle of the Ægean Sea; Homer makes Vulcan give

Employ'd his Steel-subduing Arts,
 T' equip the little Loves with Darts ;
 In Honey *Venus* dipt them all,
 But wanton *Cupid* mingled Gall.
 When, brandishing a mighty Spear,
 From Fight return'd, great *Mars* drew near ;
 And looking round, with scornful Eyes,
 On *Cupid's* Arrows, call'd them Toys.

Here,

give the following Description of *Jupiter's* throwing him from Heaven, and his Fall into it.

Once in your Cause I felt his matchless Might,
 Hurl'd headlong downward from th' etherial Height ;
 Toft all the Day in rapid Circles round ;
 Nor till the Sun descended touch'd the Ground ;
 Breathless I fell, in giddy Motion lost ;
 The *Sinthians* rais'd me on the *Lemnian* Coast.

Pope.

VER. 5. In Honey *Venus* dipt them all.] Horace calls it the Nectar of *Venus*.

————— *Oscula, quæ Venus*

Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit.

L. 1. Ode. 13.

————— A Kiss

Which *Venus* doth in Nectar steep,

And hang upon the balmy Lip,

To draw us on to Bliss.

Creech.

VER. 6. But wanton *Cupid* mingled Gall.] Nam-
 que è Castor Amor & melle & felle est fecundissi-
 mus. Plautus.

VER. 15.

Ὁ δ' ἔειπε, Τόδ' ἔδωκεν, εἶπε
 Βαρύ· πειράσας νοήσεις
 Ἐλαβεν βέλεμνον Ἄρης·
 Ὑπεμεδίασε Κύπρις·
 Ὁ δ' Ἄρης ἀναστεινάξας,
 Βαρύ, φησὶν, ἄρον αὐτό.
 Ὁ δ' ἔειπε, Ἐχ' αὐτό, φησί.

15

Ω Δ Η Μρ'.

Εἰς ἔρωτα,

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλεῖναι.
 Χαλεπὸν ὅ καὶ φιλεῖναι·
 Χαλεπώτερον ὅ πάντων
 Ἀποτυγχάνειν φιλεῖντα.

FénC.

VER. 15. But Mars, deep-fighting with the Smart.]
 The Darts of Love are so dangerous, that one can't so
 much as touch them with Safety. Moschus intimates the
 same,

Ἦν δ' ἐλέγχῃ, λάβε ταῦτα, χαιρίζομαι ὅσα μοι
 ἔπλεον

Μύτι

Here, take This, *Mars*, no Toy you'll find
This slighted Shaft, the Boy rejoin'd :
In haste *Mars* snatch'd it from the Child,
With conscious Triumph *Venus* smil'd.
But *Mars*, deep-fighting with the Smart,
Here, *Cupid*, take your cruel Dart!
I own the Error of my Pride :
No, keep it, *Mars*, the Wanton cry'd.

15.



O D E XLVI.

O N L O K E.

I T's a Pain to miss Love's Smart,
Wing'd with Pain is *Cupid's* Dart:
But the most Joy-killing Pain,
Waits the Love which loves in vain.

Noble

Μῆτι Δίης· πλῆνα δῶρα τὰ γὰρ πῦρ πᾶσι βί-
βασται. Idyll. 1.

Would he resign his Arms, ev'n those disclaim ;
The Gifts of Love are ting'd with subtle Flame.

Sterling's Poems.

Mr.

Γένῳ ἐδὲν εἰς Ἑρῶτα·
 Σοφίῃ, τρέπῳ πατρίῳ.
 Μόνον ἄργυρον βλέπεσιν.

Ἀπόλοιτο πρῶτῳ αὐτός
 Ὅ τ' ἄργυρον φιλήσας.
 Διὰ τῦτον ἐκ ἀδελφός,
 Διὰ τῦτον ἐ τοκῆς.

Πό-

Mr. *Le Fevre* was so transported with this Ode, that he could not forbear crying out,

*Felix, ab! nimium felix, cui Carmine tali
 Fluxit ab Aoniis vena beata jugis.
 Quid melius dicaret Amor, Ritusque, Jocique,
 Et cum germanis Gratia juncta suis?*

Thrice happy he! to whose enraptur'd Soul
 Such Numbers from th' *Aonian* Mountains roll;
 More finish'd what could Love or Laughter write,
 Or what the Graces dictate more polite?

VER. 5. *Noble Birth has lost its Charms.*]

Nil tibi Nobilitas poterit conducere amanti.

Propert.

Your noble Birth can't plead the cause of Love.

VER. 6. *Wit no more the Heart alarms.*] *Ovid* says the same.

This is the Golden Age, all worship Gold;
 Honours are purchas'd, Love and Beauty sold;

Should

Noble Birth has lost its Charms, 5
Wit no more the Heart alarms:
Virtue pleads in vain for Love,
Gold alone can Beauty move.

Curst be He! ah, doubly curst!
Who ador'd the Idol first. 10
Gold 'mongst Brothers sows Debate,
Gold begets Paternal Hate,

Lights

Should *Homer* come with his harmonious Train,
And not present, *Homer's* turn'd out again.
Art of Love.

VER. 8. *Gold alone can Beauty move.*]

*Non ego divitibus venio Præceptor amandi,
Nil opus est illi, qui-dabit, arte mea.* Ovid.

I no Instructions to the Rich impart,
He needs not, that presents, my useless Art.

VER. 11. *Gold 'mongst Brothers sows Debate.*]

Ἡ φιλοχρημοσύνη μήτηρ κακότητος ἀπάσης.
Χρυσὸς αἰεὶ δόλος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀργυρὸς ἀνθρώποισι.
Χρυσὲ κακῶν ἀρχηγὲ, βιοφθόρε, πάντα χαλέπῳ,
Εἶθε σε μὴ θνητοῖσι γενέσθαι πῆμα ποθεῖνόν.
Σὺ γὰρ ἔκρηται μάχαι τε λεηλασίαι τε φόνοι τε,
Ἐχθρὰ δὲ τέκνα γονεῦσιν, ἀδελφοὶ τε σωμαίμοις.

Phocylides.

The

166 ἈΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ.

Πόλεμοι, φόνοι δι' αὐτῶν.

Τὸ δ' ἄρ' ἔχει, Ὀλλύμεθα

Διὰ τῶτον οἱ φιλεῖτες.

Ω Δ Η

The worst of Ills from sordid Av'rice flow,
And Gold is but the glitt'ring Bait of Woe.
Nefarious Gold! of Virtue's Bane replete,
Oh that thy fatal Poison were less sweet!
Of thee are born Wars, Murders, and Alarms,
Paternal Curses, and fraternal Arms.

We have a beautiful Imitation of this Ode by Tasso, in the First Scene of the Second Act of his *Amyntas*.

*E veramente il secol d'oro è questo,
Perche sol vince l'oro, e regna l'oro,
O chiunque tu fosti, che insegnasti
Primo à vender l'Amor, sia maledetto
Il tuo tener sepolto, e l'ossa fredde;
E non si trovi mai pastore, e ninfa,
Che lor dica passando, badiate pace:
Ma le bagni la pioggia; e muova il vento;
E con pie immondo la greggia il calpestri,
El peregrin. tu prima suergognasti
La nobiltà d'Amor; tu le sue liete*

Dolce



ANACREON. 167

Lights the Torch of Civil Strife,
Kindles all the Hell of Life.

Happy! ceas'd its Mischiefs here,
Gold makes wretched Love despair.

15

ODE

*Dolcezza inamoris; amor venale,
Amor servo del oro; è il più sozzo
Che produca la terra & il mal fra l'onde.*

Behold the Golden Age, ye Swains!
Gold only conquers, only reigns.
But whosoe'er thou be'st, whose Art
Deluded first a Venal Heart,
May Curses on thy Ashes seize!
Nor may thy Bones e'er welcome Peace!
May no kind Swain in passing by,
Nor blooming Nymph, a Requiem cry!
But Winds thy Grave for ever tear,
And Storms for ever revel there!
Whilst all the Sylvan Herds agree,
With Feet impure to tread on thee.
You first debauch'd Love's noble Fire,
And dash'd the Cup of soft Desire.
Nor Earth, nor Sea a Monster hold,
So base as Love for sordid Gold.

VER. 5 & 6.



Ω Δ Η ΜΖ'.

ᾠδάριον εἰς γέροντα.

Φιλῶ γέροντα τερπνόν,
 Φιλῶ νέον χορδύτιν.
 Γέρον δ' ὅταν χορδύη,
 Τείχας γέρον μὲν ἔστι,
 Τὰς δ' φρένας νεάζει.

Ω Δ Η

VER 5 & 6. *Altho' his Hair Time's Silver shows.**His Heart with youthful Transport glows.]*

Mr. Longepierre remarks, That *Plautus* seems to have translated these two Verses in his *Miles gloriosus*, Act 3. Sc. 1. *Si albus Capillus hic videtur, nequitiam ingenio est senex.*

Guarini has express'd the same Sentiment, tho' in a different manner:

O Corisca





OD E XLVII

YOUNG OLD-AGE.

A GAY Old Man's a Sight of Joy,
A Youth gay-dancing charms my Eye :
But when with Mirth-enraptur'd Grace,
The Old Man swims th' harmonious Maze ;
Altho' his Hair Time's Silver shows, 5
His Heart with youthful Transport glows.

ODE

*O Corisca mia cara,
D'anima Linco, e non di forze sono
En questo vecchio tronco
E più che fosse mai verde il desio.*

Yes, my *Corisca*, *Lincus* is the same,
Tho' not in youthful Force, in youthful Flame ;
Tho' Age and Wrinkles on my Trunk appear,
My Heart is green, and Love still blossoms there.





Ω Δ Η ΜΗ΄.

Ἄλλο ῥάδ' αἶνον.

Δ Ὅτε μοι λύρῳ Ὀμήρου,
 Φωνῆς ἀνέσθε χορδῆς·
 Φέρε μοι κύπελλα θεσμῶν,
 Φέρε μοι νόμους κερᾶσιν,
 Μεθύων ὅπως χορδύσω·
 Ὑπὸ σῶφρον' ὃ λύσσης,
 Μετὰ βαρβίτων αἰείδων,
 Τὸ παρσίνιον βοήσω.

Ω Δ Η

VER. 2. *But first take off th' Heroic Wire.*] Homer represents Achilles singing Heroic Subjects to his Lyre.

Amus'd, at Ease, the Godlike Man they found,
 Pleas'd with the solemn Harp's harmonious Sound.
 (The well-wrought Harp from conquer'd Thebes came
 Of polish'd Silver was its costly Frame ;)
 With this he sooths his angry Soul, and sings
 Th' immortal Deeds of Heroes and of Kings.

Pope.

VER. 3 & 4



O D E XLVIII.

O N H I M S E L F.

C O M E, bring me *Homer's* loud-tongu'd Lyre,
But first take off th' Heroic Wire.

And bring the destin'd Bowls, that I

May mix the Laws of Social Joy;

5 With Floods of Wine my Soul entrance,

5

And join the mirth-enraptur'd Dance.

Then to the Lyre I'll tune my Voice,

And echo Transport to the Skies.

O D E

VER. 3 & 4. *And bring the destin'd Bowls, that I
May mix the Laws of Social Joy.*]

It was customary with the Ancients in their Revels,
to chuse a King, who both regulated the Size of the
Cups, and the Quantity each Person was to drink, ac-
cording to the Law prescrib'd him in the Billet which
fell to his Lot. Thus *Horace*,

Quem Venus arbitrum

Dicet bibendi?

L. 2. Ode 7.

I 2

Whom



Ω Δ Η ΜΟ΄.

Εἰς Ζωγράφον.

ἌΓΓΕ, ζωγράφων ἄριστε,
 Λυρικῆς ἄκβε μέσης·

Γράφε τὰς πόλεις τοπρωτον

Ἰλαράς τε καὶ γελώσας·

Φιλοπαύμονάς τε Βάκχας

Ἐτεροπνόοις ἐν αὐλοῖς.

Ὅ γ' κηρὸς ἂν δωήῃ,

Γράφε καὶ νόμους φιλέντων.

Ω Δ Η

Whom will the happy Dye design

The just Disposer of the Wine,

And great Controller of the Feast?

Creech.

VER. 3 & 4. *First let Tow'ry Cities rise,**Crown'd with Peace, and smiling Joys,]**Homer has given us the Picture of a City reaping the Joys of Peace.*

Two Cities radiant on the Shield appear,

The Image one of Peace, and one of War;

Here

O D E XLIX.

ADVICE TO A PAINTER.

BEST of Painters, let your Art
What the Muse describes, impart:

First let Tow'ry Cities rise,

Crown'd with Peace and smiling Joys:

Next, let *Bacchus*' mirthful Choir

Their alternate Flutes inspire:

And, if Art such Pow'r contains,

Paint the Laws which Love ordains.

O D E

Here sacred Pomp, and genial Feast delight,
And solemn Dance, and Hymenæal Rite;
Along the Street the new-made Brides are led,
With Torches flaming, to the Nuptial-Bed:
The youthful Dancers in a Circle bound
To the soft Flute, and Cittern's Silver Sound:
Thro' the fair Streets the Matrons in a Row,
Stand in the Porches, and enjoy the Show. *Pope.*

VER. 6. *Their alternate Flutes inspire.*] Madam
D'Acier and Barnes translate ἐτεροπνοοῖς ἐν αὐλοῖς, by
I 3 *geminis*



Ω Δ Η Ν.

Εἰς Διόνυσον.

Ὅ Τὸν ἐν πόνοις ἀτειρῇ
 Νέον ἐν πόθοις ἀταρβῇ,
 Καλὸν ἐν πότοις χορδῶν
 Τελέων, θεὸς κατῆλθεν,
 Ἀπαλὸν βροτοῖσι φίλτερον,
 Πότον ἄφρονον, κομίζων*

Γάγον

geminis tibiis, Double-Flutes; but as it is not very easy to conceive how the Word *ἐτεροπνόοις* can bear that Interpretation, I have rather chose *Baxter's* Sense, who renders it, *Alternatim flantes*.

VER. 1. *The Care-compelling Child of Jove.]*

*Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis,
 Viresque, & addis cornua pauperi,
 Post te neque iratos trementi
 Regum apices, neque militum arma.*

Hor. L. 3. Od. 21.

Wine

O D E L.

O N B A C C H U S.

THE Care-compelling Child of *Jove*,
 The God who gives Success in Love;
 And sweetly laughing all the while,
 Makes Despair itself to smile;
 The dear, the charming God descends, 5
 And in each Hand a Bowl extends;
 A Bowl where Care could never swim,
 And Pleasure triumphs round the Brim.

Then

Wine with fresh Hope the Coward cheers;
 Revives the Wretched and Undone;
 And makes the Slave his Lord disown:
 What Wretch, when arm'd by *Bacchus*, fears
 To meet a Warrior's Arm, or stand a Tyrant's Frown?
Creech.

VER. 7. *A Bowl, where Care could never swim.*]
Homer introduces *Helen* mixing such a Bowl.

Meantime with genial Joy to warm the Soul,
 Bright *Helen* mix'd a Mirth-inspiring Bowl:
 Temper'd with Drugs of sov'reign Use, t'assuage
 The boiling Bosom of tumultuous Rage;

Γόνον ἀμπέλω τ' οἶνον

Πεπεδημένον γ' ὀπώρας

Ἐπὶ κλημάτων φυλάττων.

Ἴν' ὅταν τάμωσι βότρυς,

Ἀνοσοὶ μύωσι πάντες,

Ἀνοσοὶ δέμας θεντόν,

Ἀνοσοὶ γλυκύνειν θυμόν,

Εἰς ἔτος φανέντι ἄλγος.

Ω Δ Η

To clear the cloudy Front of wrinkled Care,
And dry the tearful Sluices of Despair:
Charm'd with the virtuous Draught, th' exalted Mind
All Sense of Woe delivers to the Wind.
Tho' on the blazing Pile his Parent lay,
Or a lov'd Brother groan'd his Life away,

Or



ANACREON. 177

Then pull away, and never mind,
 A Tide of Joy is still behind. 10
 Those Clusters there, which strive to hide
 Beneath the Leaves their swelling Pride,
 And blush so lovely thro' the Green,
 As if too modest to be seen ;
 Shall soon a rosy Deluge roll, 15
 And fill another rosy Bowl,
 That we may revel still in Bliss,
 And never know what Sorrow is.
 Wine gives us Health, to Health we owe
 The Transports which in Love we know ; 20
 The Calm of Mind which laughs at Fate,
 With all that's brave, and all that's great.
 Then pull away, and Thirst disdain,
 Autumn will soon be here again.

O D E.

Or darling Son oppress'd by Russian Force
 Fell breathless at his Feet a mangled Corse ;
 From Morn to Eve, impassive and serene,
 The Man entranc'd would view the deathful Scene.

Pope.

I 5

VER. 35





Ω Δ Η ΝΑ΄.

Εἰς Δίσκον ἔχοντα Ἀφροδίτῳ.

ἌΡΑ τίς τόρδ' ὤσει πόντον,
Ἄρα τίς μανείσα τέχνη

Ἀνέχουε κύμα Δίσκῳ,
Ἐπὶ νῶτα τ' θαλάσσης ;

Ἄρα τίς ὑπὲρ θαλάσσαν

5

Ἀπαλὴν χάραξε Κύπριν,

Νότ' εἰς θεὸς ἀερεθεῖς,

Μακάρων φύσι' ἀρχλῷ.

Ὁ δέ νιν ἔδειξε γυμνῷ ;

Χ' ὅσα μὴ θέμις ὀρθῶς,

10

Μόνα κύμα συγκαλύπτει.

Ἀλαληιδὴ δ' ἐπ' αὐτῇ,

Βρύον ὥς ὑπερθε λόκον,

Ἀπαλόχευ γαλήνης,

Δέμας

VER. 3. *And o'er this Disk's refulgent Plain.]* The *Diskus* was a Piece of Wood or Metal, round, and of a flattish Form: The Ancients us'd it in their Exercises, in the same manner as we our Coits.

VER. 6.



O D E LI.

V E N U S represented on a D I S K.

W H A T daring, what aspiring Soul,
Has taught the Ocean here to roll?

And o'er this Disk's refulgent Plain,

Has heap'd the Billows of the Main?

What Art with more than mortal Pride,

Has drawn fair *Venus* on the Tide?

Fair *Venus*! Queen of ev'ry Grace,

The Source of Heav'n's immortal Race.

See, naked to the ravish'd Sight,

She blooms ineffable Delight!

Those Charms 'twere impious to reveal,

Those Charms alone the Waves conceal.

White as their am'rous Foam she glides,

As she the am'rous Waves divides.

In

VER. 6. *Has drawn fair Venus on the Tide.*] See
the Notes on Ode 45.

VER. 24.

Δέμας εἰς πλόον φέρεσθαι

15

Ῥόθιον πάροινεν ἔλκει.

Ῥοδέων ὑπερθε μαζῶν,

Ἀπαλῆς ἐνερθε δειρῆς,

Μέγα κῦμα πρῶτα τέμνει.

Μέσον αὔλακθ' ὃ Κύπρις,

20

Κρίνον ὡς ἴοις ἐλιχθέν,

Διαφαίνει γαλίης.

Ὑπὲρ ἀργύρῳ δ' ὀχῆνθ',

Ἐπὶ δελφίσιν χορδύταις,

Δολεροὶ νέον μέτωπον,

25

Ἔρθ', Ἰμερθ', γελῶντες

Χορὸς ἰχθύων ὃ κυρτός,

Ἐπὶ κυμάτων κυβισῶν,

Παφίης ἐς ὄμμα παίζει,

Ἴνα νήχε' ὃ γελῶσα.

30



15 In wanton Curls they round her sport,
 And her soft Touch soft-murm'ring court.

Beneath the Azure's lucid Flow,
 The Roses of her Bosom glow.
 Above the Azure's lucid Pride,
 Her polish'd Neck shines o'er the Tide.

20 And as with lily Arms she rows,
 'Mongst Violets, she a Lily shows.

On sportive Dolphins thro' the Main,
 Gay Love and Mirth attend her Train:
 Their Infant Looks a thousand Wiles.

Conceal beneath a thousand Smiles.

25 On ev'ry Side the Fish advance,
 And o'er the wanton Billows dance.

In Pomp, amidst the sportive Throng,
 The Goddess smiling sails along.

VER. 24. *Gay Love and Mirth attend her Train.*]

Quam Jocus circumvolat & Cupido.

Hor. L. 1. Od. 2.

30 Whom Love and smiling Mirth attend.





Ω Δ Η ΝΒ΄.

Ἐπιλιώμεσθ' ὕμνεσθ'.

ΤΟ'Ν μελανόχρωτα βότρυι
 Ταλάροις φέρουσιν ἄνδρες,
 Μετὰ παρθένων, ἐπ' ὤμων·
 Κατὰ ληνὸν ᾗ βαλόντες
 Μόνον ἄρσενες πατῆσι
 Σταφυλῶ, λύοντες οἶνον,
 Μέγα τ' θεὸν κροτῶντες
 Ἐπιλιώοισιν ὕμνοις,
 Ἐρατὸν πύθοις ὀρώντες
 Νέον ἐκζέοντα Βάκχον.

10
Ον

V E R. 2. *Men and blooming Maids unite.*] Homer,
 in his beautiful Description of the Vintage, introduces
 young Men and Maids employ'd in the same Office.

— Μία δ' οἷη ἀταρπιτὸς ἦεν ἐπ' αὐτῷ
 Τῇ νίασολο φορῆς, ὅτε τρυγῶσιν ἀλῶν.
 Παρθενικαὶ δ' καὶ ἡῖθεοι ἀταλὰ φρονέοντες

ΠΛΕΚ-

O D E LII.

THE EFFECTS OF WINE.

IN heap'd Baskets of Delight,
 Men and blooming Maids unite,
 To the genial Press to bear
 Cluster'd *Bacchus* ; but when there,
 Men alone gay-lab'ring join,
 Tread the Grapes, let loose the Wine.
 Whilst each jocund Rural Voice,
 Hymns the God of mirthful Joys.

Oh,

Πλεκτοῖς ἐν ταλάροισι φέρον μελίηδεα καρπὸν.
Iliad. σ'.

To this, one Pathway gently winding leads,
 Where march a Train with Baskets on their Heads,
 (Fair Maids, and blooming Youths) that smiling bear
 The purple Product of th' Autumnal Year. *Pope.*

VER. 22.

Ὅν ὅταν πῖν γεραῖος,
 Τρομεροῖς ποσὶν χορδαίει,
 Πολιάς τείχας τινάσων·
 Ὅ γ', παρθένον λοχήσας,
 Ἐρατὸς νέῃ μεθυθεῖς,
 Ἀπαλὸν δέμας χυθεῖσαν,
 Σκιερῶν ὑπερθε φύλλων,
 Βεβαρημύλῳ ἐς ὕπνον,
 Ἐς ἔρωτ' ἄωρα θέλγει
 Περδοτὶν γάμων γενέσθαι.

Ὅ γ' μὴ λόγοισι πείθων,
 Τότε μὴ θέλυσαν ἄλχει·
 Μετὰ γ' νέων ὁ Βάκχ'·
 Μεθύων ἀτακτὰ παίζει.

Ω Δ Η

VER. 22. *Treason to chaste Hymen's Rite.*] The Original is Περδοτὶν γάμων γενέσθαι, *to betray her Hymen*; that is, to anticipate her Marriage by admitting an untimely Pleasure. Mr. Longepierre remarks an Expression very like it in the *Alceste* of Euripides: *Alceste*, as she lies dying, speaks to her Daughter.

ANACREON. 185

Oh, how their enraptur'd Sight,
Drinks the foaming new Delight !
Which, when old Men plenteous take,
Straight their time-white Heads they shake ;
And with tott'ring Steps advance,
Mingling in the sportive Dance :
Whilst a Youth, thro' whose gay Veins
Bacchus drives with loosen'd Reins,
Seeing where some beauteous Maid,
Underneath a Damask Shade,
Lies suffus'd in Slumber's Arms,
Steals insidious on her Charms,
With soft am'rous Smiles, and low
Treason to chaste Rym's Law.
But when all Persuasion's vain,
Straight he wrestles with Disdain.
Bacchus in a youthful Breast,
Sometimes loves too rough a Jest.

O D E

Σὺ δ' ὦ τέκνον μὲν, πῶς κορδαθήσῃ καλῶς ;
Ποίας τυχεῖσα συζύγῃ τῷ σῷ πατεῖ ;
Μὴ σοὶ τιν' αἰσχερὴν περσεαλῆσα κληδὼνα !
Ἦς ἐν ἀκμῇ σὺς διαφθείρῃ γάμος.

VER. 4.

Ω Δ Η ΝΓ'.

Εἰς ῥόδον.

ΣΤεφανηφόρε μετ' Ἡeros
 Μέλπομαι ῥόδον θέρειον.
 Συνέταιρ' ἄεξε μολπῇ.

Τόδε γδ θεῶν ἄημα,
 Τόδε γδ βροτῶν τὸ χάσμα,
 Χαίρειν τ' ἀγαλμ', ὃν φρασεύ
 Πολυανθέων ἐρώτων
 Ἀφροδίσιόν τ' ἄθυρμα.

Τόδε κὲ μέλημα μύθοις,
 Χαίρειν φυτόν τε Μυσέων
 Γλυκὺ κὲ ποιῶντι πῆραν
 Ἐν ἀκανθίναις ἀταρποῖς

Γλυ-

VER. 4. *With rosy Voice the Transport aid.*] Mr. D'Acier thinks this Ode was originally a Dialogue: The Conjecture is certainly very probable; but as there's no Necessity for admitting the Supposition, I have rather chose to follow the receiv'd Opinion, especially as the Piece

ODE LIII.

ON THE ROSE.

WITH the gay, flow'r-wreath'd, fragrant
Spring,

The Summer's Pride, the Rose I'll sing.

With rosy Voice transporting Maid !

With rosy Voice the Transport aid !

The Pride of Mortals is the Rose,

The Breath of Gods its Leaves disclose.

The Graces, when th' enamour'd Hours

From their gay Wings profuse the Flow'rs,

With Roses bind their filken Hair ;

Its Beauties *Venus* joys to wear.

The Rose the Poet's Song perfumes,

And in each Muse's Bosom blooms.

How sweet to seize the blushing Prey,

And snatch it from the Thorn away !

Then

Piece would not receive any material Beauty from being
distinguish'd in that manner.

VER. 16. For *ἀνὰ φῶς* in the Original of this Line,
Stephens very judiciously corrects *ὑπὲρ φῶς*. *Barnes's* reading,
ὡς σὺ φῶς, seems a Tautology.

VER. 21.]

Γλυκὺ δ' αὖ λαβόντ' ἰθάλπειν
 Μαλακαῖσι χερσὶ, κέφως
 Περσάγον' ἔρωτα ἄνθ'·
 Ὅρεφω τόδ' αὐτὸ τερπνόν
 Θαλίαις τε καὶ τραπέζαις,
 Διονυσίαις δ' ἐορταῖς.

Τὶ δ' ἄνδρ' ῥόδον γένοιτ' ἄν;
 Ῥοδοδάκτυλ' ἡμῶν Ἥως,
 Ῥοδοπήχες δ' Νύμφαι,
 Ῥοδόχρους δ' Καφεροδίτη
 Παρὰ τ' σοφῶν καλεῖται.
 Τόδε καὶ νοσήσιν ἀρκεῖ.

Τόδε

VER. 21. *Gay-rosy-finger'd is the Morn.*] The Epithet is very familiar to Homer. Virgil has imitated it, as far as the Genius of the Latin Language would admit.

Roseis Aurora quadrigis.

VER. 25. *Before the Rose pale Sicknefs flies.*] That the Rose is us'd as an Ingredient in the Composition of several Medicines, is a Truth too commonly known to require any further Remark.

VER. 26. *The Rose can ev'n the Dead rejoice.*] The Ancients

Then o'er its filken Leaves to rove, 15

Enchanting Balm! the Breath of Love.

The Rose is Pleasure's fav'rite Guest,

At ev'ry Revel it's carest:

In *Bacchus*' Orgies loveliest glows,

For where's Delight without the Rose? 20

Gay-rofy-finger'd is the Morn,

Gay-rofy Arms the Nymphs adorn:

And rofy Charms are *Venus*' Praise,

As sung in high immortal Lays.

Before the Rose pale Sicknefs flies; 25

The Rose can ev'n the Dead rejoice:

'Gainst

Ancients us'd Roses when they embalm'd their Dead:
Homer makes *Venus* anoint the Body of *Hector* with Un-
guent of Roses, to preserve it from Corruption.

Celestial *Venus* hover'd o'er his Head,

And roseate Unguents, heav'nly Fragrance! shed.

Pope.

They also crown'd the Tombs of their deceas'd Friends
with Garlands of Roses.

Τόδε καὶ νεκροῖς ἀμύει

Τόδε καὶ χρόνον βιάῃ.

Χαρίεν ῥόδων ὃ γῆρας

Νεότητῳ ἔχεν ὀδυμῶ.

Φέρε δὴ, φυλλῶν λέγωμην.

Χαροπῆς ὅτ' ὀκ θαλάττης

Δεδροσώμεναι Κυθήρων

Ἐλόχου Πόντῳ ἀφρῶ,

Πολεμόκλονόν τ' Ἀθηνῶν

Κορυφῆς ἐδείκνυε Ζεύς,

Φοβεράν θεῶν Ὀλύμπῳ

Τότε καὶ ῥόδων ἀγνητῶν

Νέον ἔρῳ ὠθήσιν Χθῶν

Πολυδαίδαλον λόχουμα.

Μακάρων θεῶν δ' ὁμιλῶ,

Ῥόδον ὡς γένοιτο, Νέκταρ

Ἐπιτέγξας, ἀνέτειλεν

Ἀγέρωχον ὅξ ἀκάνθης

Φυτὸν ἀμβροτον Λυαίῃ.

Ω Δ Η

VER. 28. *To Time its Odours scorn to yield.*] Scarce
any thing preserves its Fragrance when dry'd, longer than
a Rose.

— Kai

'Gainst Time himself it keeps the Field,
To Time its Odours scorn to yield.

Let's now declare what gave to Birth
This Joy of Heav'n, and Pride of Earth. 30

When sprinkled o'er with rosy Dew,
Fair *Cytherea* first to view
Disclos'd her wave-begotten Charms,
The Time when *Pallas* Queen of Arms,
Leap'd from the Thunderer's teeming Head, 35
Of Gods the Wonder and the Dread:

Then Earth with conscious Joy suffus'd,
This Plant her happiest Birth produc'd.

The Gods beheld, with raptur'd Sight,
The Stem productive of Delight; 40
Show'r'd rosy Nectar, heav'nly Dew!
From whence the nectar'd Rose upgrew,
The Pride of the *Olympian* Bow'rs,
Delight of *Bacchus*! Queen of Flow'rs!

O D E

— Καὶ ἡ ῥόδον αἶον ὀλεῖται.

Theocrit. Idyll. 27. Ver. 9.

VER. 2.



Ω Δ Η ΝΔ.

Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ὅτ' ἐγὼ νέων ὄμιλον
ἔσορῶ, πάρεσιν ἤβῃ
Τότε δὴ, τότε ἐς χορείαν
Ὁ γέρον ἐγὼ πτέρυμαι.

Περίμενόν με, Κυβήβα,
Ρόδα δὲς, θέλω ἑφέως
Πολιὸν ὃ γῆρας ἐκὰς,
Νέε' ὃν νέοις χορεύσω.

Διονυσίης ὃ μοί τις
Φερέτω δῶρον ὀπώρας,
Ἴν' ἴδῃ γέροντ' ἀλκίαν,
Δεδαηκότ' μὴ εἰπεῖν,
Δεδαηκότ' ὃ πίνειν,
Χαλενίως τε μαίηται.

Ω Δ Η



O D E LIV.

O N H I M S E L F.

SPORTING with the Young and Gay,
Young I am, methinks, as they.

Swift the mirthful Dance I join,
Pleasure's youthful Wings are mine.

Give me Roses! I'll prepare
Rofy Garlands for my Hair.

Age difmifs, and dance among
Those that young are, and be young.

Fill the Bowl then --- fill it high,

Whofo dares my Vigour try!

I can handle *Bacchus'* Arms,

And my Tongue has youthful Charms.

Drinking, talking, I can be

Mad as any youthful He.



Ω Δ Η ΝΕ΄.

Εἰς τὰς ἐϋνίας ᾧδάμενον.

ΕΝ ἰχίοις μὲν ἵπποι
 Πυρὸς χάραγμ' ἔχουσι
 Καὶ Παρθίους τὶς ἄνδρας
 Ἐνῶρεσεν τιάρας·

Εἰς

VER. 2. *Is branded for his Owner's Eye.*] Madam D'Acier observes, that the Custom of branding Horses is very ancient: The Greeks had two Letters appropriated to that Use, *Coppa*, and *San*; the first was like our Q, and the Horses distinguish'd by it were call'd *Coppatæ*; but those mark'd with *San* or *Sigma*, which was like our C, were call'd *Samphoræ*. They were also branded with Impresses of different Kinds. *Pliny*, L. 8. C. 42. speaking of one, says, *Bucephalon* — vocantur, sive ab aspectu toro, sive ab insigni taurini capitis, armo impressi.

VER. 4. *Tiaras show the Parthian Race.*] Mr. Le Fevre was mistaken, when he affirm'd that the Parthians were unknown by that Name in *Anacreon's* Time; for *Anacreon* had not attain'd above his Middle-Age when *Darius Hystaspis* flourish'd; and *Herodotus* enumerating the different Nations which paid Tribute to that Monarch,

O D E LV.

O N L O V E R S.

THE gen'rous Steed upon his Thigh,
Is branded for his Owner's Eye:

And thro' the World, in ev'ry Place,

Tiaras shew the *Parthian* Race.

But

narch, expressly mentions them, Πάρθοι ἃ καὶ Χορασμοί, Σύγδοι τε καὶ Ἀριοὶ τρηκόςια τέλαντε. The *Parthians* and the *Chorasmians*, the *Sogdians* and *Arians*, three hundred Talents.

Madam *D'Acier* seems also in an Error, when she tells us that the *Parthians* were so call'd by *Cyrus*; for *Justin* assures us, that they were originally *Scythians*, who, flying out of their own Country, were call'd *Parthians*, which in the *Scythian* Tongue signifies *Exiles*, or *Fugitives*. The same is confirm'd by *Eustathius* in his Notes on *Dionysius*, where we find the following elegant Description of the Situation and Manners of those People.

Ἄλλ' ἦτοι πολέων μὲν ὑπὸ καπιδῶν
Πάρθοι ραιετάουσιν ἀρήτοι, ἀγκυλότοξοι,
Παντοῖς πολέμοιο δαήμονες. ἔχ' ἀρότρεν
Αὐλακ' ἐπιθώϊσι διασχίζοντες ἀγέρας,

K 2

Οὐδὲ

Ἐγὼ δ' ἄντ' ἐρῶντας
 Ἰδὼν ἐπίσταμ' αὐτός·
 Ἐχθροὶ γάρ τι λεπτόν
 Ψυχῆς ἔσω χάραγμα.

Ω Δ Η

Οὐδὲ μὲν ἐν νήεσσιν ἄλλα τμήγεσσιν ἑρετμοῖς,
 Οὐδὲ νομῶ φέρουσι βοῶν γένος· ἐκ δ' γενέθλης
 Νηπίαχον τόξοισι καὶ ἵπποσώῃσι μέλονται.
 Αἰεὶ δ' ἠχέεσσαν ἀνὰ χθόνα δ' ἔπ' ἀκόντων,
 Ἡ βελέων πάντη δέ τ' ἀελλοπόδων δρόμοι ἵππων
 Θωόντων· ἔ γάρ σφι θέμις δόρποιο πάσαδ' αἶμα,
 Πλεῖν πολέμου μόχθοισι κάρην ἰδρῶτι παλῦσαι.

Beyond the *Caspiæ* Streights those Realms extend,
 Where circling Bows the martial *Parthians* bend.
 Vers'd only in the rougher Joys of War,
 No Fields they wound, nor urge the shining Share:

No



But Lovers most themselves reveal, 5
 When fondly they themselves conceal.
 I know not how! — each Look imparts
 Love's fiery Brand upon their Hearts.

O D E

No Ships they boast to stem the rolling Tide,
 Nor lowing Herds o'er flow'ry Meadows guide :
 But Infants wing the feather'd Shaft for Flight,
 And rein the fiery Steed with fond Delight.
 On ev'ry Plain the whistling Spear alarms,
 The neighing Courser, and the Clang of Arms.
 For there no Food the little Heroes taste,
 Till warlike Sweat has earn'd the short Repast.

The *Tiara* was like the modern *Turban*, and was wore,
 as *Lucian* tells us, by the *Persian* Ladies. That it
 was us'd by the *Phrygians*, seems to appear from *Virgil's*
 making *Aeneas* send one to *Latinus*.

Sacerque Tiaras.

Æn. 7. Ver. 247.

* We



Ω Δ Η ΝΖ'.

Εἰς τὸ γῆρας.

ΠΟλιοὶ μὲν ἡμῖν ἦδη
 Κέρταφοι, κάρη δ' ἀλκυόν·
 Χαρίεσσα δ' ἐκ ἔθ' Ἦβη
 Πάρα, γηραλέοι δ' ὀδόντες.
 Γλυκερὺ δ' ἐκ ἔτι πολλὸς
 Βιότῃ χερνύει λάλειπ'.

Δια'

* We are indebted for this Ode to *Henry Stephens*:
 It is also extant in *Stobæus*, who acknowledges it for
Anacreon's.

VER. 1. & 2. *See Time has o'er my Temples spread
 His hoary Frost.*

— Ἀπὸ κροτάφων πελόμεθα
 Πάλλες γηραλέοι, καὶ ἐπισχερῶ ἐς γένυν ἔρπει
 Λακκαίων ὁ χερνύει —

Theocrit. Idyll. 14.

First from our Temples Age begins her Race,
 Thence whit'ning Time creeps softly o'er the Face.

Creech.

VER. 4.



* O D E LVI.

ON HIS BEING GROWN OLD.

SEE, Time has o'er my Temples spread
His hoary Frost, and snow'd my Head.

My Gums untenanted are grown,

And Youth and Joy are long since flown.

The Goal of Death is just before,

And Life's short Race will soon be o'er.

It's

VER. 4. *And Youth and Joy are long since flown.*]

— *Fugit retro*

Levis Furventas, & decor, aridâ

Pellente lascivos amores

Canitie, facilēque somnum. Hor. L. 2. Ode 11.

But see, our Years do swiftly move,

Our nimble Youth and Beauty fades ;

Dry Age with Cares will croud our Heads,

And leave no Room for easy Rest and Love.

Creech.

200 ἌΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ.

Διὰ ταῦτ' ἀνασταλύζω
Θαμὰ, Τάρταρον δεδοικώς·
Ἄϊδεω γάρ ἔστι δεινὸς
Μυχός, ἀργαλέη δ' ἐς αὐτὸν
Κάθοδος, καὶ γ' ἔτοιμον
Καταβάνῃ μὴ ἴνα βῆναι.

10



Ω Δ Η ΝΖ'.

Ὅτι πίνειν δεῖ μετρίως.

ἌΓΕ δὴ, φέρ' ἡμιν, ὦ παῖ,
Κελέβω, ὅπως ἄμυσιν
Προπίω· τὰ μὲν δέκ' ἔλχει
Ὑδατ', τὰ πέντε δ' οἶνον
Κυάθῃς ὑβριζιώσαν
Φρένα δεῦε Βασάρησιν.

5

Ἄγε

VER. 12. That none can reascend the Steep.]

Facilis descensus Averni;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

Virg. Aeneid. 6.

VER. 5 & 6.

It's this that heaves my Breast with Sighs,
And bids unnumber'd Terrors rise.
For dreadful is that gloomy Cell,
Where pensive Ghosts with *Pluto* dwell, 10
And then the dark Descent's so deep,
That none can re-ascend the Steep.



O D E LVII.

That we should Drink with Moderation.

COME, fill it Bumper-high, my Boy,
I will for once my Draught enjoy.

But *Bacchus* so resistless is,
That, lest I faint beneath the Bliss,
Twice let the limpid Stream assuage 5
The mighty God's too potent Rage.

Make

VER. 5 & 6. *Twice let the limpid Stream assuage
The mighty God's too potent Rage.]*

The Ancients usually drank their Wine mix'd with Water. Madam *D'Acier* observes, that *Hesiod* prescribes three Measures of Water to one of Wine in Summer.

Τεῖς ὕδατος περχέειν. τὸ δὲ τέτατον ἱερὸν οἶνον.

K 5

VER. 10.

Ἄγε δῶτε' μηκέθ' ἔγω,

Πατάγω τε καλαλητῶ,

Σκυθικῶν πόσιν παρ' οἴῳ

Μελετῶμεν· ἀλλὰ καλοῖς

10

Ὑποπινόμεθ' ἐν ὕμνοις.



Ω Δ Η ΝΗ'.

Εἰς Ἑρωτα.

ΣΤέφθε πλέκων πόθ' εὖρον
Ἐν τοῖς ῥόδοις Ἑρωτα,

Καί

VER. 10. *I hope we have no Scythians here.] Herodotus tells us, that the Greeks deriv'd the Intemperance of drinking their Wine pure from the Scythians. Ἐπὶ ζωρότερον βέλων· οἱ Σπαρτιάται πάντες, ἐπισκύθισον λέγουσιν, ὡς ὑπὸ τῶν Σκυθῶν, οἱ, φησὶν, εἰς Σπάρτῃ ἀφικόμενοι πρέσβεις, ἐδίδασξαν τὸν Κλεομένην ἀκρατοποιεῖν. When the Spartans have an Inclination to drink their Wine pure, and not diluted, they propose to drink after the manner of the Scythians, some of whom coming Embassadors to Sparta, taught Cleomenes to drink his Wine unmix'd.*

VER. 11.

Make haste — But pray, my Friends, give o'er
 This War of Tongue, or talk no more.
 Why all this Torture of the Ear?
 I hope we have no *Scythians* here. 10
 Let Discord with Barbarians stay!
 With Wisdom let us still be gay;
 Drain Moderation from the Bowl,
 And drink with Elegance of Soul.



O D E LVIII.

* O N C U P I D.

AS a rosy Wreath I bound,
 'Mongst the Roses Love I found.

Swift

VER. II. *Let Discord with Barbarians stay.*]

Natis in usum Lætitiæ Scyphis

Pugnare, Thracum est: tollite barbarum

Morem, ————— Hor. L. i. Od. 27.

Amidst our Cups for Mirth design'd,

To Fight and Quarrel suits

Rough *Thracian* Brutes;

But not the sober Temper of a Friend. *Creech.*

* The *Anthologia* attributes this Ode to one *Julian*
 an

Καὶ τῆς πτερῶν καταρχῶν

Ἐβάπλισ' ἐς τ' οἶνον·

Λαβὼν δ' ἔπινον αὐτόν.

5

Καὶ νῦν ἔσω μελῶν με

Πτεροῖσι γαργαλίζει.



Ω Δ Η ΝΘ'.

Πρὸς αὐθάδη παρθένον.

Πῶλε Ὀρηκίη, τί δή με,
Λοξὸν ὄμμασι βλέπυσσα,

Νηλεῶς φύγεις, δοκέεις ὃ

Μ' ἐδέν εἰδέναί σοφόν γε;

Ἴδι τοι, καλῶς μὲν ἄν τοι

5

Τὸν χαλινὸν ἐμβάλοισι,

Ἠνίας

an *Egyptian*; and indeed, except the Beauty of it, we have no Reason to imagine it wrote by *Anacreon*; but as it has long since obtain'd a Place in most of the Editions of our Poet, I could not refuse it that Rank in a Translation, which it deservedly holds in the Original.

* This

Swift I seiz'd his Pinions fast,
 And in Wine the Wanton cast;
 Taking then the laughing Cup,
 Swift I drank the Wanton up.

Now with ever-tickling Wings,
 Up and down my Breast he springs.



* O D E LIX.

TO A SCORNFUL BEAUTY.

WHY with Scorn-reverting Eye,
 Pretty *Thracian Filley*, Why

Me as skill-less and unwise,

Fly you, Cruel! and despise?

Scorner! could I once attain

O'er thy Neck to throw the Rein;

Swift

* This Ode was preserv'd us by *Heracledes Ponticus*. Madam *D'Acier* thinks it writ on a young favourite Mare of *Polycrates*; but as Mr. *Longepierre* remarks, the *λοξὸν βλέπεσα*, and the Scorn which the Poet complains of, seem not at all to favour that Sentiment.

VER. 9 & 10.

Ἡνίας δ' ἔχων τρέφοιμι
 Ἀμφὶ τέρματα δρόμοιο.
 Νῦν ὃ λειμῶνάς τε βόσκειαι,
 Κῆφά τε σκιρτῶσα παΐζει· 10
 Δεξιὸν γὰρ ἵπποπείρω
 Οὐκ ἔχεις ἐπεμβατὸύειν.

Ω Δ Η Ξ.

Ἐπιθαλάμιον ὕμνον.

Θεάων ἀνασσα, Κύπρι,
 Ἴμερε, κράτῳ χθονίων,
 Γάμε, βιότοιο φύλαξ,
 Ὑμέας λόγοις λιγαίνω,
 Ὑμέας

VER. 9 & 10. O'er the Daisy-painted Mead,
 Lightly bounding, now you feed.]

*Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
 Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,
 Nuptiarum expers, & adhuc protervo
 Cruda marito.* Hor. L. 3. Od. 11.

She, like a Colt, frisks o'er the Plain,
 A Rider hates, nor takes the Rein;
 Unable yet to bear the Force
 And Strength of the obliging Horse.

Creach.
 * We

Swift with raptur'd Speed would I

Urge thee round the Goal of Joy.

O'er the Daisy-painted Mead,

Lightly bounding, now you feed ;

'Time some happy Lord ascend,

Skill'd thy stubborn Pride to bend.



* O D E LX.

An EPITHALAMIUM on the Marriage of
STRATOCLES and MYRILLA.

HEAV'N-enchancing Child of Jove!

Golden Venus, Queen of Love!

Cupid, God of blissful Strife!

Hymen, Guard and Pride of Life!

You

* We are oblig'd for this *Epithalamium* to *Theodorus Prodromus*, the Romancer, who wrote the *Amours of Doficles* and *Rhodanthe*. *Henry Stephens* receiv'd it in his Edition ; but because it contains almost as many kinds of Verse as *Lines*, *Barnes* thinks it spurious. It must be own'd, it rather seems an Imitation of *Anacreon*, than compos'd by him.

VER. 4. Hymen, Guard and Pride of Life.] *Dionysius Halicarnassensis* calls Marriage, Σωτήριον τῆς γένεως.

VER. 9

Ἡνίας δ' ἔχων ἑρέφοιμι
 Ἀμφὶ τέρματα δρόμοιο.
 Νῦν δ' λειμῶνάς τε βόσκειαι,
 Κῆφά τε σκιρτῶσα παίζεις 10
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VER. 9

208 ἈΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ.

Ἵμέας τῆχοις κυδαίνω, 5

Ἰμερον, Γάμον, Παφίλῳ.

Δέρκεο ἥ νεῶν, δέρκεο, κῆρε

Ἐγρεο, μή σε φύγη Πέρδικ' ἄγεα.

Στρατόκλει, φίλ' Κυθήρης,

Στρατόκλει, ἄνερ Μυρίλλης, 10

Ἴδε ἥ φίλῳ γυναικᾷ

Κομάει, τέθηλε, λάμπει.

Ῥόδον ἀνθέων ἀνάσσει

Ῥόδον ἐν κόραις Μύριλλα.

Ἡέλι' τὰ σέθεν δέμνια φαίνοι 15

Κυπάριτ' ἥ πεφύκοι σεῦ ἐνὶ κήπῳ.

Ο Δ Η

VER. 9 & 10. Ere the tim'rous Wanton fly

Wing'd with Shame from Thee and Joy.]

The Greek is μή σε φύγη πέρδικ' ἄγεα. Left the Partridge should escape you; which Expression alludes to the Coyness of a young Bride, Partridges being, as Artemidorus calls them, δυσισθάσάτοι καὶ ποικίλοι.



VER. 20.

You I sing — propitious prove,

Cupid, Hymen, Queen of Love!

Turn, O Youth, thy ravish'd Sight!

Rise, and seize the soft Delight,

Ere the tim'rous Wanton fly,

Wing'd with Shame, from Thee and Joy.

Happy Youth, by *Venus* blest!

Happier on *Myrilla's* Breast!

See with transport-kindled Charms,

Beauty blooming in thy Arms!

As the Rose in Vernal Bow'rs,

Reigns th' unrivall'd Queen of Flow'rs;

Peerless thy *Myrilla* shows,

'Mongst fair Maids, the fairer Rose.

Phœbus beams a genial Smile,

May the Harvest crown thy Toil.

ODE

VER. 20. *May the Harvest crown thy Toil!*] The Original is *Κυπαρίσσι περὺνοι σὺ ἐνὶ κήπῳ*. *May a Cypress grow in thy Garden!* that is, may a Child as beautiful and as long-liv'd as a Cypress, be the Product of thy Happiness. It was, as *Madam D'Acier* observes, a Proverbial way of Speaking.

Ω Δ Η ΞΑ'.

Εἰς χρυσόν.

Ὁ Δραπέτης ὁ Χρυσός
 Ὃταν φύγη με κραπνοῖς,

Διλυέμοις τε, ταρσοῖς,

Ἄει δ', αἰεὶ με φύγει

Οὐ μιν δίομι· τίς γδ

Μισεῖν θέλει τι θηρῶν;

Ἐγὼ δ' ἄφαρ λιαθεῖς.

Τῷ δραπέταο Χρυσῷ,

Ἐμῶν φρενῶν μηδ' αὔραις

Φέρειν ἔδωκα λύπας·

Λύρῳ δ' ἐλὼν αἰείδω

Ἑρωτικάς ἀοιδάς.

Πάλιν δ' ὅταν με θυμὸς

ὑπερφρονεῖν διδάξῃ,

Προσεῖφ' ὁ δραπέτης με,

Φέρον

* The Vatican Manuscript acknowledges this Ode for Anacreon's.

* O D E LXL *

O N G O L D.

WHEN Gold, whose Speed outstrips the Wind,
Leaves me and soft-wing'd Peace behind;

His Flight I view with careless Eyes,
The faithless Vagrant I despise:

For who'd pursue with painful Chase,
T'o'ertake a treach'rous Foe's Embrace?

When Gold's a Stranger, Joy's my Guest,
New Transports kindle in my Breast;
My Cares I to the Winds resign,
And all *Elysium* then is mine.

To Love I tune the melting Lyre,
Soft-warbling Notes of soft Desire.

But envying soon my wise Disdain,
The Fugitive returns again;

With his Enchantments to decoy
My careless Heart, quite drunk with Joy,

To

Φέρον Μέθλω ἄφρονϊν,

Ἐλὼν μιν ὡς μεθήμων

Λύρης γένοιμι δηρόν.

Ἄπις, ἄπις Χρυσέ,

Ἐς τ' ἂν δόλοισ με δέλγης;

Πλέον τὰ νεῦρα χρυσῷ,

Πόθης πλέον τ' αἰεῖδεν.

Σὺ γδ δόλῳ φθόνῳ τε

Ἔρωτ' ἔθης ἀφανῖον,

Λύρῳ τε χρυσόπαζον

Φιλημάτων ὃ κεδνῶν,

Πόθων, κύπελλα κίρνης

Ὅταν δέλγης ὃ, φάγεις

Ξένοισι δ' ἄγχι Μυσῶν

Δολίοις, ἄπις, ἀρέσκες

Ἐμοὶ ὃ πρὶ λυρῶδῳ

Μέσας ποιεῖς ἀποίκους.

Λύρης δ' ἐμῆς αἰοιδῶ

Οὐκ ἂν λίποιμι τυτθόν.

Ἀχαν-

VER. 28. *To faithless Phrygians straight you fly.* The Greek is, Ξένοισι δ' ἄγχι Μυσῶν, *To the Strangers who border on the Mysians*: By whom Commentators understand the *Phrygians*. The Poet calls them *faithless*, from their King *Laomedon's* deceiving *Apollo* and *Neptune*

To entertain his glitt'ring Pride,

And lay the warbling Lyre aside.

O Gold, replete with ev'ry Wile!

When wilt thou cease thy flatt'ring Guile?

20

Less Transport gives the Wealth of Kings,

Less Transport than these warbling Strings.

Curst Traitor! 'twas thy envious Art

Which robb'd the Triumph of my Heart:

'Twas you unstrung my golden Lyre,

25

You dash the Cup of soft Desire.

And, Traitor! when we wish thee nigh,

To faithless *Phrygians* straight you fly.

Well-pleas'd with Perjury to reign,

The Fav'rite of a perjur'd Train.

30

Me from the Muse thou would'st divide,

But all in vain thy glitt'ring Pride!

Thy Arts can never make me prove

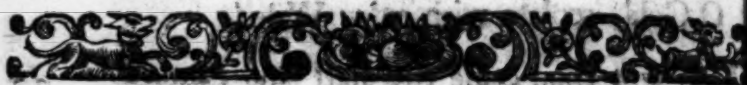
A Fugitive to Her and Love.

Fly,

Neptune of the Reward he had promis'd them for building the Walls of *Troy*; and from his defrauding *Hercules* of his Recompence, who had deliver'd his Daughter *Hesione* from being devour'd by a Sea-Monster.

• This

Ἀχανδέας δ' ὀρίνοις,
 Αἴγλῳ τέ λαμπυρίζοις.



Ω Δ Η ΕΒ.

Εἰς τὸ Ἑαρ.

ΤΙ' κάλλιόν ἔστι βαδίζειν,
 Ὅπως λειμῶνες κομῶσιν,
 Ὅπως λεπτῶν ἡδυτάτῳ
 Ἀναπνεῖ Ζέφυρος αὐρῶν;
 Κλῆμα τὸ Βάκχειον ἰδεῖν,
 Χ' ὑπὸ τὰ πέταλα δυνῶν,

Ἀπα-

* This little Ode has also the Authority of the *Vatican Manuscript* to claim *Anacreon* for its Author.

VER. 3. *Where awak'd by Zephyr's Sighs.*] *Zephyrus* or the West Wind, according to *Hesiod*, was the Son of *Astræus* and *Aurora*.

Ἀσπερίῳ δ' ἥως Ἀνέμους τέκε καρτεροθύμους,
 Ἀργέσῳ, Ζέφυρον, Βορέῳ τ' αἰΐνεσκέλευθον,
 Καὶ Νότον, ἐν φιλότῳτι θεῷ δεὰ δινηθεῖσα.

Virgil

Fly, shining Mischief! fly elsewhere! 35
Thou canst not dazle Virtue here.



* O D I E LXII.

O N T H E S P R I N G.

O H how charming 'tis to tread
O'er some Flower-enamell'd Mead!

Where, awak'd by Zephyr's Sighs,
Blossoms on od'rous Blossoms arise.

Charming then is *Bacchus'* Shade! 5
When beneath its Verdures laid,

With

Virgil makes them sacrifice a white Beast to the Wind
Zephyrus,

Pecudem Zephyris felicibus albam.

VER. 4. *Blossoms on od'rous Blossoms arise.*]

Zephyrus vernas evocat herbas. Sen. Hippolyt.

VER. 5. *Charming then is Bacchus' Shade.*] Madam
D'Acier remarks, that the Vine-Trees in Greece were ve-
ry high, and form'd so commodious a Shade, as to
make the Walks beneath them esteem'd the most agreea-
ble of any.

* We

Ἀπαλλὺ παῖδα κατέχεν,
Κύπεριν ὅλῳ πνέσαν;



Ω Δ Η ΕΓ΄.

Ω ἴναξ, πανδαμάτωρ Ἑρως,
Ωἱ Νύμφαι κυανώπιδες,
Πορφυρέη τ' Ἀφροδίτη,
Χρυσῶ δὴ εἰκασμένη,
Συμπαΐζουσιν ὅστις ῥέφεται
Δ' ὑψηλῶν κορυφὰς ὀρέων·
Γενῶμαί σε σὺ δ' Ὀμήρου
ἔλθ' ἡμῖν κεχαρισμένης δ'
Εὐχολῆς ἐπάκουσον.
Κλυθέλω δ' ἀγαθὸς γένε
Σύμβελλε· ἥ ἐμὸν δ' ἔειπον
Οἶδ', εὖ νῦν σε δέχεαι.

Ω Δ Η

With some Nymph, like *Venus* fair,
I can find *Elysium* there.



* O D E LXIII.

HYMN TO CUPID.

CHARMING Love! thy pow'rful Sway
Gods and Men with Pride obey.

Nymphs more fair than new-fall'n Snow,

Nymphs whose Cheeks like Roses glow,

Nymphs with Eyes celestial blue,

5

Ev'ry Nymph is fond of you.

Venus clasps thee in her Arms,

Venus doats upon thy Charms.

But with Mountain-Nymphs to play,

Why on Mountains this Delay?

10

With thy Presence blest the Plain,

Nor our humble Vows disdain.

Be *Cleobulus* thy Care,

Teach him not to give Despair!

O D E

* We are indebted for the Preservation of this Fragment to *Dion Chrysostom*.

L

This



Ω Δ Η ΞΔ'.

Εἰς Ἑξῆτα.

ΦΕ' ῥ' αἶρέ με πορφυρέη

Ἐνιβάλλων, χρυσοκόμης

Ἑξως, ὅν νεφέλῃ,

Ποικίλῃσι λαμβάνων πτέρυγεσι.

Συμπαίζεν προκαλεῖτο.

Ἦδ', ὅστιν γδ' ἀπ' ἐκλήτε

Λέσβα

* This Fragment, which is cited by *Athenæus*, *Barne* conjectures to have been writ on the Poetess *Sappho*; and to confirm his Opinion, produces the Testimonies of *Chamæleon* and *Hermesianax*, the *Colophonian*, the last of which in his third *Elegy* says,

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* O D E LXIV.

O N C U P I D.

LITTLE God, with golden Hair,
Son of *Venus*, ever-fair !

Thy various-colour'd Wings unfold,
Bedropt with Pearl, and plum'd with Gold,
And gently waft me on my Way,
Wrapt in Clouds with Purple gay.

5

'Twas you first robb'd my Heart of Joy,
Have Pity then, celestial Boy !
And as we wanton thro' the Air,
Teach me how to fly Despair !

10

The

Καὶ γὰρ ὁ μελιχερὲς ἐσ' ὁμίλῃσ' Ἀνακρείων
Στελλομένην πολλὰς ἄμμιγα Λεσβιάσιν.
Φοῖτα δ' ἄλλοτε μὲν περιπὼν Σάμον, ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτῷ
Οἴνηρῳ δόρσιν κεκλιμένην πατεῖδα,
Λέσβον ἐς εὖοινον. —————

VER. 6. *Wrapt in Clouds with Purple gay.*] Ho-
mer makes *Minerva* wrap herself in a purple Cloud.

L 2

VER. II.

Λέσβου, ἣ μὲν ἐμὴν κόμην,

Λόκῃ γὰρ καταμέμφετο.

Πρὸς δ' ἄλλον τινὰ χάσκει.

VER. 11. *The Pride of Lesbos gave the Wound*
The following Lines are suppos'd to be Part of the Answer which Sappho return'd to our Poet's Gallantry.

Κἄνον, ὃ χρυσόθερον Μῦσ' ἐνίππης
Ἕμνον, ἐκ δ' καλλιγυναικὸς ἐσθλῆς
Τῇ δ' ἄλγεος ὃν αἶδε τερπνῶς
Πρέσβυς ἀγανός.



The Pride of *Lesbos* gave the Wound,
Lesbos, for Female Charms renown'd.
 But why should She, inhuman Maid!
 Deride the Snow upon my Head?
 The very Lilies on her Cheeks,
 Flush for Anger as she speaks.

15

The Song the *Teian* sung to me,
 Enchanting Muse! was thine alone;
 Each heav'nly Verse he stole from thee,
 Soft-warbled from thy golden Throne.



L 3

THE

ἌΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ
ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ Α'.

Εἰς Τιμόκλειτον.

ΚΑΡΤΕΡΟ'Σ ἐν πολέμοις Τιμόκλειτε,
ἔτόδε σᾶμα·

Ἄρης ἐκ ἀγαθῶν φείδετο, ἀλλὰ κακῶν.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ Α'.

Εἰς Ἀγάθωνα.

Ἀδελφῶν περὶ θανόντα τ' αἰνοεῖν Ἀγάθωνα
Πᾶσ' ὅτι πυρκαϊῆς ἦδ' ἐβόησε πόλις·

Οὐ-

* Agreeable to the Turn of this Epigram is an Expression of *Sophocles, Philoct.* Ver. 436. Πόλεμος δὲν ἄνδρ' ἐκὼν αἶρει πονηρὸν, ἀλλὰ χρηστὸς αἶει.
War



THE
EPIGRAMS of *Anacreon*.

EPIGR. I.
ON TIMOCRITUS.

THIS Tomb the brave *Timocritus* contains;
Mars' Envy only spares
The * trembling Coward whom his Sword disdains,
Not him who nobly dares.

EPIGR. II.
ON AGATHON.

AROUND the Pyre of youthful *Agathon*,
All † *Abdera* breath'd one universal Groan;
For

War destroys not Cowards willingly, but the valiant.
† *All Abdera breath'd one universal Groan.*] *Abdera*
was a City of *Thrace*, and founded, as *Herodotus* tells
us,
L 4

Οὐτινα γδ τοιόνδε νέων ὁ φιλαίματ' Ἀρης.
Ἦνάρισσε φυγεῖν ἐν τροφάλιγι μάχης.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. Γ'.

Εἰς Κλενωρίδην.

Καὶ σέ, Κλενωρίδη, πόθ' ὤλεσε πατρί-
δ' αἴης,

Θαρσήσαντα Νότῃ λαίλαπι χειμερίῃ.

Ἄλρη γδ σ' ἐπέδησεν ἀνέγκυρ'. ὕγρ' ὅτ' ἰσώσω
Κύματ' ἐφ' ἱμερτίῳ ἔκλυσεν ἡλικίῳ.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ.

us, by *Timesius* of *Clazomenae*. The *Teians*, after their Expulsion from *Ionia* by *Harpagus* the General of *Cyrus*, settled themselves there, and honour'd *Timesius* as a Heroe.

* This *Cleönorides*, as *Barnes* observes, seems to have been cast away in attempting a Voyage from *Abdera* to his Native Country *Teos*, in the Winter.



For never *Mars* amidst the Rage of War,
In Blood more noble dy'd his thirsty Spear.

EPIGR. III.

ON THE SON OF CLEANOR.

THEE, * *Cleenorides* ! thy Country's Love
To rash Contempt of angry *Notus* drove :
† That treach'rous Season none should e'er confide,
O'erwhelm'd thy Youth in the unpitying Tide.

EPIGR.

† *That treach'rous Season none should e'er confide.*] Ma-
dam D'Acier remarks a peculiar Beauty in the Epithet
ἀνέστη : ☉. in the Original of this Line ; Stephens has
very well translated it, *Nulla sponsore cavenda*. Ovid
has expatiated upon the Thought,

Orta dies fuerat : tu desine credere ventis ;

Perdidit illius temporis aura fidem.. Fastor. L. 2.



Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. Δ'.

Εἰς τρεῖς Βάκχας.

Ἡ δὲ θύρσον ἔχου', Ἐλικωνιάς· ἢ δὲ παρ' αὐτὴν,
 Ξανθίππῃ· Γλαύκῃ δ', ἢ σχεδὸν ἐρχομένη.
 Ἐξ ὄρε^Θ χωρεῦσι, Διωνύσῳ δὲ φέρουσι
 Κιστὸν, καὶ σταφυλῶν, πύονα καὶ χίμαρον.]

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. Ε'.

Εἰς τὴν Μύρωνα^Θ βῆν.

Βεκόλε, τὰν ἀγέλαν πόρρω νέμε· μὴ τὸ
 Μύρωνα^Θ.

Βαῖδιον, ὡς ἐμπνεν, βροτὶ συνεξελάσης.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ.

† This Epigram is a Poetical Explanation of a Picture representing three *Bacchæ*.

† *A Kid with Grapes and Ivy they convey.*] *Plutarch*, describing one of the Festivals of *Bacchus*, has a Passage which may serve to illustrate this of our Poet. Ἀμφοῖς οἶνε καὶ κληματὶς, εἴτα τρέγον τις ἔλκεν· ἄλλ^Θ ισ-
 χάδων ἄρριχον ἠκολέθει κομίζων. "They carry'd Fla-
 gons of Wine, with Fasces adorn'd with Fruits; one
 led a He-Goat, and another follow'd with a Basket
 " of

EPIGR. IV.

† On a Picture representing three Bacchæ.

THAT's *Heliconias* who the *Thyrsis* bears ;

Next her *Xanthippe*, *Glauca* next appears.

See, o'er the Mountains, dancing all the way,

To *Bacchus*, ever young and ever gay,

† A Kid with Grapes and Ivy they convey.

EPIGR. V.

* ON MYRON'S COW.

SWAIN with thy milky Care, these Meads forsake ;

A distant Pasture prove :

Left *Myron's* for a living Cow you take,

And with the Herd remove.

EPIGR.

" of dry'd Figs." Madam *D'Acier* observes, that the Grapes and Ivy mention'd by *Anacreon*, are express'd by *Plutarch* in the Word *κληματις*, which was a Bundle of small Branches, wreath'd with Ivy, and garnish'd with all sorts of Fruits. They sometimes carry'd a Horn instead of it, fill'd with all sorts of Fruit, to represent the Horn of Plenty. Both of them were consecrated to *Bacchus*.

* *Myron* was a Native of *Eleutheris*, and Disciple to *Agelades*.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. ζ'.

Εἰς τὸ αὐτό.

Βοίδιον, ἔχράνοισ τετυπωμένον, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ
 γήρεως

Χαλκωθέν, σφετέρῃ φέδσατο χερὶ Μύρων.

ΕΠΙΓΡ.

Agelades. He flourish'd, according to *Pliny*, in the 87th Olympiad; therefore if we allow *Pliny's* Calculation, this Epigram and the subsequent one must belong to some other Author than *Anacreon*, tho' they are both of them attributed to him by the *Anthologia*. *Myron* was the most celebrated Artist of his Time. *Petronius* speaking of him says, *Penè hominum animas ferarumque ære comprehenderat*. "He had almost found the
 " Art to enclose the Souls of Men and Beasts in Brass.

* Amongst the many beautiful Epigrams which have been compos'd upon this Cow of *Myron's*, the following from *Ausonius* deserves particular Commendation.

Bucula sum cælo genitoris facta Myronis

Ærea; nec factam me puto, sed genitam.

Sic me Taurus init; sic proxima bucula mugit,

Sic vitula sitiens ubera nostra petit.

Miraris

EPIGR. VI.

* ON THE SAME.

THIS beauteous Cow which wond'ring you behold,
Was harden'd into Brags by Age ;
Not form'd by *Myron's* animating Mold,
Who falsely would our Praise engage.

EPIGR.

*Miraris quod fallo gregem ? gregis ipse Magister
Inter pascentes me numerare solet.*

Tho' *Myron* boast my fair Creation's Fame,
From genial Nature, not from Art I came.
The am'rous Bull's Ascent this Truth avows ;
Approaching me the conscious Heifer lows ;
The eager Calf my strutting Dug believes.
Nor wonder thus my Form the Herd deceives !
The Master's Self can no Distinction find,
But numbers me amongst the milky Kind.

Propertius tells us that there were four of these Cows
made by *Myron*.

*Atque aram circum steterant armenta Myronis,
Quatuor artificis virvida signa boves.*

* *Horace*

230 ἈΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. Ζ'.

Εἰς συμπότας.

Οὐ φίλῳ, ὅς κρητῆρα ᾧδ' ὡλέω οἰνοπο-
τάζων,

Νείκεα καὶ πόλεμον δακρυόεντα λέγει·
'Αλλ' ὅστις Μυσέων τε, καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρ' Ἀ-
φροδίτης

Συμμίσγων, ἐρατῆς μνήσκετ' ὀφροσώης.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ.

* *Horace* introduces *Chiron* expressing the same Sen-
timent.

*Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
Deformis agrimoniae
Dulcibus alloquiis.*

Ep. 13.

Therefore, great Son, my Precepts hear;

Let Mirth, and Wine, and Sport,

And merry Talk divert thy Care,

And make Life pleasant, since 'tis short. *Creech.*



Those

EPIGR. VII.

WHAT COMPANY HE WOULD
CHUSE.

HE's not my Taste, who o'er the sprightly Bowl,
 With Tales of War untunes the mirthful Soul;
 * But he who courts the Ear, and charms the Mind,
 With golden *Venus* to the Muses join'd.

EPIGR.

Those Epigrams which follow were collected by
 Barnes, and first added to his Edition of our Poet;
 the first Five upon the Authority of a Manuscript *An-*
thologia at *Paris*, and the rest upon the Credit of a
Heidelberg Manuscript. Some of them are probably
Anacreon's, and some not.



* *Pausanias*

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. Η'.

Ἀνάθημα τῷ Διὶ, ὡς δὲ Φειδόλα,

Ἀνακρέοντι.

Οὗτος Φειδόλα ἵππος, ἀπ' ἄρχειο Κο-
ρίνθου,

ἄλγεινόν Κρονίδῃ μῆμα ποδῶν ἀρετῆς.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. Θ'.

Τῷ Ἀπόλλωνι, ὡς δὲ Ναυκράτης,

Τῷ αὐτῷ.

Πρόφρων, ἀργυρότοξε, δίδου χάριν Αἰχύλῃ
υἱῷ,

Ναυκράτει, δὲ χολὰς τάσδ' ὑποδεξάμεν.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ.

* *Pausanias, Eliac. L. 2. c. 13.* mentions this Mare of *Phidola's*, and tells us, that she won the Race herself, after her Driver was thrown. He fixes this Victory to have happen'd in the 68th Olympiad, according to which Account this Distich might very well be wrote by our Author.

ANACREON. 233

EPIGR. VIII.

A Dedication to JUPITER, in the Name of Phidola.

BY ANACREON.

PHIDOLA, Corinth's Pride, to Jove decreed,
This * Mare, the Trophy of victorious Speed.

EPIGR. IX.

To APOLLO, in the Name of NAUCRATES.

BY THE SAME.

† GOD of the Silver Bow, Naucrates hear,
Accept his Off'rings, and confirm his Pray'r!

EPIGR.

† The Epithet Ἀργυροτόξῃ, as Barnes observes, was so known an Appellation for Apollo, that it was sufficient, without a proper Name, to distinguish the Deity address'd to. It was given him from the Splendor of the Rays of the Sun, of which he was the God.

† Anaxagoras

234 ἈΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. Ι'.

Τῷ αὐτῷ.

Πρῆξαγόρης τάδε δῶρα θεοῖς ἀνέθηκε, Λυκαίῳ
Ῥίος· ἐποίησεν δ' ἔργον Ἀναξαγόρης.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. ΙΑ'.

Τῷ αὐτῷ.

Ῥυσαμένη Πύθωνα δυσηχέει ἐκ πολέμοιο
Ἀσπίς, Ἀθηναίης ἐν τεμνύει κρέμαϊ.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. ΙΒ'.

Ἀνάθημα πῶδ' Ἀεωκράτους.

Στοίβη παῖ, τόδ' ἄγαλμα, Δεώκερτες,
εὖτ' ἀνέθηκας

Ἑρμῇ, καλλικόμῳς ἐκ ἔλαθες Χάριτας,
οὐδ'

† *Anaxagoras* was a celebrated Statuary, and a Native of *Ægina*; he flourish'd both before and after the Expedition of *Xerxes*.

‡ When the Ancients escap'd any imminent Danger, it was usual for them to consecrate some Memorial of it in the Temples of the Gods. Thus *Horace*.

----- *Me tabula sacer*

Votiva paries indicat voida

Suspendisse

EPIGR. X.

BY THE SAME.

THESE Off'rings to the Gods *Praxagoras* brought;
The curious Work fam'd † *Anaxagoras* wrought.

EPIGR. XI.

BY THE SAME.

THIS † Shield, the happy Guard of *Python's* Fate,
Here, in *Minerva's* Grove I consecrate.

EPIGR. XII.

ON A DEDICATION BY LEOCRATES.

WHEN *Hermes'* Statue on this happy Base
You fix'd, *Leocrates*, each fair-hair'd Grace,

The

Suspendisse potenti

Vestimenta maris Deo.

L. 1. Ode 5.

----- My Danger's o'er,
My Table shews, the Cloaths I vow'd
When 'midst the Storm, to please the God,
I have hung up, and now am safe on Shore.

Creech.

* By

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Οὐδ' Ἀκαδημίῳ πολυγηθέα τ' ἐν ἀγορῶν
Σὺν δ' ἐργασίῳ τῆς περσιόνης λέγω.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. ΙΓ'.

Εἰς παῖδα Ἀριστοκλέους.

Ἀλκίμων σ', ὃ ῥιστοκλείδῃ, πρῶτον οἰκτεῖται
φίλων.

Ὡλεσας δ' ἤβην, ἀμύνων πατρίδ' ὅρα
λήϊον.

ΕΠΙΓΡ. ΙΔ'.

Τῷ Ἀνακρέοντι.

Πηξιδίκη μὲν ἔρεξεν, ἐβάλδυσεν δ' Δύσηρις
Εἴμα τόδε ξυνή δ' ἀμφοτέρων φιλίη.

ΕΠΙΓΡ.

* By the Academy mention'd in this Epigram, it's probable the Poet means the Academy at *Athens*, he having resided for some time in that City, in the Court of *Hipparchus*.

† As nothing is more glorious than for a Man to die in the Defence of his Country; so nothing is more commendable in the ancient Poets, than the Care they took in transmitting the Names of their Heroes to the Admiration of Posterity. We have some Fragments of *Tyrtæus* wrote intirely as Incentives to Military Honour.

Οὐδέ-

The joyous * Academy hail'd thy Name ;
And this right Hand still speaks thy copious Fame.

E P I G R. XIII.

† ON THE SON OF ARISTOCLES.

FOR Thee, incessant Grief my Bosom rends,
Brave Youth, who for thy Country's Freedom dy'd!
The first of Heroes, and the best of Friends,
Cut off in Youth's, in War's, in Friendship's Pride!

E P I G R. XIV.

BY ANACREON.

PRAXIDICE wrought, *Dyseris'* Art design'd
This Robe. The ‡ Fair-ones boast one Sister-Mind.

E P I G R.

Οὐδέποτε κλέϑ' ἐβλῶν ἀπόλλυται, ἐδ' ὄνομ' αὐτῷ,
'Αλλ', ὑπὸ γῆς πῆρ' ἐὼν, γίγνεται ἀθάνατ'·
"Οἷ' ἰν' ἀριστύνῃς, μύρονά τε, μαρνάμυρόν τε
Γῆς πῆρ' αὖ καίδων θύρ'· Ἄρης ὁλέσῃ.

The Man who bravely for his Country dies,
Tho' deep in Earth his mortal Body lies ;
Yet still exulting on the Wings of Fame,
For ever triumphs his immortal Name.

‡ The Friendship of two Ladies is thus finely ex-
press'd by our own inimitable *Shakespeare*. We,

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Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. ΙΕ΄.

Τῷ αὐτῷ.

Περὶν μὲν Καλλιτέλης μ' ἰδρύσατο τόνδ'
δ' οὐκ αἶνε

Ἐκγονοὶ ἐτήσανθ' οἷς χάριν αἰνιδίδε.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. Ις΄.

Τῷ αὐτῷ.

Παιδὶ φιλοσεφάνε Σεμέλης ἀνέθηκε Μέλανθος,

Μνήμα χορῷ νίκης, ὑὸς Ἀρηιφίλου.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ.

We, *Hermia*, like two artificial Gods,
Created with our Needles both one Flower,
Both on one Sampler, sitting on one Cushion;
Both warbling of one Song, both in one Key;
As if our Hands, our Sides, Voices, and Minds
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double Cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an Union in Partition.

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

This

EPIGR. XV.

BY THE SAME.

THE good *Calliteles* first plac'd me here;
His gen'rous Kindness drew
His duteous Sons t'adopt me to their Care;
To them your Thanks are due.

EPIGR. XVI.

BY THE SAME.

MELANTHUS, *Areiphilus*' gen'rous Son,
This grateful Trophy consecrates to thee,
For deathless Honour by thy Favour won,
O Garland-loving † Son of *Semele*!

EPIGR.

† This *Bacchus*, the Son of *Semele*, was a *Theban*, and Grandson to *Cadmus*. The *Greeks*, who borrow'd their Worship from the *Ægyptians*, gave him the Name of *Bacchus*, or *Great*, from the *Ægyptian Bacchus*, who was so call'd by the *Indians* from his Conquest of their Country. Nor were they satisfy'd with taking his Name only, most of his Actions were also attributed by them to This.

* The

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. ΙΖ'.

Τῷ αὐτῷ.

Σὺν τε χάριν, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἀγλαὸν ἄρτι
κόσμον,

Θεσσαλίας μ' ἀνέθηκ' ἀρχὸς Ἐχεκρατίδης.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. ΙΗ'.

Τῷ αὐτῷ.

Εὐχεο, Τιμώναχ' ἱερῶν κήρυκα γενέσθαι
Ἥπιον ὃς μ' ἐρατοῖς ἀγλαΐῃσι περὶθύροισι,
Ἑρμῇ τε κρείον' ἱκαθέσασατο· τὸ δ' ἐθέλοντα
Ἀσῶν καὶ ξείνων γυμνασίῳ δέχομαι.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ. ΙΘ'.

Τῷ αὐτῷ.

Βωμὸς τέσδε θεοῖς Σοφοκλῆς ἰδρύσας ἰοπρώτος,
Ὅς πλείστον Μέσης οἶδε κλέει Τραγικῆς.

Ε Π Ι Γ Ρ.

* The Ancients esteem'd *Mercury* the general Protector of Learning, and therefore usually plac'd his Statue in their Libraries, and in the Porticoes before their publick Schools and Academies.

† Tho'

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EPIGR. XVII.

BY THE SAME.

TO thee, O *Bacchus*! *Echecratides*,
Thessalia's King, vow'd me the City's Grace.

EPIGR. XVIII.

BY THE SAME.

TO *Maia*'s * Son address your grateful Pray'r,
That *Timonætes* be his fav'rite Care!
Who fix'd this Honour to the Herald-God,
And made this Portico my lov'd Abode.

Ye happy Few! who Science' Charms revere,
Aliens, or Citizens, may enter here.

EPIGR. XIX.

† BY THE SAME.

THE Tragick Muse, renowned *Sophocles*,
Did to th' immortal Gods these Altars raise.

EPIGR.

† Tho' *Barnes* receives this Epigram as *Anacreon*'s,
yet it must be acknowledg'd that his Arguments in De-
fence of it are but of dubious Credit. He fixes the
Death of *Anacreon* to have happen'd in the 4th Year of
M the

Ἀνακρέοντι.

Τληϊή ἡμερέεντα βίον πόρε, Μαυιάδ' ὦν ἔχον
 Ἀντ' ἐρωτῶν δώρων τῶνδε χάριν δέμῳ
 Δὸς δέ μιν δ' ὕθ' ἰκίων Εὐωνυμέων ἐνὶ δήμῳ
 Νάειν, αἰῶν' ὦν μοῖραν ἔχοντ' ἀγαθῆς.

the 76th Olympiad, which, if we believe the *Arundelian* Marble, and the Consent of the best Chronologists, was four Years before *Sophocles* exhibited his first Piece upon the Stage. *Barnes* would solve the Difficulty indeed, by supposing that *Sophocles* had communicated his Compositions to his Friends, and so given them Proof of such Abilities, as to deserve this Compliment. But even then, as an ingenious Gentleman remark'd to me

Τ Ε Λ Ο Σ.



ANACREON. 243

EPIGR. XX.

BY ANACREON.

O *MAIA*'s heav'nly Son! thy *Tlæas* guard,
With Halcyon Days his pious Gifts reward;
And grant him long a happy Life to grace,
Amidst the just † *Euonymean* Race.

the utmost that could have been said of him, was, that he seem'd the Promise and Hope of the Tragick Scene, not that he had acquir'd much Glory from it, before any of his Compositions had appear'd in Publick.

† By the *Euonymians* mention'd here, are meant the *Athenians*. Οἱ Εὐωνυμεῖς, Ἀθηναιῶν δῆμος, φυλῆς Ἐρεχθίδος. Stephan. Περὶ πόλεων. "The *Euonymians* are the *Athenians*, of the Tribe of *Erechtheus*."

FINIS.



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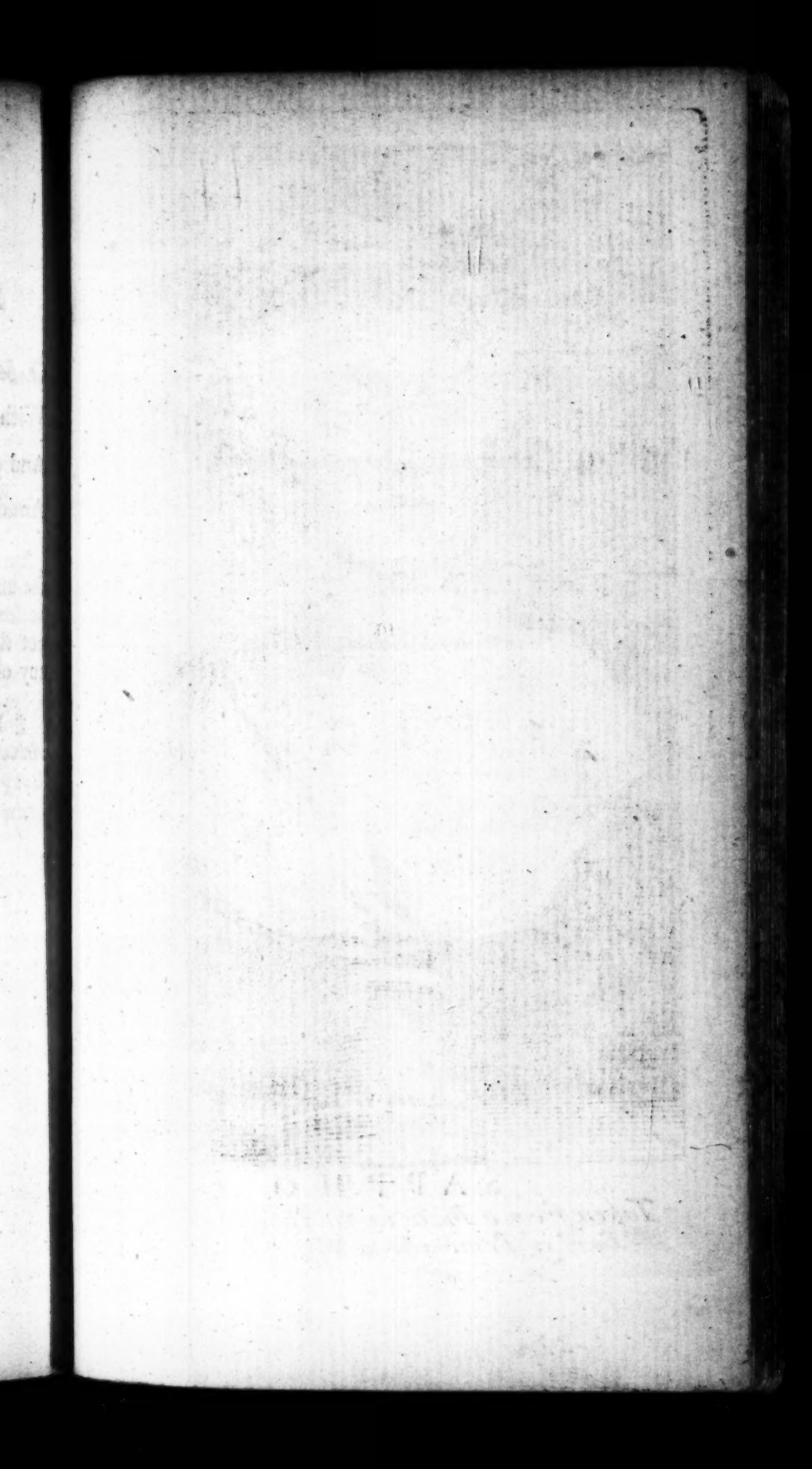
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S A P P H O. *q. l. gucht Sculp.*

*Taken from a Busto in the Possession of the
Earl of Pembroke at Wilton House.*



ΣΑΠΦΟΥΣ ΤΗΣ ΛΕΣΒΙΑΣ
Μ Ε Λ Η.

THE ODES OF
SAPPHO OF LESBOS.



M 4

From the ... of ...



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S A P P H O.

SAPPHO was a Native of *Mitylene*, the Capital of the *Æolian* Cities in the Island *Lesbos*. Her Mother's Name was *Cleis*, but who was her Father is uncertain, there being no less than eight Persons contending for that Honour in *Suidas*. Their Names are *Scamandronymus*, *Simon*, *Eunomius* or *Eumenes*, *Eurygius*, *Ecrytus*, *Semas*, *Camonius*, and *Etarchus*. The most receiv'd Opinion decides in favour of *Scamandronymus*.

She flourish'd, according to *Suidas*, about the 42d Olympiad, and was contemporary with *Pittacus* Tyrant of *Mitylene*, and the two famous Poets, *Stesichorus* and *Alcæus*. The last of these is said to have been her Suitor; and a Rebuke which she gave
M 5 him

him is still extant in *Aristotle*. He informs us, that *Alcaeus* one Day accosting *Sappho*, and telling her he had something to say to her, but was asham'd to utter it; *Was it any thing good*, reply'd she, and not rather some *Dishonesty* which you have conceiv'd in your *Mind*, you would not be asham'd to disclose it.

Diphilus the Comick Poet, and *Hermesianax* the *Colophonian*, assure us that *Anacreon* of *Teos* was also one of her Lovers; but this Amour has been generally esteem'd too repugnant to Chronology, to be admitted for any thing but a Poetical Fiction; and I'm afraid it must still be consider'd as such, notwithstanding Mr. *Barnes's* learned Endeavours to prove the contrary.

We have no Accounts by which we can judge of her Quality, whether she was of a noble, or vulgar Extraction; for tho' *Strabo* tells us that her Brother *Charaxus* traded in Wines from *Lesbos* to *Egypt*, yet we can conclude nothing from thence; for People of the best Rank amongst the Ancients employ'd themselves in Traffick, and frequently us'd it as a Means to travel. *Solon*, when in *Egypt*, defray'd his Expences by Commerce, and *Plato* maintain'd himself there by the Oils which he sold.

Besides *Charaxus*, whom I mention'd, she had also two elder Brothers, *Larychus* and *Eurygius*. *Larychus* she highly commended in her Verses, for his Virtue and Generosity, and particularly for his having distributed Wine amongst the *Mitylenians* in
the

the *Prytaneum*; but *Gharaxus* she as bitterly inveigh'd against, for the extravagant Love he bore a famous Courtisan call'd *Rhodope*.

This *Rhodope* is reported to have been Fellow-Slave with the celebrated *Æsop*, and to have built one of the Pyramids of *Egypt*. The following Story of her, for its Oddness, may perhaps be not unentertaining. As she was once bathing in the *Nile* (for she was a Native of *Naucratis*, a City of *Egypt*) an Eagle snatch'd one of her Slippers out of the Hands of her Waiting-Woman, and carrying it to *Memphis*, where the King sat administering Justice in a publick Place of the City, drop'd it in his Lap. The King was surpriz'd at the Novelty of the Adventure, and being smit with the Beauty of the Slipper, immediately dispatch'd Messengers over the Country, with Orders to bring him the Woman with whom they should find the Fellow of that Slipper. In short, *Rhodope* being found, was brought to the King, and made by him Queen of *Egypt*.

To return to *Sappho*, she marry'd one *Cercolas*, a Gentleman of great Wealth and Power in the Isle of *Andros*, by whom she had a Daughter nam'd *Cleis*; but he leaving her a Widow very young, she would never accept of any second Match; not enduring to confine that Passion to one Person, which, as the Ancients tell us, was too violent in her to be restrain'd even to one Sex. Her Censures of *Gharaxus*,

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raxus, we may presume, were before her own Conduct lay so open to Reproof.

A little Fragment of hers acquaints us, that two of her Female Favourites were call'd *Athis* and *Andromeda*: The Names of the others, as deliver'd to us by Antiquity, are *Telefilla*, *Megara*, *Cydno*, *Mnais*, and *Cyrene*.

But no one seems to have been the Object of her Admiration so much as the lovely *Phaon*. At first he was a kind of Ferryman, as is reported, and thence fabled to have carry'd *Venus* over the Stream, and to have receiv'd from her as a Reward, the Favour of growing the most beautiful Man in the World.

This inconstant Lover having withdrawn himself into *Sicily* to avoid her, she took a Voyage in Pursuit of him, and there, and upon that Occasion, it's imagin'd, she compos'd her Hymn to *Venus*.

But her Prayers being ineffectual, and *Phaon* still obdurate, she was so transported with the Violence of her Passion, that she was resolv'd to get rid of it at any Price.

There was a Promontory in *Acarnania*, call'd *Leucate*, on the Top of which stood a Temple dedicated to *Apollo*; in this Temple it was usual for despairing Lovers to make their Vows, and afterwards to cast themselves from the Precipice into the Sea; for it was an establish'd Opinion, that all those who were taken up alive, would immediately find

find themselves rid of their former Passion. *Sappho* try'd the Cure, but perish'd in the Experiment. Some write, that she was the Inventress of the Custom; but *Strabo* tells us, that those who understood Antiquity better, reported one *Cephalus* to have made the first desperate Leap.

The *Mitylenians* had her Worth in such high Esteem, and were so sensible of the Glory they receiv'd from her being born amongst them, that they paid her Sovereign Honours after her Death, and coin'd Money with her Head for the Impress. The best Idea we can have of her Person, is from her own Description of it in *Ovid*.

Si mihi difficilis formam Natura negavit;

Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.

Sum brevis: at nomen quod terras impleat omnes

Est mihi: mensuram nominis ipsa fero.

Candida si non sum; placuit Cephæia Perseo.

Andromede, patriæ fusca calore suæ.

Et variis albæ junguntur sæpe columbæ,

Et niger à viridi Turtur amatur ave.

Si nisi quæ facies poterit te digna videri

Nulla futura tua est: nulla futura tua est.

To me what Nature has in Charms deny'd,

Is well by Wit's more lasting Charms supply'd.

Tho'

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Tho' short my Stature, yet my Name extends
To Heav'n itself, and Earth's remotest Ends.
Brown as I am, an *Æthiopian* Dame
Inspir'd young *Perseus* with a gen'rous Flame.
Turtles and Doves, of diff'ring Hues, unite,
And glossy Jett is pair'd with shining White.
If to no Charms thou wilt thy Heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
Phaon alone by *Phaon* must be lov'd!

Sapphick Verses were her Invention; as was also, according to some Authors, the *Pectis*, an Instrument of Musick. She wrote Nine Books of *Odes*, besides *Elegies*, *Epigrams*, *Iambicks*, *Epithalamiums*, and other Pieces; of which we have nothing remaining entire but an *Hymn to Venus*, and an *Ode* preserv'd by *Longinus*; but so incomparable are these little Relicks, that they will always be sufficient to convince us how justly she deserv'd those extravagant Praises which the Ancients bestow'd on her.

Ovid is said to have imitated her very much, and particularly in that delicate Epistle which he makes her write to the ungrateful *Phaon*, the best Thoughts of which he is suppos'd to have borrow'd from her own Works, The tenth Muse dictating what the *Roman* Poet wrote:

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It's certain her Soul seem'd form'd of Love and Poetry ; she felt the Passion in all its Warmth, and describ'd it in all its Symptoms. *Horace* calls her *Mascula Sappho*, which *Porphyrius* explains of the Energy of her Poetry ; and *Plutarch* compares her to *Cacus* the Son of *Vulcan*, who breath'd out nothing but Flame.



ΣΑΠΦΟΥΣ ΤΗΣ ΛΕΣΒΙΑΣ.

Μ Ε Λ Η.

Ασμα εἰς Ἀφροδίτῳ.

ΠΟικιλόθερον' ἀθάνατ' Ἀφροδίτα,
Παῖ Διὸς δολοπλόκε, λίσσομαί σε,
Μή μ' ἄταισι μηδ' ἀνίασι δάμνα,
Πότνια, θυμόν.

Ἀλλὰ τῇδ' ἐλθ', αἴποτε κατ' ἔρωτα
Τᾶς ἐμᾶς αὐδᾶς αἰίοις, ᾶς πολλάκ'
Ἐκλυες, πατερὸς ᾧ δόμον λιποῖσα
Χρύσειον ἦλθες,

Ἄρμ'

* We owe the Preservation of this Hymn to *Dionysus* of *Halicarnassus*, who cites it as a Pattern of Perfection in the Structure of it. *Madam D'Acier* imagines it was compos'd by *Sappho* on occasion of *Phaon's* Flight into *Sicily*.

VER. 5 & 6.



THE ODES OF
SAPPHO OF LESBOS.

* AN HYMN TO VENUS.

MANY-Scepter'd Queen of Love,
Guile-enamour'd Child of *Jove*,
Ever-honour'd! cease my Smart,
Nor oppress thy Vot'ry's Heart.

But, propitious, Oh descend!

5

And my tuneful Vows attend.

From thy Father's gold-roof'd Court,

Once they charm'd thy kind Resort.

Thee

VER. 5 & 6. *But, propitious, Oh descend!*

And my tuneful Vows attend.]

Mr. *Le Fevre* remarks a Fault in the Measure of the
two first Lines of this Strophe. He reads them thus:

'Αλλ'α

Ἄρμ' ὑποζύξασα, καλοὶ δ' σ' ἄγον
 Ὠκέες τρυθοὶ, πτέρυγας μελαίνας
 Πυκνὰ δινέοντες ἀπ' ὠρὰν αἰθέ-
 ρος δια μέσσω.

Αἶψα δ' ἐξίκοντο. τὺ δ', ὦ μάκαιρα,
 Μειδιάσας ἀθανάτῳ περσώπῳ,
 Ἦρε' ὅττι δ' ὡς τὸ πέπονθα, κ' ὅττι
 Δεῦρο καλοῖμι.

Κ' ὅττι γ' ἐμῷ μάστιγι' ἐθέλω γενέσθαι
 Μαινόλα θυμῷ, τίνα δ' αὖτε πεθῶ;

Καὶ

Ἀλλὰ τῇδ' ἐλθ' αἴποτε καδ' δ' ἔρωτα
 Τᾷς ἐμᾶς αὐδᾶς αἶ', ἃς σὺ πολλάκι
 ἔκλυες.

Sed huc veni, si quando aliàs; & per amorem audi
 meam vocem, quam tu antehac exaudiebas.

VER. 12. *Lightly-quiv'ring bore thy Car.*] For
 δινέοντες, in the Original of this Line, *Æmilius Portus*
 corrects δινέουσι. The two first Syllables ought to be
 long.

VER. 13.

Thee thy wanton Sparrows drew,
 Swift on fable Wings they flew ;
 As they thro' the raptur'd Air,
 Lightly-quiv'ring bore thy Car.

They return'd. You, Goddess, smil'd,
 And with Looks divinely mild,
 Ask'd, What Grievs my Peace betray'd,
 Why I call'd you to my Aid.

Whence my Mind's soft Phrenzy grew ?
 What coy Youth I would subdue ?

Whom

VER. 13. *They return'd.*] Madam D'Acier observes, there is something very beautiful in this Circumstance, where *Venus* is describ'd as sending back her Chariot upon her Arrival at *Sappho's*, to denote that it was not a short transient Visit which she intended to make her.

VER. 18. *What coy Youth I would allure.*] Mr. Le Fevre has been very happy in his Correction of the Original in this Place, which before was unintelligible. For *πειθῶ*, he reads *πείθω*, changing the Accent; and for *σαγλιῦσαν φιλότητα*, *σαγλῖδος ἀν φιλότητα*.

• This.

Καὶ σαγύωεῦσαν φιλότητα· τίς σ', ὦ
Σαπφοῖ, ἀδικεῖ;

Καὶ γὰρ αἱ φύγει, ταχέως διώξει·
Αἱ δ' ὧρα μὴ δέχεται, ἀλλὰ δώσει·
Αἱ δ' μὴ φιλεῖ, ταχέως φιλήσει,
Κ' ὅτ' ἔκελεύης.

Ἐλθέ μοι καὶ νῦν, χαλεπαῖν δ' ἄλυσον
Ἐκ μεριμνᾶν. Ὅσα δ' μοι τελέσαι
Θυμὸς ἰμείρει, τέλεσον, σὺ δ' αὐτὰ
Σύμμαχός ἐσο.



Whom engage in artful Toils?

Who my *Sappho's* Heart beguiles?

20

Tho' thy Gifts and Thee he slight,

He shall soon with Gifts invite;

Tho' he freeze, he soon shall burn,

Thy fond Victim in his Turn.

Once again, Oh hear my Pray'r!

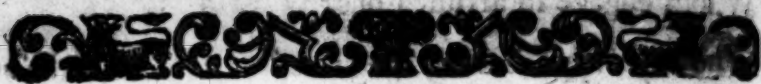
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Loose the Bands of am'rous Care.

Present bless thy Suppliant's Fires,

Grant me all my Heart desires.





Ω

Δ

Η.

Εἰς τὴν Ἑρωιδίαν.

Φαίνεται μοι κῆν' ἴσθ' θεοῖσιν
 Ἐμμέν' ἀνῆς, ὅστις ἐναντίον τοι
 Ἰξάνει, καὶ πλάσιον ἀδύ' φωνί-
 σας ὑπακύναι,

Καὶ γελώσας ἡμερόν' τό μοι τὰν
 Καρδίαν ἐν γήθεσιν ἐπτόασεν.
 Ὡς ἴδον σε, βρόγχον ἐμοὶ γὰρ αὐδᾶς
 Οὐδ' ἐν ἔθ' ἦκει.

Ἄλλα

* This Ode was preserv'd by *Longinus* in his *Treatise* on the *Sublime*, where the Reader may be agreeably entertain'd with the Remarks of that great Critick.

VER. 7 & 8. *For in speechless Raptures tost,
 Whilst I gaz'd, my Voice was lost.]*

Mr. *Le Fevre* thinks the Original of these two Lines ought to be read,

Ὡς ἴδον σ', ὡς βρόγχον ἐμοὶ γὰρ αὐδᾶς
 Οὐδ' ἐν ἔθ' ἦκει.

Simul



A N O D E.

* *On a YOUNG MAID whom she lov'd,*

HAPPY as a God is he,
That fond Youth, who plac'd by thee,
Hears and sees thee sweetly gay,
Talk and smile his Soul away.

That it was alarm'd my Breast,
And depriv'd my Heart of Rest.
For in speechless Raptures tost,
Whilst I gaz'd, my Voice was lost.

The

Simul enim te vidi, simul nihil vocis pervenit ad fauces meas.

The same Gentleman observes a beautiful Artifice in the frequent Repetition of the Particle *ſi* in the eight last Verses, as it finely expresses that *Loss of Breath* and *fainting away* which the Poetess describes.

Mr. Addison, in his *Spectator* upon this Ode, relates the following remarkable Circumstance from *Plutarch*.
“ That Author (says he) in the famous Story of *Antiochus*,
“ *Antiochus*,

Ἄλλὰ καμνὴ γλῶσ' ἔαγ', ἂν ᾧ λεπτόν
 Αὐτίκα χεῶ πῦρ ὑποδεδρόμακεν,
 Ὀμμάτεσσιν δ' ὑδὲν ὄρημι, βομβεῦ-
 σιν δ' ἀκοαί μοι.

Καδ' δ' ἰδὼς ψυχρὸς χέεθ', τέρμῳ δ'
 Πᾶσαν αἰρεῖ· χλωροτέρη δ' ποίας
 Ἐμμί· τεθνᾶναι δ' ὀλίγη δέοισα
 Φαίνομαι ἄπνευς.

“ *tiochus*, who fell in Love with *Stratonice*, his Mo-
 “ ther-in-law, and (not daring to discover his Passion)
 “ pretended to be confin'd to his Bed by Sicknefs, tells
 “ us, that *Erasistratus*, the Physician, found out the
 “ Nature of his Distemper by those Symptoms of
 “ Love which he had learnt from *Sappho's* Writings.
 “ *Stratonice*



The soft Fire with flowing Rein,

Glided swift thro' ev'ry Vein;

Darkness o'er my Eyelids hung;

In my Ears faint Murmurs rung.

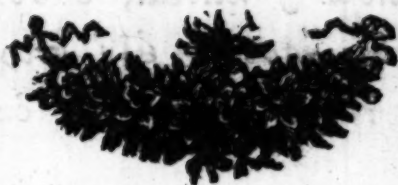
Chilling Damps my Limbs bedew'd;

Gentle Tremors thrill'd my Blood;

Life from my pale Cheeks retir'd;

Breathless, I almost expir'd.

" *Stratonice* was in the Room of the love-sick Prince,
 " when these Symptoms discover'd themselves to his
 " Physician; and it is probable, that they were not ve-
 " ry different from those which *Sappho* here describes in
 " a Lover sitting by his Mistress.





ἈΠΟΣΠΑΣΜΑΤΙΑ.

Α'.

Τῆς αὐτῆς ἐκ τῆς Ἡφαιστίωνος Γεω-
ματικῆς.

Δ Εἶδυκε μὲν αἶ σελάνα
Καὶ Πληιάδες, μέσαι δ'
Νύκτες, ὅρα δ' ἔρχεθ' ὦρα·
Ἐγὼ δ' μόνα καθόιδω.

Β'.

Τῆς αὐτῆς.

Κατθανοῖσα δ' κείσεαι, εἰ δέποτε μνα-
μοσύνα σέθεν ἔσσετ', εἰδέ ποχ' ὕψερων.
Οὐ γὰρ μετέχεις ῥόδων τῶν ἐκ Πιερίας·
ἀλλ'

VER. 3 & 4.

*For thy unletter'd Hand ne'er pluck'd the Rose,
Which on Pieria's happy Summit glows.]*

*Pieria was a Mountain in Macedon, consecrated to the
Muses.*



FRAGMENTS.

I.

*A Fragment of SAPPHO's from Hephæstion
the Grammarian.*

THE Moon has veil'd her Silver Light,
The *Pleiades* have left the Sky;
It's now the silent Noon of Night,
The Love-sworn Hour is past; yet I
Alone, deserted, pining lie!

II.

BY THE SAME.

[*Dame!*

WHEN Death shall close those Eyes, imperious
Silence shall seize on thy inglorious Name.
For thy unletter'd Hand ne'er pluck'd the Rose,
Which on *Pieria's* happy Summit glows.

To

Muses. The Expression which *Sappho* uses in this Place,
was Proverbial, and signifies, That the Lady she Saty-
rizes had no Commerce with the *Muses*.

ἀλλ' ἀφανὴς κλυτὰ δαίμονι φαίνεται
ὤδεις δέ σε βλέπει παῖδ' ἀμαυρῶν τεκνῶν
ἐκπεποταμμένα.

Γ'.

Τῆς αὐτῆς.

Γλυκεῖα μάτερ, ἔτοι δυνάμαι κρέναι τὸν
ἱόν,
Πόθῳ δαμῆσα παῖδός, βραδινὰν δ' Ἀφρο-
δίταν.

Δ'.

† Mr. Longepierre observes, That Sappho, in this Fragment, expresses one of the ordinary Effects of a violent Passion. We have a similar Passage in Horace.

*Tibi qualum Cythereæ puer ales,
Tibi telas, operosæque Minervæ
Studium aufert Neobula, Liparæi nitor Hebri*

L. 3. Od. 12.

Young



To *Pluto's* Realms unhonour'd you shall go,
 And herd amongst th' ignobler Ghosts below.
 Whilst I on Wings of Fame shall rise elate,
 And snatch a bright Eternity from Fate.

III.

+ BY THE SAME.

PRIDE of my Life, dear Mother, cease to chide!
 I can no more the Golden Shuttle guide.
 Whilst *Venus* thus thro' ev'ry glowing Vein,
 Asserts the charming Youth's resistless Reign.

IV.

Young wanton *Cupid's* Darts and Bow
 Have forc'd thy Spindle from thee now;
 Thy Wool, and all *Minerva's* Toils
 Are charming *Heber's* Beauty's Spoils;
 He lives thy Mind's continual Theme,
 And you can think on nought but him.

Creech.

N 3

* This

Δ'.

Τῆς αὐτῆς.

Εγὼ δ' αὐτέ μ' ὁ λυσιμελής δονῶ,
 Γλυκύπικρον ἀμάχανον ὄρπετον.
 Ατθὶς σοὶ δ' ἐμέθεν μὴ ἀπήχθετο,
 Φροντὶς δ' ὡς ὅπῃ δ' Ἀνδρομέδαν ποτέ.

Ε'.

Εἰς ῥόδον.

Εἰ τοῖς ἀνθεσιν ἤθελεν ὁ Ζεὺς ὀπθῆναι
 βασιλέα, τὸ ῥόδον ἂν τ' ἀνθέων ἐβασίλευε.

Τῆς

* This Ode was written by *Sappho* upon two favourite Maids, of whom she was jealous.

VER. 1. *Dirge Love, sweet-bitter Bird of Prey.*] See the Remarks on the 33d Ode of *Anacreon*.

† We

IV.

* BY THE SAME.

DIRE Love, sweet-bitter Bird of Prey!

Whom nothing can controul,

Ah me! dissolves my Life away,

And melts my inmost Soul.

The charming *Atthis*, who so late

To *Sappho* vow'd her Care;

Now makes *Andromeda* her Fate,

And leaves me to despair.

V.

† ON THE ROSE.

WOULD *Jove* a Queen of Flow'rs ordain,

The Rose the Queen of Flow'rs should reign.

The

† We are oblig'd to *Achilles Tatius* for the Preservation of this Elogy on the Rose. *Clitophon* (in that Romaner) tells us it was sung by his Mistress at an Entertainment.

VER. 5.

Γῆς ἔστι κόσμος, φυτῶν ἀγλαΐσμα, ὀφθαλ-
 μὸς ἀνθέων, λειμῶν ἐρύθημα, κάλλος
 ἀστράπτον. Ἐρωτὸς πνέει, Αφροδίτῃ περ-
 ξενεῖ, δύνει δέ σι φύλλοις κομᾷ, δύνει δέ σι
 τάλαις τρυφᾷ· τὸ πέταλον περ Ζεφύρου γε-
 λαῖ.

Τῆς αὐτῆς.

Ἐλθέ, Κύπρι, χρυσεΐαισιν ἐν κυλίεσ-
 σιν ἀβροῖς συμμεμιγμένον θαλίασι νέκ-
 τας.

VER. 5. *Her Sweets the Breath of Love disclose.*]
Philostratus, in his First Epistle, has the following Passage.
 Ὅνως τὰ ῥόδα Ἐρωτὸς φυτὰ καὶ γὰρ νέα ὡς ἐκείνη,
 καὶ ὕψος ὡς αὐτὸς ὁ Ἔρως, καὶ χρυσοκομῆσιν ἀμφω.
 καὶ τ' ἄλλ' αὐτοῖς ὅμοια· τὰ ῥόδα δ' ἀκάνθαν ἀντὶ
 βελῶν ἔχει· τὸ περὶ δ' ἀντὶ δάδων· τοῖς φύλλοις ἐπ-
 τέρωται· χεῖρον δ' ἔτε Ἐρως, ἔτε ῥόδα οἶδεν· ἐχθρὸς
 γὰρ ὁ θεὸς καὶ τῇ κάλλει ὁπώρα καὶ τῇ ῥόδων ἐπιδημία.

“ The

The Grace of Plants! the Pride of Bow'rs!
 The Blush of Meads! the Eye of Flow'rs!
 Her Sweets the Breath of Love disclose,
 Cythera's fav'rite Bloom she glows!
 What Flow'r is half so lovely found,
 As when with full-blown Beauties crown'd,
 The Rose each ravish'd Sense beguiles,
 And on soft am'rous Zephyr smiles?

VI.

B Y T H E S A M E.

BEAUTY's Goddess, Oh descend!
 And our Social Joys attend.

Let

" The Rose is properly Love's Flower, youthful and
 " delicate like him; they are both Golden-hair'd: The
 " Resemblance also holds in other Particulars; her
 " Prickles answer his Arrows, her Colour his Flame,
 " and her Leaves his Wings, &c.

See the Remarks on the 5th and 53d Odes of *Ana-*
creon.

† As

παρ οἰνοχοῦσα τέτοιαι τοῖς ἐταίροις ἐμοῖς γέ
 καὶ σοῖς.

† As *Sappho* in this Fragment desires *Venus* to be her Cup-bearer, so *Anacreon* proposes the same Office for *Cupid*. See his Fourth Ode.

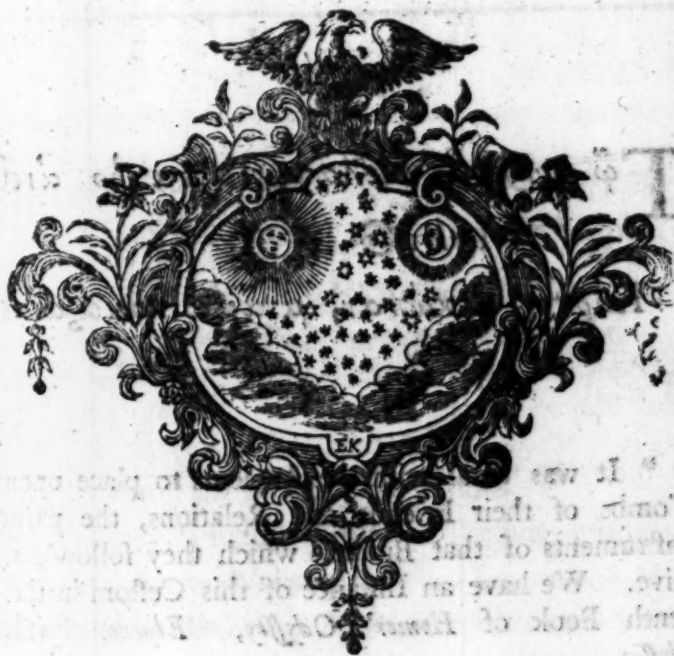


† Let each Golden Cup be crown'd,

Serve the laughing Nectar round.

None are here but who love thee,

None are here but who love me.



Τ Η Σ

ΣΑΠΦΟΥΣ ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ

Δ Υ Ο.

Α'.

Τῷ γριπῇ Πελάγωνι πατρὶ ἀνέθηκε
Μενίσκῳ.

Κύρτον, καὶ κόπαν, μνᾶμα κακοζωΐας.

Β'.

* It was usual with the Ancients to place upon the Tombs of their Friends and Relations, the particular Instruments of that Business which they follow'd whilst alive. We have an Instance of this Custom in the Eleventh Book of *Homer's Odyssey*, *Elpenor* speaks to *Ulysses*.

Σῆμα τέ μοι χεῦναι, πολίῃς ἐπὶ θινὶ θαλάσῃς, ἃ
Ἀνδρὲς δυσλῶοιο καὶ ἰσομυροῖσι πυθίσθαι,
Ταῦτά τέ μοι τελίσσαι, πῆξαί τ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ ἑρστμῶν
Τῷ καὶ ζωὴς ἔρσων ἐὼν μετ' ἐμοῖς ἐτάρσιιν.

TWO EPIGRAMS

BY

S A P P H O.

I.

MENISCUS on the * Tomb of *Pelagon*,
This Fisher's Oar, and Osier Net has plac'd;
Inglorious Instruments! with which his Son
An honest Life of Toil, unenvy'd, grac'd.

II.

A Tomb along the wat'ry Margin raise,
The Tomb with manly Arms and Trophies grace,
To shew Posterity *Elpenor* was.
There high in Air, Memorial of my Name
Fix the smooth Oar, and bid me live to Fame.

Emblems of the Humours of the Deceas'd, as Ma-
dam D'Acier observes, were also sometimes plac'd upon
their Tombs, as in this Epigram on a Woman nam'd
Myra:

B.

[Γανοῖσαν

Τιμάδου ἄδε κόνις, τὰν δὴ πρὸ γάμοιο
Δέξατο Περσεφόνας κυάνεου θάλαμου.

“As ὃ ἀποφθιγγίας πᾶσαι νεοθηγεῖ χαλκῶ
“Αλικες ἱμερτὰν κρατὸς ἔθεντο κόμαν.

Μὴ θαύμω, μάστιγα Μυρὸς ἐπὶ σήματι λείων
Γλαῦκα, βιδν, χαρπὰν χάνα, δοᾶν σκύλακα.

Don't wonder Myro's Monument should show
A Whip, an Owl, a Goose, a Dog, a Bow.

The Whip denoted that she could chastise her Servants; the Owl, that she was assiduous at her Wheel and Needle, which are the Arts of *Pallas*, to whom the Bird is consecrated; the Bow, that she had her Mind always bent upon the Care of her Family; the Goose, that she lov'd to stay at home; and the Dog, that she was fond of her Children.

VER. 1 & 2.

*The beauteous Timas, ere a Bride, was led,
By Death's cold Hand, to Proserpina's Bed.]*

Shake-

Τ Ε Λ Ο Σ.



II.

• THE beauteous *Timas*, ere a Bride, was led,
By Death's cold Hand, to *Proserpina's* Bed.
Her lov'd Companions to her honour'd Shade,
Their graceful Locks, their Sorrow's Tribute paid.

Shakespeare, in his *Romeo and Juliet*, has a beautiful Passage which very much resembles this ;

O Son, the Night before the Wedding-Day
Hath Death lain with thy Wife : See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered now by him :
Death is my Son-in-law ———

VER. 4. *Their graceful Locks, their Sorrow's Tribute paid.*] The Cutting off the Hair amongst the Ancients, was a Token of a violent Affliction. Thus *Achilles* in *Homer* offers his to *Patroclus*; and *Herodotus* tells us, that *Mardonius* after his Defeat, cut off his. *Maximus Tyrius*, for this Reason, elegantly calls the Hair, τὸ τελευταῖον δῶρον ἢ δὴ καταβαπτομένη. “ The last Present that can be made the Dead.

F I N I S.



Since the foregoing Sheets were printed off,
an ingenious Gentleman has done me the
Favour to communicate some Criticisms
upon the Text of *Anacreon*.

Ode 4. Ver. 17. Ὑπὸ νερτέρων χορείας. He thinks
this Reading contrary to *Anacreon's* Sense, who expressly
says, he'll shake off Care whilst alive, because Man, af-
ter Death, is only a little Dust and Ashes. He therefore
imagines the Poet might have wrote,

Ὑπὸ νερτέρης, χορείας
Σκεδάσαι, &c.

Ode 9. Ver. 6. Τίς δὲ, σοι μέλει ᾗ; He approves
Mr. L'Abbé Sevin's Correction of this Line. Τίς ἐς; τί
σοι μέλει ᾗ; Stephens and Morellius read, Τίς δὲ; σοι
μέλει ᾗ;

Ode 23. Ver. 1. Ὁ Πάτρ' εἶγε χρυσῶ. He also
agrees with the Abbé in his Emendation of Κεῖται for
χρυσῶ.

Ode 28. Ver. 33. For Ἀπέχει, he reads Ἀπεχε.

Ode 31. Ver. 5. Χῶ λυκόπυς Ὀρέτης. He con-
jectures *Anacreon* wrote Χῶ λυκόχρως, or λυκόφρως.

Ode 46. Ver. 5. For Ἐρωτα, he reforms Ἐρωτας
to make it agree with the Plural Verb βλέπεσι.